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THE SEA ISLAND HURRICANES.

THE RELIEF.*

By Joel Chandler Harris.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL SMITH.

I.

WHEN the condition of the survivors in the Sea Islands became known, the first spasmodic attempt to succor them developed two problems of vast magnitude. The first was, Where is the necessary relief to come from? The second, How is it to be distributed when it does come? How many perished from sickness and exposure before these probl s were solved will never be known. But the suggestion—when we take into consideration the number and character of the population and the extent of island area—leaves a wide field for the imagination to cover.

The American public is exceedingly sensitive to demands on its benevolence. Its readiness—nay, its anxiety—to give is most remarkable. Its promptness is electric in its manifestations. Touch it and the response is instantaneous. Where the pestilence strikes and leaves desolation, where the floods rise and breed destitution, where the flames leap forth and leave poverty and distress, there the people of the republic send their gracious gifts and bestow their precious sympathy.

There was the Johnstown catastrophe, to mention no other, where the population was overwhelmed by the waters that rushed down the valley. Relief was so prompt that the survivors hardly had an opportunity to make an appeal for aid, and so abundant that a considerable fund was left over when the needs of all had been carefully supplied. But Johnstown is the centre of a rich and populous district. It is in easy reach of the great cities. It had not a day to wait for relief, and there was no difficulty in reaching those who were in distress. But the Sea Islands are remote even from the cities that are nearest to them. They were farther from Charleston and Savannah the first fortnight after the great tornado than these cities are from New York.

Taken together these islands cover a great deal of territory. They reach from Savannah to Charleston, and there was more or less suffering in all of them. Those lying between Savannah and Port Royal are not so large either in area or population as those that lie between Port Royal and Charleston. They were not struck so heavily by the storm. The destitution there was not so great, and those who needed relief

* For First Paper, "The Sea Island Hurricanes—The Devastation," see SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February.

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Rations for Lady's Island.

were more easily reached. The storm struck more heavily on St. Helena and fifty miles north of that island than elsewhere. At least the devastation was greater there, and all this region is off the lines of travel.

For that reason it was a fortnight, almost a month, before any organized measure of relief could be applied to St. Helena, Ladies, Coosaw, Dawbaw, Edisto, Little Edisto, Wadmalaw, St. Philip's, and the others that belong to the group between Beaufort and Charleston. The cities that figure on the map as the geographical neighbors of the Sea Islands did the best they could. Charleston, wrecked and torn, gathered itself together to aid in the work of relief, and Beaufort and Port Royal were as prompt. In a little while, too, aid began to flow in from various parts of the country; but how was it to be utilized? How was it to be distributed? This was the problem that made the situation intolerable for those who were in need, and almost unendurable for those who were anxious to extend relief.

In the very nature of things these first efforts to aid the negroes on the islands were feeble and futile. Those who made the effort were themselves sufferers from the storm, and the means they had at hand were utterly inadequate. They had no organization. Relief committees were hastily formed, but there was still the problem of distribution. This would have been a serious problem even if all the ordinary methods of communication had not been swept away.

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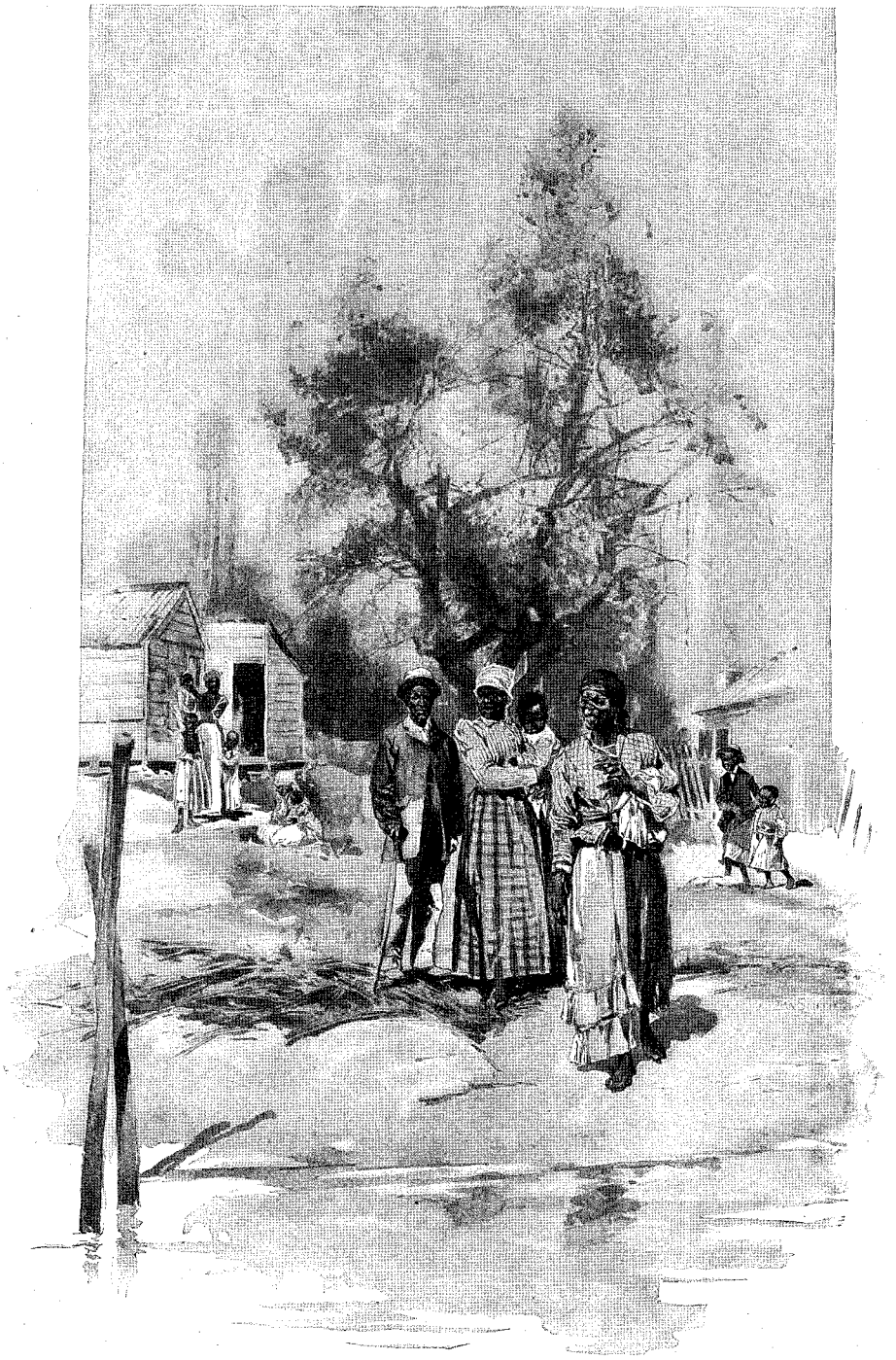

DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Steamboat Landing—"Look de boat."

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Gathering Sweet Potatoes.

But with the small boats gone, and the sail- and steam-craft crippled and out of use, the question of relief ceased to be a problem and took the shape of an impossibility.

II.

At a time when everything was in confusion, and when the negroes on the islands were in the throes of starvation, the Red Cross Society, represented by Miss Clara Barton and a staff of assistants, took up its abode in Beaufort, from which the stricken section could best be reached. Miss Barton and her assistants had faced a good many emergencies, but I have their word for it that the conditions they were compelled to deal with in relieving the population of the Sea Islands have never been paralleled in all their experience. The problem before them was new, but they had the capacity for organization, the gift of promptness, the quality of decision; they had tact, energy, and enterprise. They knew what was to be done at once, and there was no delay nor yet undue haste in setting the machinery of relief in motion. The local committees turned over everything to the Red Cross, and immediately the

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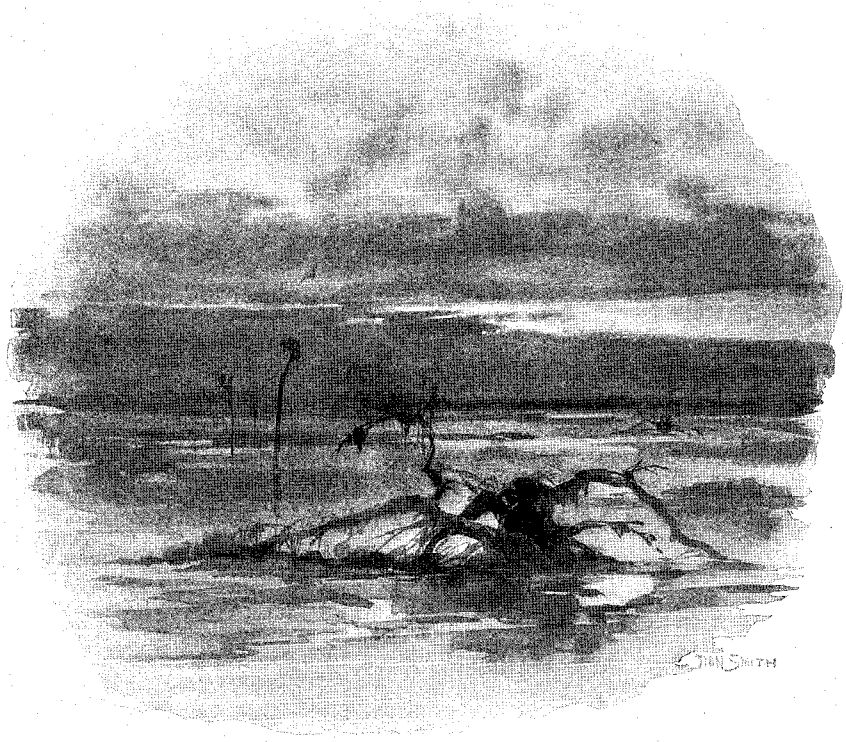
work of relief, as distinguished from indiscriminate charity, took form and became substantial.

Miss Barton had some experience with the negroes of this region in the first months after the war, and therefore had nothing to learn or to unlearn in dealing with them. Her name was known to the older ones, and one old negro woman — Aunt Jane — who had cooked for her "when freedom come 'bout," came thirty miles to see her.

But with all its experience, with all its energy and discipline, the Red Cross Society was compelled to move slowly. It was not superior to the lack of the means of communication. It could not give boats to its messengers nor wings to its messages. All that it could do was to launch some of the boats that had been blown ashore, and hire others that had been rescued. Presently, too, the negroes began to recover some of their own boats that had lodged in the marshes, and then the work of organizing relief committees on the islands began. It was slow and tedious. The delay was almost disheartening. Malarial fever was playing havoc with the destitute—not killing them outright, but so weakening them as to cause death from the lack of nourishing food or from exposure; for hundreds were living in the bushes, practically without shelter, and hundreds were without clothes.

In the very beginning one thing was made clear to the negroes—that to get help they must help themselves; that there was to be no indiscriminate distribution of alms. Some of the older ones, remembering the days when the Freedmen's Bureau was in operation, came to the conclusion that the government had charge of the relief funds; but their minds were promptly disabused by the methods which the Red Cross adopted. Was a negro able to work? Then he was provided with tools and material—hammer, saw, nails, and lum-



The Lonely Marshes.

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ber—and set to building houses for families of women and children who had been left homeless.

The first object of the Red Cross Society was to aid the helpless, to succor those who were unable to work or to help themselves; the next was to help those who were willing and able to help themselves. Miss Barton is very much afraid that this part of her work will be misunderstood.

"I feel that we are standing on the edge of a volcano," she said, with a smile. "We have had a very delicate and difficult task before us. It is still before us. I have been doing, and propose to do only what my judgment and experience approve. But you know how small a foundation misrepresentation needs for a foothold. I expect to hear any day that Clara Barton and her Red Cross Society are selling—actually selling—the supplies the people have donated for the relief of these Sea Island sufferers. You may smile—I smile myself to think of it—and yet it is a very serious matter. Our regulations do not permit us to give relief to able-bodied men. But these men need relief. There is no work for them to do. They are as absolutely dependent as if they had been crippled in the storm. Yet they are able-bodied; they can work. They need food, they need clothes, and, as the cold weather comes on, their needs will be sorer.

"This was the first problem that presented itself after the needs of the helpless had been met, so far as we could meet or reach them. Here were men able to work, anxious to work, and really needing relief almost as badly as those who were helpless. So we said to these people, 'We will give you work and pay you for it in food and clothing so far as we are able.' A great many responded promptly, and these we have set to work rebuilding the houses of those who were left homeless by the storm. In this way we have made one element of the needy strengthen and maintain another element, and all in the direction of the rigid economy that we are compelled to observe.

"What I fear is that those who look critically at these matters from afar will assume and say that we are selling the supplies that have been placed in our charge by the benevolent people of the country. You know how such things go. Such a rumor, if it should get out, would spread mightily among the women's circles and societies of the North, and my reputation would be wounded among those who are most kindly disposed.

"But you have seen for yourself what we are doing. You have visited the islands. You have discovered how difficult it is to reach these people. We can only do our best, and that best is very little when you take into consideration the extent of the desolation and the means of reaching the sufferers. When we give able-bodied men work, and pay them out of the supplies in hand for rebuilding the poor little homes that have been blown away, we are merely economizing. We are making our material go as far as it can be made to go. And we must economize. We dare not, at this time, scatter our supplies indiscriminately. The cold weather is coming on, and these island people—the helpless ones, the women and children—must be cared for."

That has been the whole policy of the Red Cross Society from the outset—to make its relief fund go as far as possible. Houses would have to be built for the homeless in any event, and it certainly seems to be the essence of wisdom and economy to give the work of rebuilding them into the hands of those who need relief and who are willing to accept it in return for their labor.

One instance will stand for the whole policy of the Society, which is simplicity itself. A negro man is so fortunate as to have his cabin left standing by the storm. He is able to work and willing to work, but there is nothing for him to do. His nearest neighbor, a woman with five children, has lost

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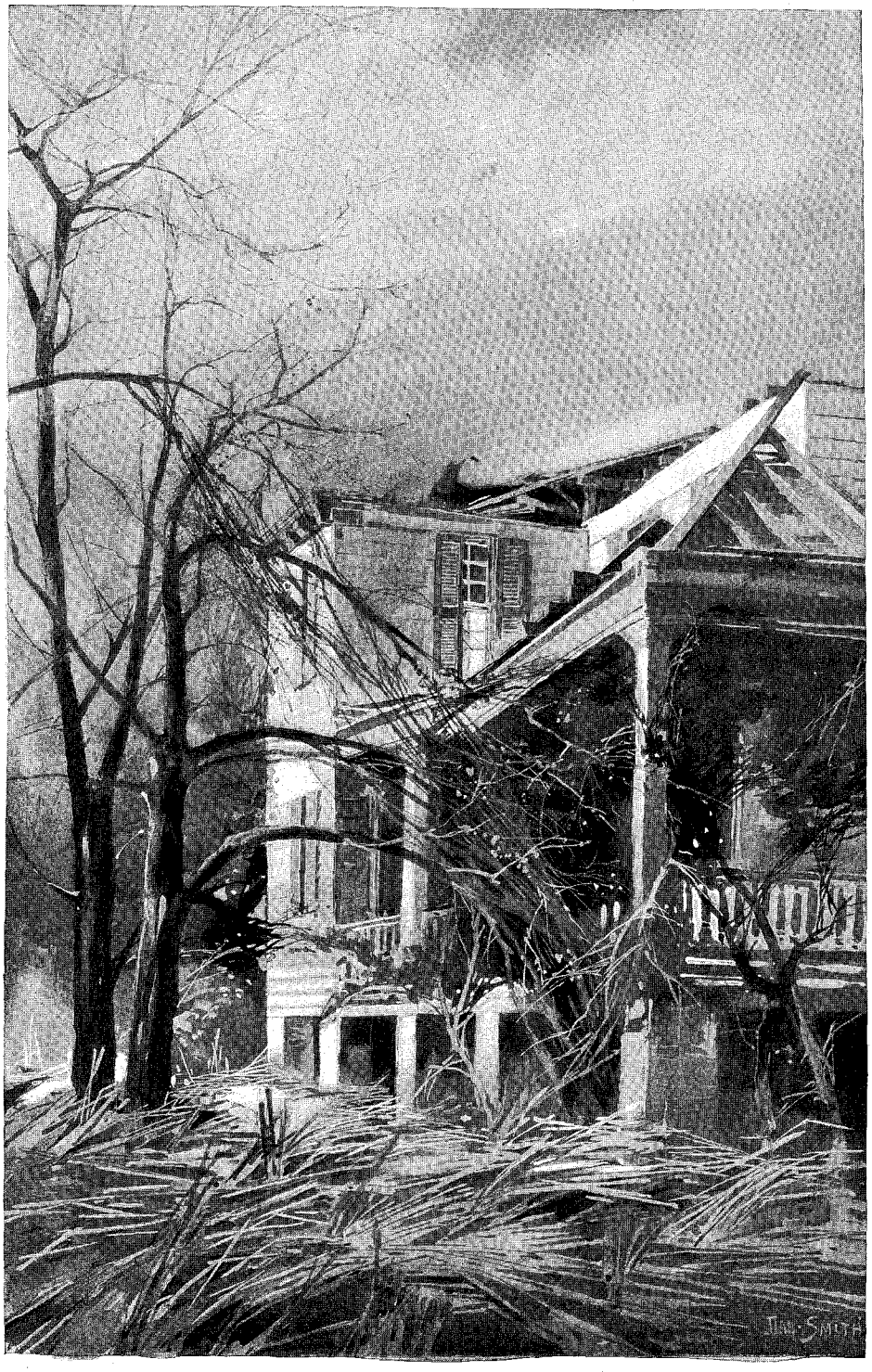

DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Effects of the Storm upon an Old Mansion on Station Creek.

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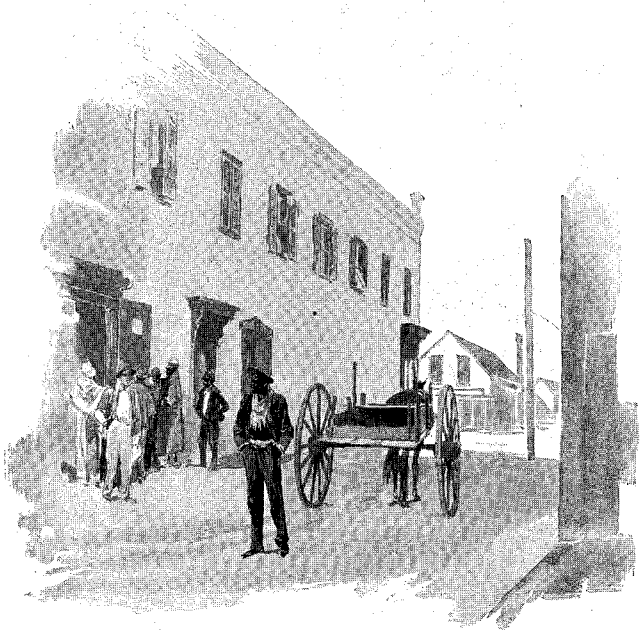
her home and her husband, to say nothing of three other children. The man and the woman apply for relief, and both tell their story. Here is a case where each can help the other. So the man is set to work rebuilding the woman's house, and to the woman is given the task of making the man some necessary articles of clothing. The one helps the other, and out of the relief fund the Red Cross Society helps both.

III.

THE negroes of the South, especially those of the Sea Islands, have been the victims of a good deal of exaggeration, first and last. Their tendencies and characteristics have been wofully exaggerated by hasty writers for the press, and their personal appearance has been caricatured by artists. No one can say why, for surely the negro, both on the Uplands and on the Sea Islands, is more interesting as he really is than as he is pictured to be. There has been a theory since the War that the Sea Island negroes are relapsing into a state of barbarism and savagery. It is impossible to say precisely what this theory was based on, but it has no basis now, or not enough to attract the attention of a careful observer. It is just twenty years since I first saw and studied the speech and characteristics of the Sea Island negroes; more than twenty years since Daddy Jack astonished me with his Gullah talk, half African and less than half English. During that time there has been a great improvement in the negroes of this region. They are still different from their brothers in the upland plantations, but the Gullah element is nearly wiped out, and the Congo type is rapidly disappearing. They are not so gay as the upland negro, they do not belong to the same tribes, but they are gentler, they are more unaffected, and there is a flute-like note in their voices, a soft, lilting intonation at the close of their sentences that is indescribably winning.



Headquarters of the Red Cross Society.

In Georgia the prevailing type—not the most numerous, but the most noticeable—is the Arabian. Old Ben Ali (pronounced by the negroes Bénally), who left a diary in one of the desert dialects of Arabic, was blessed with astonishing prepotency, and his descendants after him, so that it is always easy to discover the "favor" of the old Arab in a Georgia negro who is especially intelligent or enterprising. Old Ben Ali—his diary is now in the hands of a son of the author of "The Young Marooners"—never was a slave in the ordinary meaning of that term. He was foreman of his owner's plantation, and as fierce a task-master as a negro ever had.

But these Sea Island negroes belong essentially to the slave type of the African. Their ancestors were in captivity and held in a state of bondage far worse than that which American slavery developed. They were

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Going to School.

of the more peaceful tribes, the tribes that devoted themselves to raising cattle and to the rude forms of agriculture that prevail to this day in Africa. They were the unresisting victims of the raids of the fiercer slave-trading tribes, or of the warlike Arabs.

The traits that excited the rapacity of the native slave-traders still manifest themselves in these Sea Island negroes in a way that is both attractive and touching. They are gentle, unobtrusive, and friendly. They are uncomplaining. They smile somewhat deprecatingly when asked about the storm, and they are apt to belittle the details as well as the results. They readily accept such relief as they can get, but if none were to be had they would accept the lack of it almost as cheerfully, though it would mean starvation to many of them.

Thus it was a very difficult matter for a stranger visiting the Islands, say in November, to realize that the negro population were the victims of conditions that, even then, were of the most serious character. He would be misled by their patient good-humor, and by their air of quiet resignation, which could easily be mistaken for content. He might go casually about the Islands without discovering any great need for relief. Those whom he met would salute him with a respectful smile and tacitly agree to anything he might say.

They answer a question according to the tone of it. Thus if you say, "There is not much suffering around here, is there?" the answer would be, "Lil bit, suh; not much." If you say, "There is a good deal of trouble here, isn't there?" the answer is, "Right sma't, suh; dee

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yent see all"—meaning that those who are dispensing relief haven't yet heard of all the needy ones.

The negroes are shy with their troubles. If you go to a rude shanty and knock, you are not to conclude that it is uninhabited because there is no response. If you wait a little bit you will see the head of a negro child peep from behind the corner, and then a woman's voice—"Ain't let you in, suh. No cloze to we back." In other words, the members of the family are naked, and they are hiding there in the house until they can be clothed from the relief fund. If you pretend you are going in anyhow, there will be squealing and laughing on the inside.

I don't know how good-humor can abide here after the storm, but it is here. It is not gayety; it is not carelessness. It is the good-humor that nestles close to patience, and that sometimes holds sorrow's hands.

A negro, describing the storm to me, illustrated it by quoting from the Tar-baby story. "De storm, suh"—he paused as if to fix some comparison in his mind—"de storm—you know how Ber Rabbit talk ter Tar Baby: Me turrer han' wusser. You gone ef I is hit you wit' me wusser han'. Dat de storm, suh. Turrer han' wusser. Water hu't mo' dan win'." He was the father of a woman who climbed into a tree holding her baby by its clothes in her teeth, and carrying another child in her arms. Wind or tide wrenched her from her place, and she was found dead, still holding the baby in her teeth by its clothes. The other child—a little four-year old—was saved and stood by its grandfather with eyes wide-staring, and with an expression on its face as inscrutable as that of the Sphinx.

The old negro gave me a fuller description of the storm than I could get from any of the islanders. "De win' come all dat day," he said. "All day, suh. I yeddy 'im blow dat night. I shek my head, suh. I say 'e gwan whip 'roun', 'e done dat befo', suh. 'E been whip' roun'. Josy" (his daughter who was drowned) "come 'cross an' say, 'Daddy, whut dish yer win'? I say, 'Run home, gal, stick by dem chillun.' She gone! Win' whip 'roun'; 'e whip hard; 'e come fahs; 'e come harder. 'E knock at de do'; 'e knock de do' down. 'E knock at de tree; 'e knock de tree down. 'E blow so ha'd 'e stan' still. Den de water—I yeddy 'im lick-lick-lick at de chimley—lick-lick-lick 'neat' de flo. Den mo' win', mo' water, un I been lif' out de do' un fling in de tree dey. Ef dem dead had been live I been save many, suh, when dey come drif' by in de mornin'."

Not a long description, surely, but, with the swift gestures and the sympathetic movements of the body, a very graphic one. All of the negroes could tell something of interest if they would, but the younger generation is something shyer of the white man than the older negroes are, and all are reticent.

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DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Wreckage on Coosaw Island.

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IV.

Station Creek divides St. Phillip's Island from St. Helena. On this creek, on the St. Helena side, our exploring party found a fine old two-story house. It had evidently been the home of one of the old-time planters, who had chosen to build here, miles away from all the lines of communication. A story-writer, for the sake of adding interest to his picture, would no doubt describe the old house as a palatial Southern mansion, but, as a matter of fact, it presented anything but a palatial appearance. It stood grim and gray and desolate. Time had worn the paint away, and the storm had given the finishing touches by crushing one of the wide gables, and tearing away the tops of the big chimneys. As our little launch steamed toward the landing the negroes swarmed out of the house—there must have been fifty of them, big and little—and stood on the shore silent and watchful. They returned no answering shout, but, after a while, two of the men separated from the group and brought a boat alongside. Our small party got in, ready to go ashore. But the negroes waited, looking at the launch, at us, and then at each other.

"What is the matter?" they were asked.

"No ration, suh?"

Alas! there were no rations, but the negroes leaned to their oars without a word, and speedily brought us to land. There was not much to see there—not much to learn. All their cabins had been destroyed, their crops ruined, and they were far from Beaufort, the centre from which relief was distributed. They had taken refuge in the big house, which had weathered the storm. There was no other shelter for them.

The house was very snugly built for this section, but there was no wide veranda to catch the breeze and no wide hall. The staircase was narrow, and some of the rooms were very small. That old house has a history that tries to speak aloud in these peculiarities, but there was no one to interpret it to us—nothing to give us a clew. A bell hung over the door, but the clapper was gone, and rust had snapped the wire. The guest that last set it to quivering must have been in the grave many a long year.

Though the negroes here were far from the relief fund, they had been visited by a Red Cross committee, and their immediate wants supplied. All that they possessed, except the clothes they wore and a few blankets, had been swept away by the storm. Four or five out of the small community had died afterward, and a good many—it was impossible to get the exact number—were drowned by the tide.

The negroes at this place had a mystery to deal with, and they were very much perplexed by it. The mystery was in the shape of a little old man, who had come into the settlement in the very middle and height of the storm. The negroes were not afraid of the little old man, but it was plain they regarded him with something more than a shade of superstition. One of the negro men, trying to reach the big house, was tossed by the rising tide against a live oak, into which he clambered with all possible haste. He sat there all night, and at dawn found at his side the little old man, who was not only as contented as possible, but actually nodding on the limb. He was an entire stranger. The negro asked him who he was and where he came from, but all the reply he could get was "John Omcum." I spell the name the best I know how, phonetically. It may be Armcome, or Armstrong. But "John Omcum" was all that could be got out of the little old man in the tree. None of the negroes had ever seen him before, and none had ever heard of him. Where did he come from? Was he blown from Hilton Head Island across the long sweep of Port Royal Sound, or did he drift from one of the little islands in the Chechessee River?

The little old man was pointed out to me. He stood apart, for he was too much of a mystery to invite familiarity on the part of the other negroes. He smiled shrewdly, blinked his little eyes, and seemed to feel some sort of pride in his peculiar position. He was old, and wrinkled, and dried up, and yet wonderfully alert. While the rest of the party were gone to look at the old

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family graveyard that had been flooded by the tide, I had John Omcum all to myself. I crossed his palm with a silver dollar, and he followed me about the place, ambling close at my heels wherever I went; but never a whisper could I get from him as to how or whence he came.

"Him so ole, him ashy—eh!" exclaimed one of the women, softly. The "eh!" sounded as if it had been blown from a flute.

"Enty!" exclaimed another, with a sigh.

The description was apt. The old man's ragged pantaloons were rolled up, and his shrunken legs had a tinge of ashen gray over the black.

Poor old John Omcum! shrewd or imbecile—wise or crazy—his was a frail figure to drop smiling out of the thunderous bosom of the storm.

We sailed away from the old place, the screw of the little launch making a mighty stir and splutter in the quiet waters of Station Creek. The negroes stood watching us. One of them waved a handkerchief listlessly, and the little steamer responded with its whistle, sending a ringing farewell over the water. Apart from the rest stood John Omcum, as still as a statue, with one hand raised and his head craned forward a little. He stood thus until a turn in the creek hid him from view.

In Spite of Trouble.

V.

It is not to be understood, because the negroes of the Sea Islands need relief now and will need it until a new potato crop can be planted and gathered, that they are thriftless or lazy, or slow to look out for themselves. The evidence on all sides goes to show that they are quite as prosperous and progressive—all things being equal—as the upland negroes. They have every invitation to laziness, for nature is kind to them. Spring comes early and summer lingers until far in November. The soil of the islands is black and rich and deep—a fertilizer in and of itself. The warm sun quickens the seeds into life, and sun and soil and air combine to bring all crops to swift and perfect maturity. It is natural, therefore, under the circumstances, that the Sea Island negroes should be a trifle careless in their methods of cultivation, and that they should fall somewhat below the measure of those who are compelled to face harder conditions and a less productive soil.

It is enough for the negroes to know that these Sea Island lands produce the finest and the highest-priced cotton in the world, and that the land on which it is grown recuperates and reenriches itself from year to year. This Sea Island cotton enters into the manufacture of the finest goods, and the staple is so long and silk-like that special machinery has been invented to spin it. It is worth twenty-five cents a

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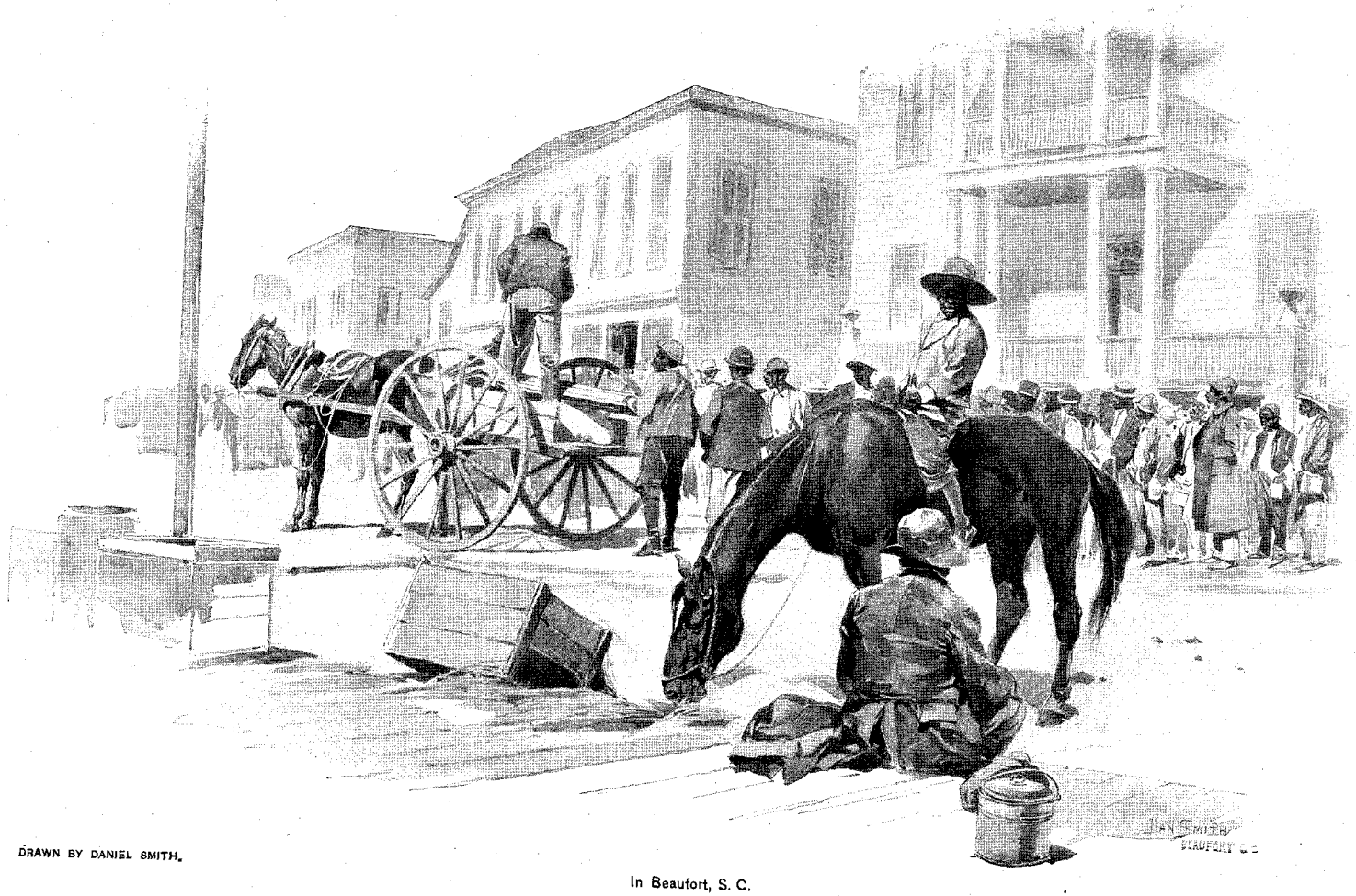

In Beaufort, S. C.

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pound even when carelessly prepared for market. When grown and prepared with extra care it is worth from forty to sixty cents a pound.

In order to grow a perfect grade, the seed must be renewed from year to year—otherwise the staple slowly degenerates in fineness, in length, and strength. Following the example of the whites, the negroes during the last few years have come to pay more attention to preparing their cotton for market, but, for the most part, they still neglect to renew their seed as often as they should. This has had two results. The first is a lower price, and the second is the increase of imports of Egyptian cotton, which is almost as fine as the Sea Island variety and much cheaper. Five million dollars' worth of Egyptian cotton was imported into the United States last year, and there seems to be a probability that the Sea Island cotton will have to be sold for a reduced price, or cease to compete with Egypt altogether.

Twenty-five cents a pound is a pretty round price to get for cotton produced under such simple and primitive methods as those that are in vogue on the Sea Islands, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that some of the negroes are prosperous. Many of them own ten, twenty, and even fifty acres of land. But the majority, like most of the negroes elsewhere, are tenants and pay their rent by sharing the crop or in so many days' work each week. Some of the more enterprising, who are within reach of the regular lines of communication, have varied their farming operations by engaging in truck gardening on a modest scale.

But all these operations were suspended by the great storm, and the soil itself has been damaged as to its fertility by the salt tide. I heard an interesting discussion between two white planters and land-owners as to the probable damage caused by the inundation of salt-water. They did not come to any definite conclusion, but both agreed that only experiment could decide whether the flooded land would be productive enough to pay the bare cost of its cultivation next season.

The cotton crop, which was mostly open in the bolls and about ready to pick, was almost totally destroyed. Only that which had been picked before the storm was saved, and it bears no relation to the real crop. A factor at Beaufort, whose warehouse had been blown away, told me that his season's receipts up to the 15th of November usually amounted to as many as four hundred bags—not bales. Up to the 15th of last November he had received ten, only three of these coming from the islands proper.

The corn and sweet potato crops—in fact, all the crops on the islands—were destroyed. Harvest time is in September, and the tornado tore over the islands on the 28th of August. Fresh supplies of cotton-seed will have to be distributed in the spring, as well as seed-corn, and, when the time comes, relief cannot take a more substantial shape.

If you are going to make a tour of the islands, the first thing the pilot of the tug or launch does is to close his compass box. He has and can have no sort of use for that instrument. The waterways are so crooked, the channel is so devious, that in the course of an hour the prow of the boat heads to all points of the compass. It is impossible to say whether you are going away or coming back, and the pilot must depend entirely on his familiarity with the channels. These channels run through the islands themselves. The creeks running through Ladies' Island form Cat Island, Gibbs's Island, Distant Island, and I don't know how many more. A creek cuts Paris Island from Port Royal Island, and Horse Island is scooped out of Paris Island. Northward there is St. Helena, Ladies', Phœnix, Dawbaw, Kiawah, Edisto and Little Edisto, Wadmalaw and John's Islands. From Hilton Head to Charleston lie the islands that were most severely injured by the storm. Together they cover a good deal of territory. Those who will take the trouble to glance at the map will have no difficulty in understanding how twenty or thirty thousand negroes in these remote districts have been left practically destitute, and how, in the nature of things they must depend on the bounty of the charitable for many long weeks and months.

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What is it about these islands that attracts the negroes and holds them here? What subtle influence brings them back again when they venture to go away? There is a saying that those who once drink water on one of these islands will never rest contented until they return. But this fancy, or superstition, has its origin with the white race, and is common to all sections and communities.

I overheard a conversation between two negro women and a negro preacher on the little steamer that plies occasionally between Savannah and the islands. One of the women had some property in Beaufort and was going there to look after it. The other woman lived on St. Helena. The preacher lived in Savannah, and was going to the islands to see if he could be of any service.

The three were talking about the storm—that being the sole topic of interest. The preacher said he couldn't understand why any human being would want to live on the islands, exposed to the "relements" (as he put it), and cut off from the world.

"You smell de ma'sh when you n'young—you mus' smell 'im when you ol'—enty?" remarked the woman who was going back to Hilton Head to look after her property.

"T'ank God!" exclaimed the Hilton Head woman. "I been deer, I stay deer, I gwan die deer!"

She had been in the worst of the storm, and had been rescued more dead than alive. Afterward she had gone to visit some of her old master's family in Savannah, and now she was returning, happy to get home again, although there was no home there—"nuttin' 'tall but chimley stack," as she said. She was leaving food and shelter behind her and going back to the devastated island where squalor and destitution had taken up their abode.

VI.

In going about the islands it is necessary to employ a vehicle of some kind, and the most numerous—indeed, the only ones I saw—are the little, two-wheeled sulkies. They are very light and serviceable and seem to be just fitted to the capacity of the island ponies—gaunt little horses that are almost the counterparts of the "marsh tackies" of the North Carolina coast. The sulkies will seat one person comfortably, but two passengers make a considerable crowd. When it became necessary for my travelling companion and myself to engage one of these sulkies, a serious problem presented itself. The conveyance would be worse than useless without a guide to drive it. The negro boy who had charge of the pony and sulky solved the problem without discussion. He seated himself on the shaft in front of the single-tree, and, leaning against the pony, waited for his passengers to take their seats. My companion was a Northern gentleman, and he betrayed considerable anxiety as to the fate of the colored race as represented by the boy on the shaft.

"Aren't you afraid you will fall?" he inquired.

"I been deer 'ready, suh," replied the negro, sententiously.

"What does he say?" asked the gentleman.

"Why, he declares that he has occupied that position on many previous occasions."

My companion shook his head slowly, seized the reins and urged the pony forward.

"Don't fahs, now!" exclaimed the boy.

"What does he mean?"

"He says, don't go quite so rapidly to begin with."

"Well," said the gentleman, "the stenographers ought to get hold of this lingo. It beats the Pittman system."

"Where did you get the horse?" the boy was asked.

"Him been here," he answered.

My companion wanted illumination on this point, and the literal interpretation was that the ragged pony had been born and bred in these low levels and among this underbrush. And so we went hustling along, having constantly before our eyes a panorama curiously made up of the commonplace and the picturesque—the lonely marshes pursuing us, the plumed palmettos watching us, and the

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long moss waving its gray banners over us. There was nothing to make the journey across the islands unpleasant except the thought that behind the patience and cheerfulness of the negroes who greeted us was a destitution which they themselves could hardly realize or measure. Those that were living in tents were as cheerful as those whose cabins had escaped destruction as by a miracle, and those who had no home at all were just as cheerful as the rest.

On Ladies' Island a church was left standing by the storm, and this fact was a source of great comfort to the negroes.

"De ain't knock de chu'ch down," said one.

"Him stan' straight," remarked another.

Phœbe of old, who carried the gospel in the folds of her mantle, delivering it to the brethren in remote places, had not more faith than these simple Sea Islanders. Nevertheless, of eight church buildings in Hilton Head only one was left standing.

One negro preacher, named Mandigo, came to grief while we were visiting the islands. Having nothing else to engage his attention, the Rev. Mandigo allowed his commercial instincts to lead him from the straight and narrow path. He made out orders for supplies on the Red Cross Society, and sold them to such of the negroes as chanced to have a quarter or a half dollar. The Rev. Mandigo made no effort to keep up the market price of his bogus orders. If he couldn't get a half dollar, he would take a quarter, or a dime. The Red Cross, in its anxiety to meet all appeals for relief, actually honored one or more of these orders, but very soon after that, Mandigo was in limbo, and before this can be printed he will have received his just deserts.

Everywhere I went I found that the Red Cross Society had been there before me. There was no point so remote that its agents had not visited; there was not a case of sickness that had not received attention.

The question of medical attention was one of the most serious problems the society had to face when it first organized the relief movement on the islands. The statement was freely made on Hilton Head, and vouched for by white people, that the physician nearest to that island charged twenty dollars a visit, and the money or a mortgage of some sort had to be forthcoming before he left his office. I did not care to inquire into the truth of this story. It is incredible on the face of it, but investigation might have shown it to be true. I shall think about it again some day, and come to believe it when I have lost faith in humanity; but not till then.

Not far from where this unhappy and persistent rumor had its origin, I saw the results of private bounty. I saw what happened when the hearts of the people were stirred. Their contributions had poured in from every quarter and from almost every State. I saw the boats of the blacks and their little carts carrying the relief hither and yon; the boats flitting in and out through the marsh grass, across the wide creeks and wider rivers, and the carts crunching along contentedly through the gray sand.

If Nehemiah were in control of the islands, I doubt whether he would investigate the story of the physician's fees or undertake to declare the mortgages void, or shake his lap as he did of old. For he would see here what any man may see—the benevolence of the people of the nation bestowed upon those in sore need, and a little band of men and women sending it about from place to place, not as those who are foolish or hasty, but as those who take measure of wisdom and experience.

One of the most serious obstacles the Red Cross Society had to encounter was the lack of communication. This has been mentioned before, but it was a persistent and disturbing fact. A negro can row forty or fifty miles in his little boat; I saw a great many who had accomplished this feat more than once to secure relief; but not all the negroes could come so far, and those who came were able to carry supplies for but few. Naturally, therefore, this obstacle was calculated to fret and vex those who knew how important it was to act promptly. He gives twice who gives quickly. Miss Barton made constant efforts to remove this obstacle.

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Finally she appealed to the Government—to the Secretary of the Treasury—to aid her in the matter. The appeal had to pass through the circumlocution bureau that all governments find it convenient to establish, but at last it was acted on favorably; and in the last days of November two revenue cutters were allowed to aid in the work of distributing the supplies. This simplified matters and permitted the Red Cross workers to give their whole thought to the people who are depending on them for relief.

VII.

In these articles, I have touched but lightly on the real horror of the storm. That is a story that has been told at considerable length in the newspapers. I have tried to describe the condition in which it left the negroes of the islands, feeling that such a description, however loosely strung together, would carry with it a fairly reasonable idea of the force and fury of the storm. In getting at this condition, I have followed, as it were, the course of the creeks and estuaries that run in and through these islands. I have gone forward, halted and turned back, crossed over, and wandered into repetition. But always with one fixed purpose in view—always with an anxiety to return speedily to one all-important fact, lest interest in details that have now become trivial and commonplace should betray me into forgetting to repeat and emphasize the need for continuous relief until these twenty or thirty thousand people shall be able to make and gather some simple food-crop for themselves, such as sweet potatoes, which can be set out in January or February and partially gathered in April.

If you wind in and out among these islands, keeping in sight of the shores of them, you will find yourself sooner or later at the landing from which you set out. So, in this hasty and imperfect record, the turnings and twistings all lead back to the one condition that will cry aloud for succor until sun and season renew their bounty and clothe these islands with something of their old-time prosperity.

And, somehow, as I draw near the limit that has been set for this record, one frail and shrunken figure seems to typify it all. The loneliness and the helplessness seem concentrated in the pathetic figure of John Omcum—poor old John Omcum, who was blown out of the very body of the storm! Standing on that desolate shore, his thin hand lifted, his ragged coat waving in the wind, he seems to be the essence of everything that is to be seen and heard and known in this remote region.

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A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER I.

VILLA SOLEIL.

MIRIAM BOND, the young mistress of the half-stately, half-rural-looking Villa Soleil, at Villefranche-sur-mer—Mrs. Leonard Lawrence Bond, in a charming pink gown, was watching, on her terrace, for her friends, the Skelmers, to come to breakfast. And presently they came.

They were a youngish couple, thin and spare, both very well dressed, and Fanny Skelmer, the wife, at least when she smiled, was a very nice, agreeable-looking person.

Skelmer dropped into a rustic seat, in a corner of the terrace, pale and gasping for breath, from the fatigue of mounting the old stone stairways in the grounds; but he put this down with a smile, expressive of indomitable resolution.

"And San Remo?" inquired Miriam. "Are you really off on your journey to Italy the day after to-morrow?"

"We've concluded to stay over the Carnival," returned Fanny. "We're so well off here, I'm sure *I* don't want to go at all. We shall never find anything lovelier."

"We were due in Pisa on the 25th inst.," said Skelmer, grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, and I suppose in Florence on the 26th, and Perugia the 27th, and Rome the 28th, and Naples the——"

"No, not Perugia till March 2d, Rome, same day," amended her husband.

"*Newman*, why will you even *say* you want to gallop around Europe in that way. If it weren't for me, you'd have a complete breakdown and might just as well have remained in Chicago. It's the very thing the doctors ordered you to avoid."

Her husband said no more, but his defiant smile expressed plentiful contempt for the doctors.

"He doesn't know what to do with himself in Nice," the wife explained. "He says he can't think of a thing to do but get his hair cut and go round and read the American papers at the Credit Lyonnais."

It was the midday or second breakfast. The table, decked out in dainty fashion, was set on a fine long walk, which, opening from one side of the terrace, vanished in an interminable perspective of olive-trees down to a quite majestic cliff at the end.

A little boy, in a simple, fresh gingham frock, now came running over the grass, chasing "Mimi," the cat, but he abandoned this occupation, and plunged into his mother's skirts. He was not much more than two years old, Lucien, and he was the only child of the house, a dear, sturdy little fellow, with a rosy face that was quaint and winning rather than beautiful—and yet he must have been beautiful, too, for he hardly ever lacked a harvest of exaggerated compliments from the admiring peasants when he took his walks abroad. The whole group began to watch the road together. A half mile of it was visible, through the greenery, from a point where it turned a bold corner of the cliff.

"Oh, dear! I wish papa would come, I hope he isn't going to be late," sighed Miriam. "Babies' papas don't always appreciate just how much trouble it is to get up one of our simple little breakfasts. Not that we mind the *trouble* in the least, do we sweetheart? But we *don't* like to be delayed, and we *do* like to put our best foot foremost."

The child, only in the monosyllabic stage as yet, responded to her peculiar inflection with musical cooings and murmurings, like those of a ring-dove.

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"Ought we to look out for him in the omnibus or in a cab?" queried Mr. Skelmer.

"Oh, the omnibus is generally good enough for us. But I really can't tell. He was not at home last night. He said something about going to Mentone, so he may come by train from there. Or he may have returned to Nice this morning, and so be due on that side. I shall not know till I see him."

At times the hard white road from Nice was void of everything but a few thin spirals of dust, whirling idly, as if, like the beggars, amusing themselves while waiting for passers-by. But now came lumbering wains of hay or provisions—to pay stiff duties at the Octroi—now a company of the foot-chasseurs of the garrison, coming back from target-practice at the Var, now a swift carriage trotting to Monte Carlo, now the heavy break for St. Jean, and again the Mayor's handsome coupé, with the Mayor's good wife in it, perhaps returning from a visit to her charity patients.

But suddenly there was a new and unlooked-for arrival. A trio of equestrians, going at a smart canter, turned in at the villa gate, and mounted the incline. They were a certain Miss Louise Bradbury, a French captain, her admirer, and Franklin Hazlitt, the American consul.

Miss Bradbury's riding-habit was of a daring sort, fitting her in a way to recall the sculpture of the great museums; but then, riding-habits in the main are like that. The trail of it, again, swirled about her feet in a way to suggest those dangerous mermaids that charm men to their destruction.

It was precisely this riding-habit that occasioned the visit. Something had gone wrong with it *en route*, and the wearer assured Miriam that she had welcomed her gate as a providential refuge. When she came out of the house, after briefly repairing damages, she asked:

"And where is my friend, L. L. B.?"

"You don't understand such things of course"—to the French captain, without waiting for an answer—"and I couldn't make you, but Mr. Bond and I have exactly the same initials. He calls himself Leonard Lawrence Bond and I am Louise Leontine Bradbury. That's one source of union between us. And then we were born in the same, American, town, and went to the same high school together. To think that you don't even know what a high school *is*."

"What is L. L. B. doing nowadays?" she resumed, to Miriam.

"Building our new house, chiefly. It seems as if we should never get into it. He had to make the builder a payment yesterday, and then he had to go to Mentone, but I expect him back every moment. We pay in instalments, you know, so much when the first story was up, so much when the second story is done, and so much when the roof is on. It's all a lot of bother."

"Oh, he had to pay his builder yesterday?" exclaimed Louise Bradbury. She exchanged surprised glances with her French captain, but, as if this were indiscreet, she rattled on again hastily.

"Isn't that table out-of-doors just too lovely? Isn't it all like a dream here? Fancy a February day when this sort of thing can go on, and America at present probably a foot deep under the snow! Will you just see that thicket of pink roses! and the almond-trees blossoming down there, as if there were a kind of delicious pink fire going on in the orchard! and those other, red and white, roses climbing up in the orange and palm trees, as if they belonged to them! Aren't you going to say anything at all, Captain? Do try to have a little animation about you, Consul."

The two men, thus stirred up, added their praises to hers. It was in truth a charming spot, a scene that well merited their eulogy. The grounds were large and a trifle neglected, which but added to their natural charm. Where it was not violets or carnations that perfumed the air, it was every weed in the rocky crevices that bore fragrance and healing. An expanse of the glossy dark green foliage of orange-trees, starred with golden fruit, filled most of the interval to the road. The road ran on, past the old harbor bat-

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teries and arsenals, past a gray Vauban citadel, to the queer, little, irregular, old town of Villefranche, all up and down hill, all strange nooks and corners. And beyond this a glowing stretch of the bluest sea and sky, long green headlands, mountain peaks and gorges and great cliffs, mellow with color, made up one of those grand landscapes such as Turner loved to paint.

"Speaking of almond-blossoms, don't you want to come down a moment and see our trap," proposed Madame Miriam. "We're having it decorated entirely with the blossoms from our own trees—for the Battle of Flowers this afternoon."

Descending a little, they found a pretty village-cart drawn out before the stable-door. The various members of the farmer's family, including Lucien's half-gypsy maid, Barbara, were actively winding festoons of the lovely, delicate almond-blossoms around its wheels, shafts, dasher, seat, and a light canopy over the seat, together with all the harness of the little mare "Jojo," who was to draw it. "Jojo," herself, the pretty chestnut pony, was tied to a ring in the wall and being groomed within an inch of her life—"Jojo" being a name evolved from baby Lucien's efforts to pronounce the French word *cheval*.

The company professed themselves delighted with the effect. They made Miriam get up into the cart to see how well she was going to harmonize with the almond-flowers, and all predicted a certain prize for the turn-out.

"Don't fall over the terrace, sweetheart," Lucien's mother called warningly to the child.

"Oh, and that reminds me how I calmly asked a man, at Barcelona, last month, to throw himself over a precipice *for* me," laughed Miss Bradbury. "It was my poor Spanish, you know. I just meant to ask him to get a stone out of the mule-path, and that is what it came to."

"And he wouldn't do it?" queried her French captain with meekness.

"Oh, *you* — you—well!" — but she seemed to lack the proper words to express her supreme disdain of his implied devotion.

In the midst of this, Leonard Bond arrived, dismounting hastily from a cab at the gate. His brow had a careworn look, as though he had been disturbed by troubles he could not easily shake off. But he brightened somewhat at sight of the company. And he brightened altogether, in spite of himself, when his little son ran to him and took complete possession of him.

"Papa back! Papa back!—Play wi'! play wi'!" shouted his little son, gleefully, and insisted on being tossed up on the father's shoulders and then on being put in the flower-decorated cart, and then on Jojo's back.

The equestrians were going away, but Leonard insisted, with an unreflecting hospitality, on their staying.

"You've got to breakfast somewhere," said he. "Why not let it be here? You won't have much to eat, but you'll get it over with, any way. And we'll let you off as soon as you like afterward, so we all can meet comfortably at the Battle of Flowers at three."

"*Do* stay," urged Miriam, seconding him faintly. The relations between the pair were somewhat strained of late; she had come to feel that almost any alternative was better than the unpleasant comments that might follow resisting even any of his most hastily struck-out projects.

The amiable Consul saw her embarrassment and endeavored to draw the others away, to breakfast with him at the "Reserve" at Beaulieu.

"*I'm* going to *stay*," said Louise Bradbury, wilfully. "I'm not going to throw away the chance to sit down at that charming table. Such things don't happen to one every day."

"Come all!" cried Leonard Bond. "We'll call it a kind of pic-nic. We'll make it go, some way." And he headed a procession to the upper terrace, carrying Lucien on his back.

He called the baby "Cuckoo," "Loulou," "Mr. Jump," "General Polyglot," "Petit Trésor," "Little Chicken," "Little Pigeon," and many more similar pet names.

"He seems to be a whole menagerie," said Miss Bradbury.

"He's more than a whole menagerie: he's a complete Wild West show."

The ultimate resources of the larder

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were drawn upon, unexpected discoveries unearthed; and Barbara, in addition, was sent flying to the town for new provisions, which she brought back in timely season. The makeshifts to which they were put brought it about that the meal passed off with great good-humor.

A castle was seen, through the trees, on the hill high above them, like something out of a fairy-tale; and, on the other side, bits of the sea showed in settings of the greenery, like windows of lapis lazuli. There were oranges scattered on the ground, blown down by the wind. These caught the eye of Miriam, and prompted her to ask:

"By the way, did it hail last night at Mentone too?"

Leonard colored a trifle, noting the glance of Louise Bradbury and of the Captain fixed upon him. Perhaps he had contemplated some different kind of reply, but he returned, boldly:

"I didn't spend the night at Mentone; nobody could. Cannes is bad enough. I went over to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, Monte Carlo? oh, very well. I'll get off on an escapade, too, one of these days. '*A trompeur, trompeur et demi.*'"

"Better cut Monte Carlo, before it cuts you," suggested the Consul to Leonard, dryly.

"'All work and no *play*'—my boy, you know the result," he returned.

"I wish I could give you the benefit of some of the horrible examples that come under my notice officially."

"Yes," put in Louise Bradbury, "what a pity the government doesn't send us over here some nice indiscreet sort of consul. I'm sure you could tell us beautiful scandals about Nice, if you would."

"Have the Owlsbys been round again?" Skelmer asked.

"Yes, that's public property now. Mother and daughter were around again yesterday, to take up a collection to get out of town. They pretend they have been playing to help their bankrupt husband and father in his business. How is that for a motive?"

"Well, don't shake your gory locks at me, anyway, Consul. I'm out of it. I shall have nothing more to do with it," said Leonard.

"That's what they say when they've lost, I believe," said Miriam, trying to take the humorous tone.

"He was certainly in funds yesterday," Louise let fall, *sotto voce*, to her French admirer. "The payment to the builder may account for it. I would very much like to know if that builder got the money."

It was a rather curious thing, that Leonard, though he answered her courteously like the rest, never seemed to direct any attention toward her of his own accord. She, too, modified toward him her usual sprightliness; there was a certain constraint or timidity in her manner.

"I hear your new house is getting on famously," she said to him.

"Yes, it is getting on," he replied, very civilly.

"I hear it's an old mill or something, that you've fixed up," said Fanny Skelmer. "When are you ever going to let us see it?"

"I must manage to do that. It hasn't been in a state to—to make a favorable impression. Yes, it was an idea of my own. I found some cheap ground, some stunning parasol pines, a ravishing view, and an old stone mill, over there above St. Jean. The walls of the building were good; it looked as if we could make a good thing of it, and I guess we can."

"I don't like your old mill," said Skelmer, in his blunt way. "I'd have built a new house outright, and probably got it for less money, too."

"Well, if it hadn't been the mill, then it would have been an old round tower or an old chapel, over in that same district. If one isn't rich he's got to be a trifle original."

"Don't like your idea of settling down in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, any way. Do you consider it doing the fair thing as an American citizen?"

"Why, Newman!" expostulated his wife, "isn't an artist in need of inspiration? I guess you'd be sorry if Mr. Bond stopped giving us his beautiful illustrations in the books and magazines."

"Oh, as to the illustrations, they're no great matter any way; and they

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could be done about as well or as badly on one side of the ocean as the other. But we think it's about time to look at ourselves in the aspect of human beings and stop bothering with these wretched little prejudices of frontiers and nationalities. Men are just the same everywhere. When you really come to know them, you can hardly tell one from another."

"Hum! hum!"—began the Consul, preparing for action.

"Consul, I've demolished you on this argument a hundred times, and I can do it again. One can exert his influence against the mad competition and false social striving, with which our land is devoured, by keeping clear of them. A man does right by himself and the human race to live a simple life, in a charming climate, where living is cheap, and cheap living is respectable, no matter *where* it is. No, we do not propose to do America any harm but let her keep to her own side of the water, that's all."

"Can't a man be sent home in irons for that sort of talk, Mr. Consul?" asked Skelmer.

"I'll look it up in the Consular Regulations," responded Hazlitt, "I think he can."

The signal-gun for the Battle of Flowers was fired at two o'clock, but it was three before the Bonds turned in from the Pont de Magnan and made themselves a part of the delightful spectacle going on on the Promenade des Anglais. The pony-cart was a success from the first. Little Lucien, on the terrace of some Russian friends, with whom they were asked to dine afterward, pointed it out in an ecstasy of recognition. As it passed at a footpace in the long double file of decorated vehicles, murmurs and cries of admiration followed its progress.

"Ah, *bravo la petite charette* of the almond-blossoms! it's a love. What original distinction! what a charm of simplicity!" was shouted. "*Bravo la petite Américaine!*"—an American flag in the whip-socket indicated the nationality—"here goes for her head!"

With a kind of gallant cruelty, the spectators, in the tribunes and along the way, poured their hottest fire upon the prettiest women. Miriam, with her heightened color, her dainty gown, her wide Leghorn hat, was the calyx of the embowering mass of almond-blossoms. She became a target that indicated a high degree of public favor. The handsome Duke of Madelon, from his mimic yacht, in white lilac and roses, resting upon a sea of cornflowers, tossed her one of those bonbonnière nosegays that he reserved for especial favorites. The Prince of Vistula, from his Russian tröika, tossed her exquisite Parma violets. Madame de Novikoff, in her chariot of the sun, made all of yellow jonquils and mimosa, and Madame de Beaumonde in her swan of white carnations, chief beauties of the winter colony, sent her languid glances, as one worthy of their interest.

It was exactly the kind of triumph that Leonard liked, and, for the moment, he was proud of Miriam, proud of the success they had achieved by simple means in the midst of general flamboyance and expense. His natural kindly feelings delighted in the genial romp, like the Golden Age come back again, and his artistic sense in the fine stretch of blue sea, the long pennants streaming out from the masts, the color and fragrance of all the flowers, the fugitive lines of feminine grace. Many of the women stood up on the seats of their landaus, combating in spirited attitudes that redoubled their wonted charm. Even the plain were almost pretty with this charming exercise. The people of Nice outside the light palings, pelted one another with the nosegays that had missed fire and fallen to their lot. Now and then an invalid, wan and pale, looked out from a closed carriage upon the gayety he could not share.

"Oh, *là, là!*"—from the Press Tribune—to which everybody but the unhappy French press was admitted—Newman Skelmer took them both in the head with a carrom shot, directed, after the custom of many novices, with more vigor than tact. At the same time a rolling fortress, from which officers combated with schoolboy merriment, showered down playful missiles from

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above, while, on the other side, a chartered break full of English youths and maidens from an hotel at Cimiez, attacked with equal vigor.

Leonard had to occupy himself with his driving, and the care of the defence was chiefly in the hands of Miriam. She sheltered herself as best she could with a large India fan, and, from a pile of ammunition before her, returned the fire, with uncertain, feminine aim.

Leonard gave her the reins for a little, after a while, and turned to pay off old scores. He put down Skelmer, routed an auburn-haired young English girl, and threw consternation into the ranks of an American family at the Westminster and a Spanish family at the Public Garden, all of whom had made him an especial mark. The Grand Duke Nicholas handed them out a prize banner, and added to it a smile, illuminating those stern features yet scarred with the wounds of Plevna. Mrs. Ripland-Hoke, who had scarce recognized their existence for many months, bent graciously from her landau and said:

"Come and meet some people for tea, on our terrace, when it is over. We count on you."

"You see," said Leonard, harping upon a note he was much too fond of, and in discord with all his professed theories, "with but half a decent income we could have all the world under our feet."

"Oh, Leonard, *I* should never have invented our way of life, but, as it has been invented, if you were only a little more content in it, I should be entirely so."

"And if you were only a little *less* content in it, Miriam, I should be a good deal more so."

He had a way of twitting her of late with apathy, with an insufficient appreciation of the things they gave up, or could not have. Having abandoned the world, he, the prophet, was continually beset by worldly temptations. His tastes were simple and Spartan, he said, and he disclaimed the wish for any more of the comforts and luxuries that money could buy; it was the effect of the lack of money upon one's own character, the lack of a proper sense of consideration which it brings, that he regretted.

Possibly this was the argument that had taken him at last to Monte Carlo—if it be worth while to examine seriously the motives that take people to that great maelstrom. Though Miriam knew not all, for a man's wife is often the last person in the world to hear of such things, it had resulted in spoiling the productive work from which he drew his income, in making his temper uncertain and crabbed, and even in seriously crippling the small capital that was their principal resource. He had professed to himself to look upon Monte Carlo as the most feasible means of bettering his fortunes. He had said,

"A man must give destiny a chance, or how is she going to be able to aid him?"

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

THE excitement that covered up the memory of serious losses of the day before and unpleasant forebodings for the morrow, was still strong upon Leonard, and drew him, alone, to the Ripland-Hokes, Miriam pleading fatigue. To celebrate their taking of the prize banner, their Russian friends now meant to keep them not only for dinner, but the theatre and over night. Blonde little son, and his dark nurse, Barbara, were packed off in the trap; they would be much better at the Villa Soleil. Little son, in the afternoon, had tried to feed gravel with a spoon to an amiable mastiff. He was at an age when animals were much more impressive to him than men, and he used the choicest nosegays they brought him back from the Battle of Flowers—lovely bunches of violets and jasmine—to throw at a poor old jaded mule, going home from his day's work.

Leonard was smiling still at the *naïveté* of this pretty incident, and was entering the gate of the Ripland-Hokes, when his spirits were dashed by a sudden meeting with his builder.

"I saw you at the fête, M'sieu Bond," said the builder, "and I said to myself, '*Mon dieu!* a client who can make such a beautiful appearance as that in

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the fête is surely going to give me my money when he knows I need it.'"

"See here, Barmasso, what's the matter with you? You've got the contract for tearing out streets in the old town, you've got Lord Buntrock's château to do, at Beaulieu, and no end of other fat things. You don't need that money the least in the world, and—the fact is it isn't quite convenient for me, just now, to pay it."

"The more work, the more ruinous it is," protested Barmasso. "Let us do one thing, M'sieu Bond: the last payment was long overdue, and now here is another added; I ought to have the money or else—stop the house."

"Oh, don't stop the house, Barmasso; keep it going some way. Suppose we cut down the estimates a bit, eh? Couldn't you get a lot of second-hand doors and windows for that second story? Get second-hand floors, roofs, chimneys, if you want to, anything you like."

"I don't advise that; I don't advise that, M'sieu Bond. And in the meantime, the money?"

"I'll see what I can do for you. I'm expecting something from America tomorrow."

The Ripland-Hokes were some Americans who had lived abroad a great many years, without ever bothering their heads in the least whether it was right or wrong to do so. They lived in luxury, tempered by a great deal of artistic taste, they had an easy gift in entertaining, and seemed to have no difficulty in drawing to them all the notabilities of the day. All the fine titles that continue—in rather degenerate scions—the great names of mediæval tradition defiled through their halls. You were apt to see in one corner a dethroned emperor, in another a dethroned royal princess, and occasionally even a small royalty who was not dethroned at all.

One of the first persons that Leonard Bond fell in with there was Louise Bradbury. He listened while she congratulated him, in the usual light way, on his prize-banner, and then passed on. But they were presently thrown together again, pressed up into a corner, near the refreshment-buffet, with others, by the advent of a dame of rank, who was making an almost triumphal progress on the arm of the gallant Prefet. She was old and ugly, her mouth and chin were of an almost comic feebleness and her figure was like a flour-sack tied in the middle; yet she was said to have been not long before the Egeria of a great statesman at Paris, and had in a way made history.

"I never get over wondering at that famous Princess 'Berthe,'" said Louise. "How could a woman *ever* have been beautiful and ended in this?"

"She never was beautiful, and that very fact gave her her reputation," responded Leonard, sententiously. "People said, 'she certainly has no good looks, hence she *must* be clever.'"

The conversation lapsed anew; he was civilly distrait and attended to the remarks of some grandmotherly Russian dowagers, close by them, on Monte Carlo. These discoursed of it as one of the most ordinary and matter-of-course features of life, spoke of leading inspectors and croupiers by their names, and regretted that Madame de Beaumonde had been obliged to sell her jewels and intimate keepsakes once more, but—such accidents would happen.

"Have you noticed how the Consul of Patagonia has been winning, since he was accredited to Monaco as well as to Nice?" asked one. "Before that they were always losing, the whole family. *Figurez-vous!* we saw the youngest daughter win six thousand francs last Monday."

"Not possible—that slip of a thing?" enviously exclaimed a gentleman with a red rosette in his button-hole.

"We *saw* it, my sister and I."

"Do you mean to say, then, they can favor people by placing the roulette ball in whatever compartment they like?"

"I only know that I heard Inspector Krieg say to one of the croupiers, 'This won't do, you are turning too many *voisins*'"—neighboring numbers to that which has last won. "I *heard* it, my sister and I."

But, even if they believed that there was an unfair manipulation of chances at the famed Casino of the Prince of

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Monaco, it was matter of no very unfavorable comment with them.

"Ah, that's my idea of a pleasant evening," said the sister dowager. "You stroll in the corridors, you listen to the concert"—she had never by any chance been known to listen to the concert—"you risk your few pieces at the tables. No fuss and feathers, no dressing up, no having to entertain people you don't care a straw for; no thanks to anybody for your amusement. And, so, comfortably home to bed at midnight."

Just then somebody offered Leonard a glass of kirsch punch, which he was at first politely inclined to refuse.

"Better take it," commented Louise Bradbury. "It's the end of the bottle, and that brings luck."

"So you think I need luck?"

"I thought so yesterday, when we were so much edified by seeing you 'playing to the gallery.'"

He turned to her willingly now. She thought, with a flash of triumph, that here at last was a subject on which she could hold his attention.

"You don't suppose I do that every day?" he responded, flustered a little.

"I've been here only so short a time, I didn't know."

"It may have the air of being rude, but I suspect the accident to your riding habit this morning was a mere pretext to get out to my place and see how I stood it."

"'Have the air of' is good; you are as rude as possible—though that is nothing new on your part. But how otherwise was I to see your place? You never asked me there. I should never even have known Madame Miriam but that we met by accident at that good Consul's. Yes, I wanted to see how you lived, to know what had become of you. No matter what has happened, you cannot prevent my always taking an interest in everything you do. I hoped, also, to see something of your work, to learn what original ideas you had in progress. We have been so much to each other, Leonard, that we can never entirely drift apart again."

But he was freezing up. She watched him narrowly an instant and began afresh.

"There was a time when you had strong prejudices against Monte Carlo. I even recollect reading some article of yours to that effect. And yet you play?"

"*Never*—as a writer," he answered, with a mock emphasis.

"Only a little as a private individual!"

"You have no great scruples against it yourself, I see!" he said.

"Oh, yes, I have, violent ones—whenever I lose."

"Which is not often. I believe you are quoted already as the 'young American girl' who has been having such an unbroken run of luck."

"Your bad luck has some compensating features. I'm sure I ought to congratulate, instead of condoling with you."

"What do you mean?"

"'Unhappy in love, happy at play,' and the reverse. Your domestic life must be an unqualified success."

"I certainly don't win at roulette, but that doesn't prove that marriage is consummate felicity either," he rejoined, but then bit his lip, with the vexation of one who has spoken in too great haste.

A pained agitation had crossed his face at hearing the famous motto. It had, indeed, been his war-cry in the late campaigns, the motto of all his unprofitable transactions at Monte Carlo. He fancied himself very "unhappy in love." His marriage had been an imprudent one, in respect to money. Miriam belonged to a well-to-do family, which spent the last cent of its income and would never have anything to bequeath. Worse than all, her mother, in the too common, the improvident American way, had withheld any salutary training in domestic matters. She had even argued foolishly, "If she does not know how to do such things, she will not have them to do."

So Miriam, who loved her husband and child, and would have given her heart's blood in their interest, had been slow in her apprenticeship in those matters. Irritations, perhaps sometimes legitimate, rose out of this for Leonard Bond. Somebody says that the artistic temperament is that which concerns itself keenly over small things while let-

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ting all its important interests go by the board. He wished to be aided to fly, and he was too often rudely dragged back to earth instead. And, then, the artist ought not to marry at all; and then "poverty had come in at the door and driven love out of the window." And *ceci* and *cela* and etcetera. Some such pretext had at first drawn him to Monte Carlo; the passion for play was established, and then pretexts to support it grew constantly more numerous, more cogent and embittered.

"You are willing to admit this *now*, to *me?*" Louise exclaimed in astonished triumph. "You see that I—I was right, that we— And so that charming Miriam——"

"Don't flatter yourself! it would have been no better with you," he interrupted bluntly. "It would have been worse. It is the fault of marriage itself, I suppose; possibly the system is all wrong."

She took her rebuff meekly, and went on. "Is there any reason why we cannot still be friends, L. L. B.? We ought to, we must be. Oh, why did destiny so change our lives? I think of it every day. If things were as they used to be between us, what walks we would take on this lovely Promenade des Anglais, as we used to walk on the cliffs at Narragansett, and the verandas at Manhattan Beach." And she would have recalled, in a plaintive way, many other memories of the past.

"Now what is all this maudlin nonsense about old friendship and the rest of it? What are you driving at, Louise?" he interrupted, after a while, even more rudely. "You have done me a great injury, and you know it, and you know that I know it. It was *you* who broke off the engagement, and it was for the best; we never loved or were congenial to each other. I never gave you cause to be my enemy, yet you alienated some of my best friends, and, through the family influence you could command at Washington, lost me the consular appointment that would have been a god-send and a fortune to me and mine."

"I never *did*, I never *did*, Leonard—Mr. Bond—I declare to you—I assure you. I—I broke the engagement, but I never meant it to be serious; it was only a whim; I always thought you would come back. As to the rest, you only imagine it. I declare to you Leonard——" She repelled these charges in an excited gasping way, as if overwhelmed by their convincing enormity, for they were, in fact, true.

"I know of no way in which a man can creditably revenge himself upon a woman, so I content myself with merely stating these few truths," commented her former lover, carelessly. "But, at least, let us have no more sentimental gush about old times."

Her mother came to claim her, and, with the dissimulation of woman, she dismissed her agitation almost immediately. She put out her hand to Leonard in farewell, with but a slightly constrained and a smiling air.

"There's a little party from our hotel, going over to breakfast at Monte Carlo to-morrow," said she. "I wish you would join us. Don't you get a day off now and then? They are all pleasant people, and we should like it so much."

"You don't understand," frigidly; "I have done with that place. What I told the Consul this morning is true. I never want to go near it again." And so they parted.

"I come here by chance and find him, living in seclusion, it is true, but still something of a personage. This will not do, I prefer to see him completely overthrown. If he is not for me, I do not want him to be for anybody else." Such, if they could have been formulated, would have been the tenor of Louise Bradbury's reflections at this time. "I wish him ruined—and there is a very convenient agency of ruin close at hand if one could only help along a little his dawning taste for it. When it is done, perhaps he may crawl back even to *my* feet, in repentance. I shall see then whether I had better raise him up or merely gloat over his downfall. I must think about it."

The dinner and the theatre party passed off pleasantly for the Bonds and their hosts, and afterward they dropped in for a little while at the Yellow and White Redoute, at the Jetty-Promenade, one of the pretty carnival balls in

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which the costumes were restricted to the two colors named.

But, next morning about eleven, Leonard Bond was sitting in a despondent attitude, on a bench, before one of the hotels on the Promenade des Anglais. He was so engrossed with his own thoughts for the moment, so oblivious to the whole procession of pleasure-seekers and invalids that is wont to come out and sun itself along the bright sea-front at that hour, that he did not remark Consul Hazlitt till the latter tapped him on the shoulder and cried:

"What's the matter, old man? What's up?"

"Nothing at all, I assure you; quite the contrary," he replied, starting.

"And Mrs. Bond, this morning? The very loveliest of women! If there were more such, I tell you frankly there might be at least one less old bachelor consul."

"That would be a pity. Mrs. Bond 's gone back to Villefranche in the break, I suppose. I had to stay here and go and call on the publisher of my latest holiday-book illustrations. He's using some of his ill-gotten gains in travelling in Europe. He made an appointment with me here at the hotel."

"Studying character, eh? sketching types of all the nationalities?" here broke in a mellow voice, and one Major Longwood, a retired English officer, and a well-known figure about town, stopped, and cheerily accosted them both. "Studying the pretty women, instead, I'll be bound. And right you are: it's no ordinary feast of beauty one has here."

"You speak with feeling, Major, and you ought to know your subject. Show us your present favorites, will you?" asked Hazlitt.

"Take yonder dark, scarlet-lipped Madame de Gaudalupe, daughter of a South American dictator. She's an out-and-out little dictator herself, I'll warrant you. But no, no, stop! first look at that waist coming this way; it's a phenomenon. I really want your opinion of it." He led them by the arm to a better point of view, whence they could respectfully watch the approach of the willowy Russian belle, Madame de Jablonsky.

"Triumph of steels over human tissue," pronounced the Consul, sceptically.

"No, do you know, I believe in that waist. I don't spend all my mornings here for nothing. If it were merely got by putting the screws on, she couldn't keep that color, that easy springy gait. Oh, she's a regular thorough-bred. Mr. Bond here will tell us that that wasn't the Greek ideal for waists. So much the worse for the Greeks." And he was off again on his walk.

"Well, everybody in Nice has his malady or his history," the Consul summed up, philosophically.

"I've often wondered if *his* history be true," queried Leonard.

"I've as good as seen the original documents. He lost a fortune of something like half a million, American money, at Monte Carlo, and the administration there allows him, ever since, about ten francs a day, to keep away. If he enters the Casino again he forfeits it."

"It must take a good deal of self-control to hang about close to the scene of such an experience and yet never go nearer. They say he absolutely ignores Monte Carlo."

"He neither goes there nor talks about it. Even Scaithwaite, the chronic system-maker, can't get a word out of him. And yet a sort of fascination seems to hold him near the spot; he is never known to journey any farther away from it than Nice."

"I'd like to see the complete Monte Carlo pension-list. It ought to be interesting."

"It would not be a very heavy one, I fancy. The poor devils who lose their all there are lucky if they get just enough to take them a little way off into the country — so that they may unpleasantly scatter their brains about some other territory and not bother the Principality."

"Heigh-ho! hard lines for old Major Longwood surely! But you know," he added, half absently, "I can never get any comfort out of the lot of people worse off than myself. You never can really tell how they take things, how much or how little they really feel them."

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"So there *was* something the matter?" said Hazlitt, eying him suspiciously.

"You're such a safe old party, Consul, that confiding in you is a good deal like talking to one's self. I don't mind letting you know that my publisher has just been overhauling these last drawings of mine, telling me they're not quite up to my best average, and so on. He brought them along himself, instead of writing me. I suppose I'll have to do a little more work on them." Then he burst out into a sort of diatribe against the universe in general, without descending into further particulars. "Don't mind me," he concluded, "I guess it's only the carnival late hours or the nervous climate. They say it *is* a nervous climate, you know. Good-by! I'm off, I've got to go to my bank."

The truth is that the publisher had rejected his whole series of elaborate drawings, as unsuitable. With this he lost the handsome payment he had been counting upon for that day. It was to have been his chief resource too for making up the arrears to Barmasso. What to do now? After much cogitation, he decided that his credit with the builder must be kept good, at all hazards; the house must go on.

"Who knows? it may be our sole refuge one of these days, our last poor shelter from wind and rain," he murmured. "I will sell some of my foreign securities, get an advance on them, and take the money at once to Barmasso."

He had no eyes, nor ears, as he went along, for the congeries of life moving slowly upon the broad asphalt walk. Nor did he see the jagged blue peaks of the Esterels westward, nor the bold headlands and the long, green promontory of Cape Ferrat eastward, nor the golden genius springing into the sky from the dome of the Jetée Promenade. He could almost have spoken his trouble aloud. Yet it would hardly have been safe there to trust one's secrets to any known language. Russians, Roumanians, Greeks, Italians, Corsicans, an Algerian sheik in his bernouse, a couple of officers of an American cruiser in port, followed one another and gossiped in their own tongues. And then went by the languid invalids, in their Bath-chairs, and then the eccentric types—the German with prodigious club and bull-dog, copied from "Kladderdatsch," and the Englishman in phenomenal plaids, copied from his own presentment on the comic stage.

The flower-sellers offered Leonard their delightful violets unnoted. A woman thrust a circular into his hand. She was a well-dressed, almost motherly-looking person, and he touched his hat to her in respect. She called herself the Baroness de Niche. He had thought she was thus braving publicity in some worthy charitable end, but, glancing over her hand-bill, he dropped it, with a sigh. It was a blast at Monte Carlo, calling it a den of thieves, an echoing cavern of ruin, a fell promoter of suicides and murder, and it professed to have discovered an infallible method of winning at play, so that honest people might come by their own, and the nefarious institution be destroyed. Sceptical by habit he sometimes doubted whether even what purported to oppose the great gaming-establishment was not subtle advertising in disguise. He classed this with the offers of "systems" in which the daily papers abounded, and threw it down with contempt.

Momentarily occupied with the document he had not seen the efforts of two young girls in a group of Americans, near one of the benches, to attract his attention. The group was discussing shopping, prices, impositions, the relative merits of hotels on the Promenade and in sheltered parts of the town, and whether one really ought *not* to drink wine abroad, since the water appeared to be everywhere so bad; and particularly the usual dearth of partners at the last dance of the Mediterranean Club.

"Do speak to him," one of the girls had urged the other. "You know him the best."

"I can't run after him," returned the second. "If Miriam Bond—if his wife, were with him, I would have ventured. How provoking that he would not even look up and give us a chance to speak!"

Another group was more successful

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in detaining him. There, where the asphalt broadens to an esplanade, and the flood of sunshine is broadest, some people had been giving money to small mountebanks with trained monkeys and poodles, and others to a fisherman on the pebbly shore, who had decorated his boat in a striking manner. A sprightly man hurried over to join them from the Hotel des Anglais which stood across the way.

"Now then, are we all here? Look alive, everybody! How many cabs shall we want?" he called. It was Mr. Scaithwaite, the indefatigable maker of systems.

"But Mr. Vancoort isn't here yet," protested Mrs. Lanfoot, a dashing-looking, hazel-eyed lady, who was either a fashionable divorcée or else so little married that Mr. Lanfoot was never in the least heard of. "We can't go without *him*. Mr. Vancoort is predicting, to-day. He has had a remarkable dream."

"Yes," said Mr. Vancoort, now arriving, an extremely bald, good-natured old boy, one of the sort who, at such resorts of leisure, are petted by the women, perhaps, in default of their betters. He smiled and blinked salutations all round. "Yes," said he, "the most remarkable thing! there was that number nine standing plainly before me, in the air, as it were, every time I dropped off into a nap. I saw it four distinct times, and a fifth time——"

"We must all try it," said a stout Lady Greenock, with a heavy sort of friskiness. "We must all try it, *mustn't* we, Mr. Gramby?" to a horsey-looking man, who drove the amateur coach between Nice and Cannes; "*mustn't* we, Miss Bradbury? Are you going, Sir Peter?"

"I don't know," said her husband, a stocky, plebeian type of person, with a large irregular mouth — director in a great many companies and a Member of Parliament. "No, I must be lookin' round to find somebody to run over to Corsica with me. It's strange how I can't find anybody to run over to Corsica with me."

"Then *you'll surely* let us count you in," said Louise Bradbury, suddenly barring the way before Leonard Bond. "Ah, I see you've come on purpose. It's so nice of you."

Before he knew it, she had involved him in the party and introduced him to a number of people. "Help me cover my confusion," she said. "They're laughing at me because I asked Major Longwood to go. How was I to know the poor old thing had such a prejudice against the place? It seems he spends all his time making weather observations and that sort of thing, and never even wants to hear its name mentioned. He stopped and spoke to us, and I thought I'd just be polite and——"

"Yes, especially as men are so dreadfully scarce," put in Mrs. Lanfoot; "where *do* they secrete themselves? But to ask *him;* that was too too innocent." And they laughed again at Miss Bradbury.

"If it were at Pau, now, it would be a very different matter. I can't be expected to know all your wretched little local traditions, at a moment's notice. But you *will* come, won't you?" to Leonard, managing to engage him confidentially apart. "I've thought of an entirely new plan. And then I want to talk to you about what you said yesterday. There's really nothing in it. It was so surprising, it took my breath away. And, as you think I am so successful, perhaps I can lend you my luck."

"You can't lend it, and you'll have need of it all for yourself pretty soon. Nobody ever really wins. As for me, my money no sooner touches the green table than it melts away like wax."

"But people *do* win. What do you say to Lord Buntrock's hundred and seventy thousand, the other day? and the Prince of Berlingot's million? and the Knope family who make, at roulette, all the expenses of their lovely villa in Beaulieu, horses, servants and all?"

"In the first place, I don't believe it; those are newspaper fictions, to draw people in. In the next place——"

"Time!" called Mr. Scaithwaite, "no more dallying if we're going to catch that train."

"He's in a dreadful hurry to be off, to make the play his calculation calls for just now. He figures it all down to the exact moment, you know, and then,

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if he loses, he won't let you say it's the fault of his system. The system is all right; he's made some little mathematical error. *Do* come! You look tired, it will freshen you up and do you lots of good."

But Leonard Bond resolutely persisted in his refusal.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGH BUILDING AND ITS ART.

By Barr Ferree.

SINCE Thomas Jefferson imagined he had devised a new order of architecture—an "American order"—in the column and capital based on Indian corn, there have not been wanting enthusiasts for an "American style." Like the search for the philosopher's stone, the demand for an "American style" must remain among the intellectual curiosities of civilization, since architectural style, unlike manufactured products, cannot be produced by rule, law, or arbitrary combination. But though this notion crops up at intervals, and sometimes with surprising vigor, for nothing is more difficult to down than a foolish idea once it has been actively set in motion, there has really been developed among us a form of structure which, while not fulfilling the requirements of a new "style," as it is technically understood, has nevertheless a character of its own sufficiently definite and distinctive to make it an American type. This is the high office-building, a structure which, if not actually invented in America, has here received more attention from architects and engineers, from capitalists and the general public, than any other grade of building. Through it the thoughts of our architects are being turned to new principles of design, through it our real estate men and investors are finding a fresh source of wealth and investment, through it our cities are being transformed, and the typical modern city is becoming an assemblage of gigantic commercial buildings which overtop the loftiest church spire, and render insignificant the most ambitious and ornamental structures of an earlier time. It is changing our business methods and our daily life, and in concentrating unprecedented numbers of people upon small areas is introducing fresh and difficult problems into municipal existence.

The high building is neither a fashion nor a fad; its popularity rests upon the successful manner in which it fulfils an economic necessity in current affairs. It originated in the solution of the problems present in every considerable city, occasioned by the concentration of business within a limited area. Business of every sort exhibits a strong tendency to localization, and even if not kept within bounds by natural barriers, as rivers, or by artificial obstructions, as railroads, it is difficult to move or spread over strange land. Any device which will permit the multiplication of the original area, without adding to its lateral surface, if a seemingly impossible statement be permitted, is therefore a veritable boon to the business world. All this, and much more, the high building accomplishes, and the land-owner may become, if he start with a single city lot, the owner of a dozen or more by the simple process of building upward.

Simple indeed such building appears to-day, yet this comparative ease was not obtained without first conquering some fundamental difficulties. Vertical architecture would be impossible, first of all, without the elevator, the great equalizer of civilization, which

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brings the fourteenth story down to the second, and, by excessively rapid "express service," makes the twentieth floor scarcely more difficult of access than the third. In studying the growth of the high building it is not needful, perhaps, to emphasize the relative importance of each factor that adds to its merits, but the place of the elevator is fundamental; without it its chief merit would be gone; without it its upper stories would be as inaccessible as a mountain-top. The development of the high building has hastened the development of the elevator, until to-day the "express" elevator leaves nothing to be desired in swiftness of service.

The elevator, with the wonderful development American ingenuity has given it, renders every floor of the high building immediately accessible; yet it solves but half the problem. If the high building would be impossible without the elevator it would be equally impossible without a mode of construction that would enable it to be built on a lot practically of any size, and without absorbing too much of the area for foundations and supports. This is accomplished by the steel skeleton system of construction, now almost exclusively used for commercial buildings of great height, and which has the double advantage of saving floor-space and of being, above the height of an ordinary structure, absolutely less costly than a construction wholly of brick or of stone. Stated in the briefest manner, this system consists, as its name implies, in carrying the weight of a building upon a framework or skeleton of steel. And not only does it permit the walls being light and thin, since they have only their own weight to support, but the wall of each floor is supported by its own frame, so that it is perfectly feasible, were such a thing necessary, to begin filling in the stone- or brick-work of a building at the top floor, and so on down to the ground, instead of following the ancient, and really old-fashioned style, of beginning with the lowest floor and building upward.

The high office building is a structure of an entirely new type. One may search the history of architecture from the most ancient times to the most recent without finding so much as a hint of the form of building which has become the most conspicuous feature of all modern cities. Rome had its tenements of five or six, or perhaps more, stories, but we do not know exactly what they were like, nor could they of themselves give any help to the development of the office building. The very demand for offices, the business system which makes them necessary and useful, is extremely recent. The high building expresses much more than the duplication of stories one upon another. It calls for, as we have seen, the employment of a system of construction totally different from any heretofore made use of in commercial buildings. In providing accommodations for a large number of tenants it necessitates the introduction of exceptional advantages and improvements. A vast mechanical plant is requisite to supply it with light and heat, and with power for its elevators. The rooms must be convenient, well lighted, and opening into agreeable halls, which must also be light and accessible. Business is no longer done in dingy offices or in discarded dwellings. The modern business man looks for every possible necessity and luxury in his office building, from fire and burglar proof vaults in his walls to a first-class restaurant under the same roof; while such minor incidentals as janitor's service, light, heat, barber shop, boot-blacking parlor, and similar conveniences are either included with the rent or most conveniently at one's elbow. Of themselves many of these things are of no great importance, but when it is remembered that they are all, as a rule, duplicated in every important high building, no matter how close they may be to one another, the unique character of these structures becomes apparent. Miniature cities in themselves, many of them contain day populations exceeding that of a considerable town.

Not since man began to pile one stone upon another has so difficult a problem been offered to the architect as the design of a high building. There is nothing more difficult than the artistic treatment of an object that has but

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Masonic Temple, Chicago.

one direction, or in which one direction greatly predominates over all others. A thing that is high and has no breadth, cannot possibly possess any other quality than altitude. It is only when joined with some appreciable breadth that height becomes dignified, and can be subjected to artistic treatment. We may learn this, as we may learn other things, from the Gothic cathedrals, in which the three elements of height, breadth, and width mutually help each other. The high office building is not always wanting in breadth, but its height so necessarily exceeds it as to become the most important element in the design. And this height cannot be tapered off like some Gothic spire, or built in different stages like Sir Christopher Wren's steeples, but must extend

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upward for one hundred and fifty feet or more, without a projection to break the rigidity of its lines, without a recess to give shadow or variety to its walls, nothing save rows upon rows of windows which must, from the conditions of the building, be approximately of the same size, and often of the same design. The difficulty of the problem lies in its monotony and in the identity with which it is presented to the architect. Nothing like this has ever happened before, and in an art which, like architecture, depends so largely upon what has been done previously, there need be little wonder that our architects have not always achieved satisfactory results.

The design of a high building is a definite problem which may be expressed in a very few words. It is the arrangement of the largest number of windows of the greatest possible size in a limited space, which is fixed by external circumstances, such as the width of the lot and the number of stories high the owner is intending to build. No architect designs a fourteen-story building because its height appeals to his artistic eye, or because he imagines it to be more artistic in appearance than a ten-story one. He is given a rectangular space, prepared without any reference as to what he shall do with it, and which he must fill as best he can. This he does chiefly with windows, all performing a useful function, and every element of his design must be similarly employed. Nor is this all; not only is the shape and size of the design fixed by conditions which cannot be called architectural, but the whole front must be built as a perfectly straight wall. In ordinary cases the architect cannot project any part of his building beyond the building line, because the building laws of large cities will not permit him to do so. It is quite as impossible to provide recesses or other devices which would encroach upon the area built upon, for this would mean a loss of revenue, and the high building being a commercial undertaking, intended for the making of money, without a thought of its artistic possibilities, such a proceeding would be wholly out of place.

All these things need to be considered in judging the high building, and in estimating its architectural possibilities and value. They are so joined with unarchitectural conditions and limitations as to be quite inseparable. The high building cannot be designed as a simple exercise in ornamental work, for the foreign elements are so essentially a part of it as to directly influence the design. Art, therefore, in so far as it is the combination of beautiful things in a beautiful manner, has a very different place in the high building from that which it occupies in an ordinary structure, in which the foreign conditions are less strongly marked. Not that there is one rule of art for the high building and another for the low; what is bad in the low building is equally bad in the high, and what is vicious in the high is not less vicious in the low. But a design that does admirably in an ordinarily sized structure often becomes absurd and meaningless when stretched out over a disproportionate height. A very good illustration of this is furnished by the current application of the basement to high buildings. Architecturally, the basement of a building may be defined as "that portion of the elevation of a structure which performs the function in the design of constituting a support to those portions which come above it." Its use was best understood by the architects of the Renaissance, who treated it boldly and freely, using blocks of larger size than were employed in the upper parts, with plain windows, often of a small size, making it, in fact, a real foundation for the building. The modern conception of the basement, as illustrated in high office buildings, is very different.

In dividing up the façades of their office buildings American architects proceed on two general lines, and these, indeed, are the only possible ones; they cut up their fronts into as many horizontal divisions as possible, or they suppress the horizontal element in order to give full play to the vertical. Generally the former method is followed in the East, while the latter has been applied with enormous success by some Chicago architects. Neglecting,

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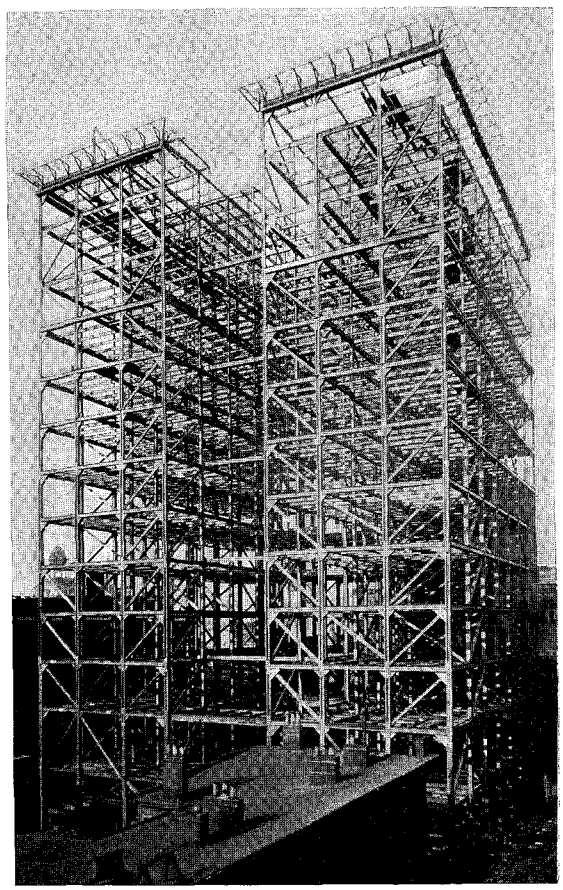
for the present, the relative merits of the systems, it is sufficient to note that when a high façade is divided vertically, a single story is not enough to allow for a basement. In the modern office building the basement must bear sufficient proportion to the height above in order to seem to perform its office, and to avoid the appearance of being crushed by the mass above. It is, therefore, stretched through several stories, frequently through three, and often through four. Considered as a whole, and with reference only to the height of the front, these many-storied basements may rest on a correct theoretic basis. But their practical effect is often very bad, and especially when, as frequently happens, the basement is of a different material and a different color from the superstructure; in which case it often assumes the aspect of a complete building itself, while the superstructure looks as though it were another building thrust on top of it. Thus the basement, admirable as it is in a building of ordinary height, can be totally misapplied to the high building.



Steel Frame of the Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This brings us naturally to the question of the artistic treatment of the high façade. The engineer and constructive architect have long since demonstrated their ability to build structures on the skeleton system to any desired height, and will even go so far as to tell you that, had they been present at the erection of the Tower of Babel, that historic edifice would have been carried to its projected height. How far their services may be needed in this direction by subsequent generations, we cannot yet tell; it is sufficient for us that the mechanical knowledge of the day permits the erection of sky-scrapers of any height, with ease and economy. The question of planning has further been attentively studied and successfully treated by constructive experts, and mechanical genius has supplied all the devices needful to render the high building habitable and profitable. The design of the façade, the artistic treatment of the exterior, the art of the high building, is the single phase that has not been treated with uniform success, and which is justly open to comment and review. Architects have labored at the problem, in many instances notable successes have been achieved, but the method of successful treatment is still an open one.

A conspicuous cause for this is that the newness of the question has not been frankly admitted. In too many instances has it been supposed that, as the high building only differs from the low one in having more floors, its artis-

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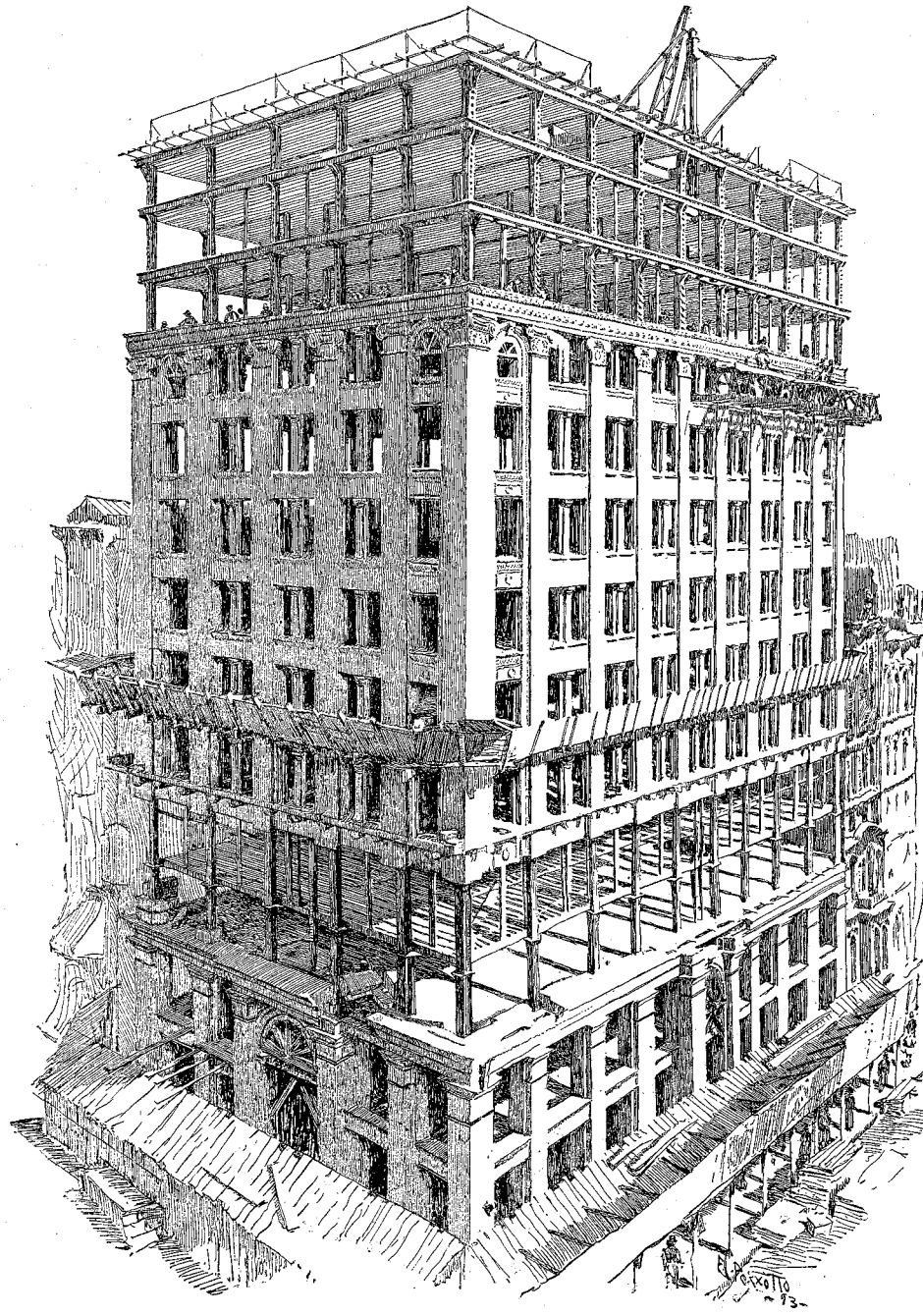

The New York Life Insurance Building in Chicago.
(Showing the construction of outer walls.)

tic treatment may be similarly accomplished by duplicating the elements that have been found successful in the lower structure. Certainly, on no other grounds can the multiplication of motifs be explained, such as the forcing in of strange elements, the building of high basements in order to reduce the

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A Contrast of the Old and New Styles.
(The junction of Maiden Lane and Liberty Street, New York.)

superstructure sufficiently to carry a classical order upon it, and the like. Then again, it is supposed that, as variety in shape and size of windows may sometimes be successfully introduced in a low building, it can be repeated with equal success, if not greater —since the opportunities are more numerous—in a high one. The result is too often a collection of windows, exhibiting to a wonderful degree the inventiveness of the architect, but testifying, in a very sad manner, to his lack of artistic perception. In fact, the craving for variety, the change insisted upon on every floor, the crowding of heterogeneous elements into a single front, which is characteristic of so many of our high fronts, arises from a failure to admit the essentially new nature of the problem. With unusual and unprecedented space at their command, architects have seemed to think their opportunities provided in order that they might multiply forms hitherto used only sparingly. The fact that they have something essentially new, something wholly different from anything attempted before, has only been slightly recognized.

The conditions of high building design are such that a decorative framework or artistic covering to the front is impracticable. The high building, like many other modern structures, is not built with the idea of erecting a beautiful or artistic edifice. First, last, and all the time it is a commercial building, erected under commercial impulses, answering to commercial needs, and fulfilling a commercial purpose in supplying its owner with a definite income.

Many large commercial companies have long since recognized the commercial advantages of a splendid building which shall give outward and visi-

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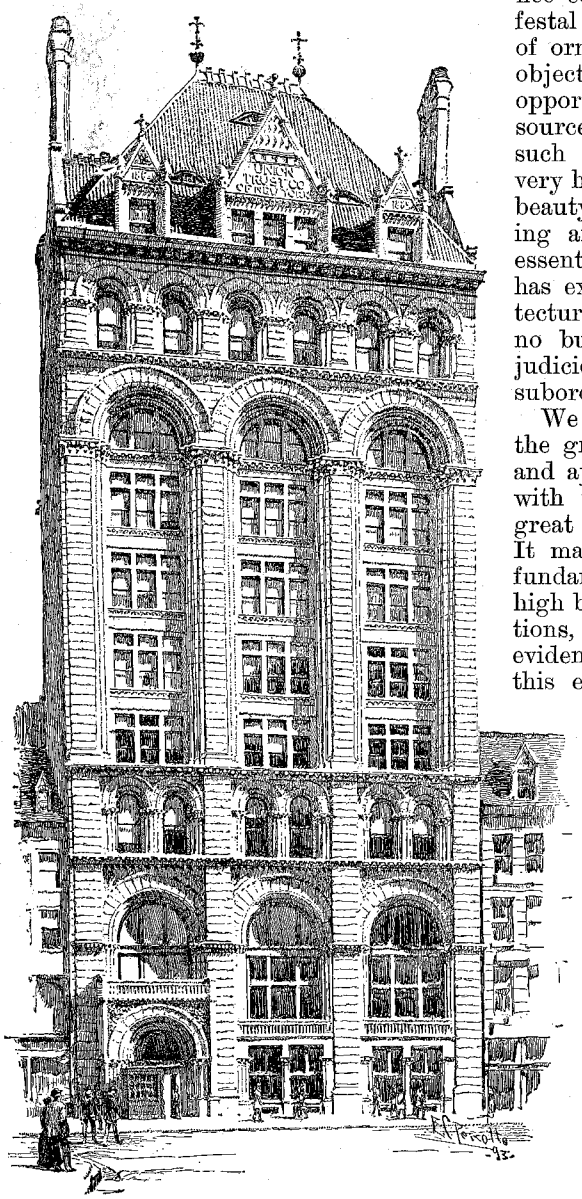
ble evidence of the magnitude of their resources, and many large office buildings have been built in which the artistic—for commercial reasons, not artistic, if you please—has been allowed considerable leeway. Yet the ordinary way of bringing about these desirable impressions has been by size alone, the greatest companies imagining, and with some show of reason, it must be admitted, that those who occupied the largest and highest buildings will be endowed, in the popular mind, with the most wealth.



Union Trust Company Building, New York.

There is, however, no reason for shunning the artistic side of the commercial building, nor for maintaining that the artistic is necessarily foreign to structures erected under such conditions. Art in architecture, be the edifice commercial or religious, useful or festal in intention, is not the piling on of ornamental features with no other object than to gain variety or to give opportunity for the display of the resources of the architect. It is true such an arrangement often passes as very high art, but the true element of beauty in architecture consists in giving artistic form to constructive and essential parts. No building, perhaps, has exceeded the Parthenon in architectural beauty and perfection, yet in no building was the ornament more judiciously applied or with greater subordination to the whole.

We can learn this principle from all the great classic and mediæval works, and apply it to the high building, and with this guide find a key to the great modern architectural difficulty. It may, therefore, be laid down as a fundamental proposition that the art of high building must recognize its conditions, must express its needs, must give evidence of its requirements. Yet even this elementary proposition embraces difficulties of no mean order. It has long been accepted as a first rule of architecture that the exterior of a building, the façade, the architectural form, as it may be called, must express the plan, and tell, as directly as it can, the story of the building it covers. Yet this is only partially true of the high building. We can distinguish an office building from a warehouse, and that again from many other grades of commercial structures, but one office building is much like any other, and the necessity of utilizing every foot of space in a great city implies a uniformity of exterior often far from

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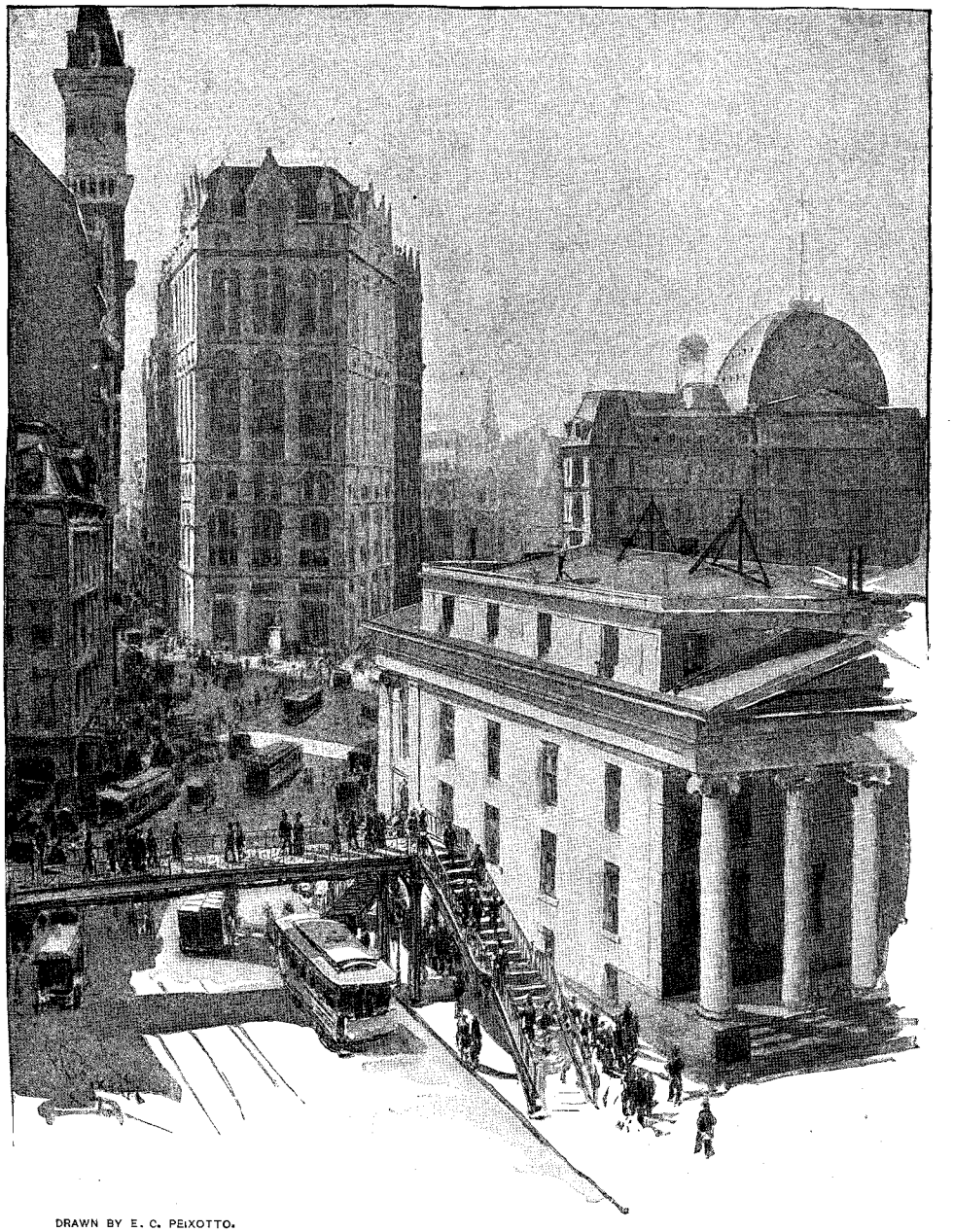

DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

Printing House Square, New York, looking south.

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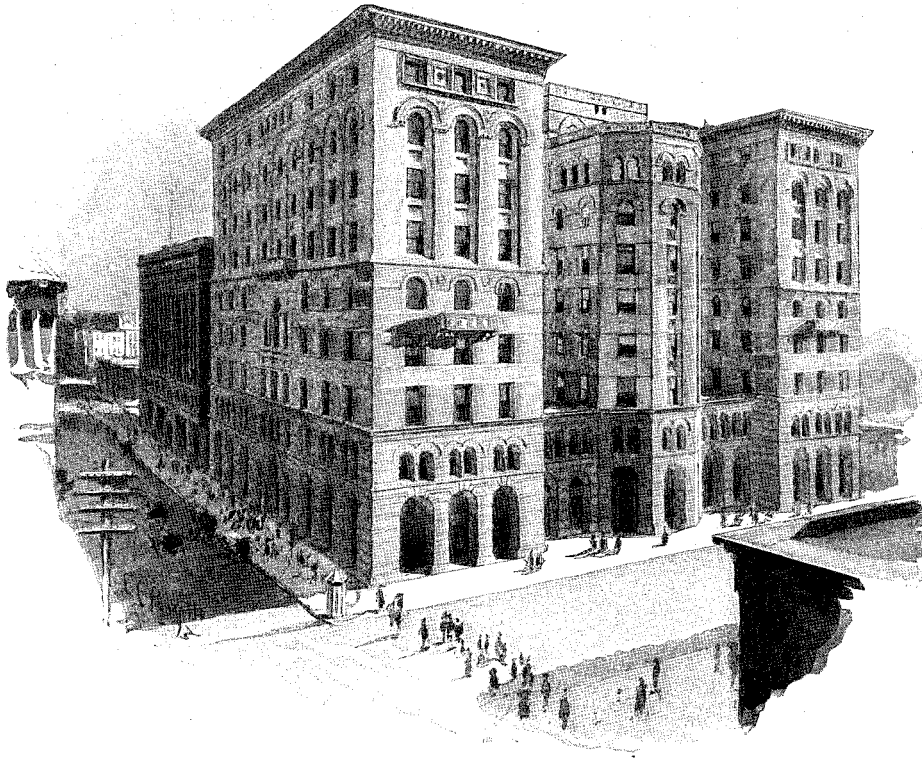
keeping with the purpose of the structure.

The Auditorium building of Chicago is a notable instance. This consists of an opera-house and a hotel and office building. In foreign lands, where the opera receives a government subsidy, the first of these would be quite distinct from the other two, and would be given a monumental form, as has been done in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and many other European capitals, and which is entirely in keeping with the ornamental and festal nature of the building. In America the opera, as all other public amusements, must depend on private support, and the opera-houses must be erected by private capital. It was to make up the deficit from operatic performances on a large scale, apparently unavoidable in this country, that the Chicago Auditorium was built to include the hotel and office building, from which a regular income might be obtained. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to place the opera-house in the centre of the block, and indicate its presence by some external feature, which, in this case, is a massive tower, that commercial necessities have pressed into service for offices. The solid mass of the Auditorium does not come from the taste of the architect, nor is the hiding of the opera-house a system of planning chosen because of some imagined architectural advantage. The conditions under which the building was erected were such that no other plan could have been followed. It may, as some unfeeling and unthinking critics have said, resemble a huge packing-box, and be deficient in the variety of form and outline sometimes found in structures of this kind, but in creating this resemblance the architects were simply following the instructions of their clients to utilize every inch of ground, and the latter, in giving these instructions, were only following the commercial policy which would render the building profitable and possible. And these conditions must be admitted by



Building of the Equitable Life, Denver.

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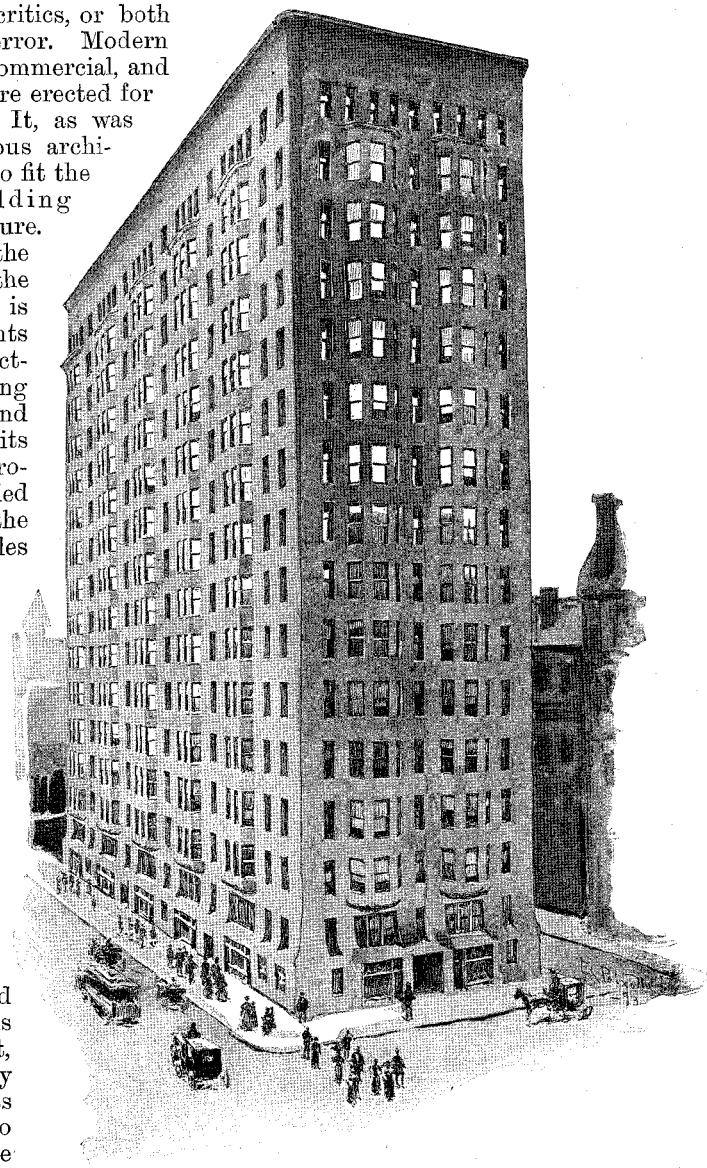
the architect and his critics, or both will fall into grievous error. Modern architecture is chiefly commercial, and its greatest structures are erected for commercial purposes. It, as was the case with all previous architecture, must be made to fit the building; not the building made to fit the architecture.

The impossibility of the façade's expressing the plan and the interior is only one of many points in which current architectural practice is striking out into new paths and evolving principles of its own. The question of proportion must be studied anew, and many of the older rules and principles set to one side. If an architect has an open plot of ground on which to build, if he is not given specific directions as to size, height, number of stories; if, in a word, he is given free scope for the exercise of his powers of design, he may, if his sense of proportion has been sufficiently cultivated, produce a thoroughly artistic, harmonious, and well-proportioned edifice. But when he is given a narrow city lot, which in New York may be twenty-five feet or less in width, and told to erect upon it a structure ten stories or more high, and to neither advance beyond the building line nor go behind it, and to give each floor the greatest possible window-space, the element of proportion well-nigh disappears, and the question becomes one of hard, practical common sense. The arrangement of the windows, the economic distribution of the materials, are of more moment than any æsthetic question of proportion. A business building is not a tower, though it is coming frequently to assume tower-like altitudes. The Gothic builders could, for example, build a tower of any height, and give it a beauty of its own, which was thoroughly distinct, whether it was part of the edifice or detached from it. The limitations of site and the commercial nature of the high building effectually prevent any such satisfactory results in the case of the modern structure.



Monadnock Building, Chicago.

And so, just as we must modify our

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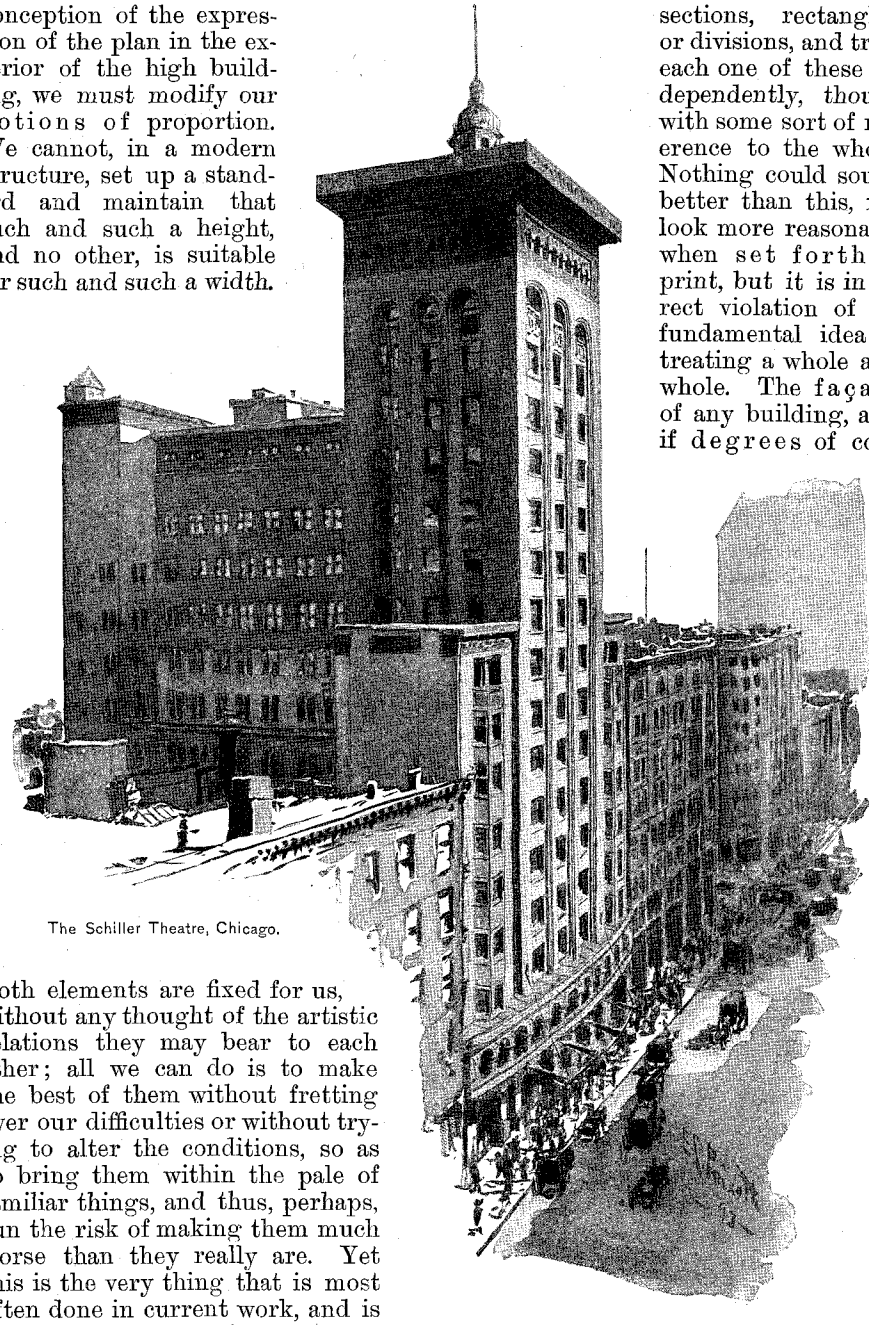
conception of the expression of the plan in the exterior of the high building, we must modify our notions of proportion. We cannot, in a modern structure, set up a standard and maintain that such and such a height, and no other, is suitable for such and such a width.



The Schiller Theatre, Chicago.

Both elements are fixed for us, without any thought of the artistic relations they may bear to each other; all we can do is to make the best of them without fretting over our difficulties or without trying to alter the conditions, so as to bring them within the pale of familiar things, and thus, perhaps, run the risk of making them much worse than they really are. Yet this is the very thing that is most often done in current work, and is an important factor in making so much of it unsatisfactory. Thus, for example, if a building is too high for its width, by the ordinary rules—a condition almost certain to exist in every high building—it is a favorite practice to divide the front up into a series of sections, rectangles, or divisions, and treat each one of these independently, though with some sort of reference to the whole. Nothing could sound better than this, nor look more reasonable when set forth in print, but it is in direct violation of the fundamental idea of treating a whole as a whole. The façade of any building, and, if degrees of comparison be admissible, certainly most so of a façade practically confined to a flat wall surface, is a single object, not a collection of heterogeneous elements, no matter how harmoniously they may be blended. In fact this very blend-

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ing, or attempt at blending, is only the introduction of a new difficulty into the problem; baldly stated, it means that the architect, after having cut up his façade into as many pieces as he dares, is trying to patch them together again.

A high building is necessarily big; it cannot be hid, nor can it by any physical process be made smaller than its physical bulk necessitates. If the high building is to be an artistic success, this quality must be admitted at the beginning. Notwithstanding this many architects, especially in the seaboard cities, apparently believe they can make the impossible real, and reduce the apparent height of the high building by dividing it horizontally as often as their imagination or their taste will permit. It would be an easy task to compose a formidable list of buildings in which this principle is illustrated in all the varying degrees of failure and badness, notwithstanding it seems to have the approval of the highest authority, and to have been enthusiastically adopted in the most artistic circles. The result is what might have been expected: instead of our architects spending their energies in designing complete buildings, they are wasting their time in designing parts of buildings, or, which is more likely to be the case, designing series of small buildings to place one on top of the other. A process that arises from the singular notion that a successful building is something like a successful market-basket, filled with good things that have no connection with each other. The design for a modern high building very often commences, therefore, with a basement, two, three, or four stories high, according to circumstances — a delightfully indefinite phrase, which in this case stands more for the idea of the architect than anything else. Perhaps two sorts of material will be introduced into this, and, in order that there may be no lack of variety, each story may have some feature or "idea" of its own. Then comes the superstructure, which has been lifted well up into the air so that all may see it, if the street be wide enough. This is divided into a varying number of divisions, sometimes each story being distinct, sometimes every two stories, while some bold spirit may invent a device which will actually enable him to run through three stories before making a change. There really is no limit to what an ingenious man may do. He may take two motifs, and be satisfied with placing one on top of the other; or he may multiply each by two, ranging one over the other; or he may take his duplicated design and place each alternately over each other, thus gaining four tiers, in which all the adjoining ones will be different. With these a further change may be introduced by using a different design for the windows in each floor, or bands of ornament may be used in one tier and omitted in another. With three motifs an even greater variety may be obtained, while with four it will be possible to exceed the highest building erected to date. There is absolutely no end to the variety which may be introduced into a façade—or the superstructure, to keep to the part we are considering—and all by the simple device of running horizontal lines across it.

With all this turmoil the building is not done. The superstructure, though divided into eight or ten tiers, is only the middle. It must have an end, and the way for this is prepared, as likely as not, by a balcony or frieze, which partly screens the attic or top story above it. The frieze, which may be a complete story, may extend through one story or through several, depending, as so much else of the building has done, upon circumstances. It might naturally be supposed that this would be the end in any well-ordered design, but frequently it is only the beginning of the end. Some architects seem afraid, above all things, of making their buildings high, as if they, as architects, had anything to do with this. Whether their imagination gives out or not, or whether it is from an artistic fear that their façades will have a bold, bad look if not cut down to ordinary levels, it certainly is a fact that in New York it has become very popular to build the frieze story part way down the front, and then build one or two stories over it, which will be partly hidden by the cornice, and the

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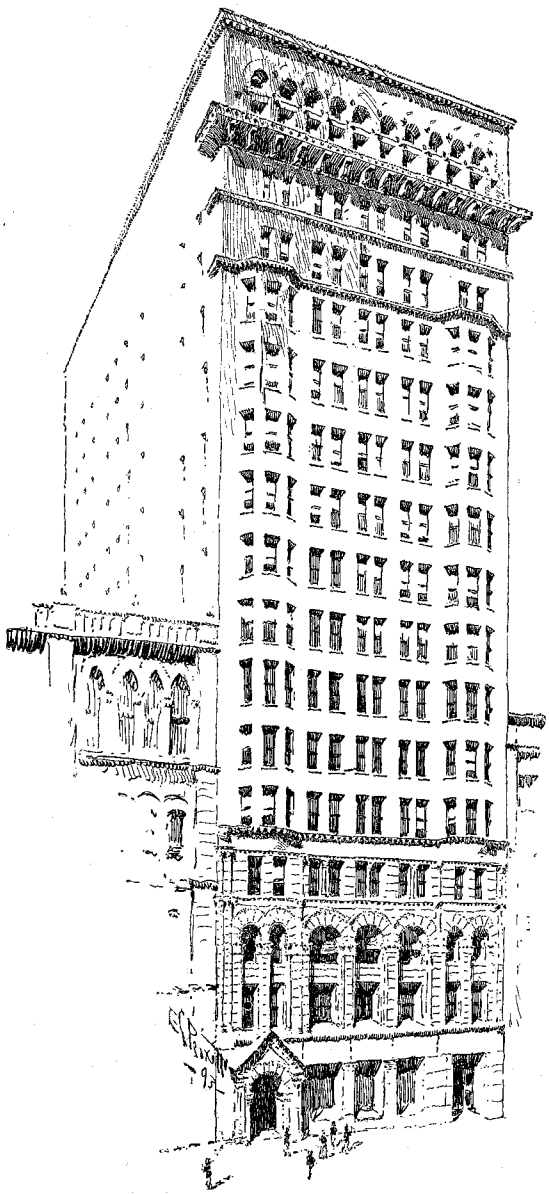
building made to seem lower than it really is. This dishonest proceeding, for nothing can bear the stamp of truth which is an attempt to deceive, has its own reward. It is quite as sensible an arrangement as if a man were to thrust his head through the crown of his hat and wear it below his head instead of above it.

The trouble lies, as was said at the outset, in a misconception of the problem. Its difficulty is admitted on all hands, and many earnest efforts have been made toward its solution; but the principles employed in designing low structures have been so firmly grounded in our Eastern architects, the force of precedent and of custom is so strong, that most of the energy expended upon the matter has been in a wrong direction. The height of the building, instead of being treated as its most valuable property—which it clearly is from the mercantile standpoint—has been regarded as little more than disgraceful. The men who would go into ecstasy over a solid wall of rock one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, are afraid to look at a wall of their own making of that height, or even half of it. Little things are easier to make than big ones; but the architect of a big building must meet his problem on the basis of its size. If he cannot treat verticality as an artistic quality he must learn to do so, just as he has had to learn every other step in architectural progress.



Title and Trust Building, Chicago.

Very considerable progress in the right direction has been made in the West, especially in Chicago, where, perhaps, neither the architect nor the critic is disposed to look for the best in architecture. It is an unfortunate fact that all of Chicago architecture is not good, but in many of the high buildings her architects have shown they are moving in the right path. No buildings of the present day have been so laughed at as the high office buildings of Chicago, yet in no buildings, as a rule, have the correct principles of high building design been more frankly admitted. Chicago is so new a city that her people are not so closely subjected to the influence of tradition and custom as in the East. The progressive spirit of the West has no place for precedent where it does not rest on reason and is not superior to something new. The exigencies of Chicago life having caused the evolution of the high building, Chicago architects have been quick to recognize the impossibility of following ordinary methods of design in it, and have attacked the problem in a new way, as it properly demanded. We

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The D. O. Mills Building, San Francisco.

need not concern ourselves with the individual solutions attained under this treatment, but it is clearly in order to examine the æsthetic results they illustrate.

It is the tendency in the East to cut up the front horizontally, and vary it with as many devices as the ingenuity of the architect can suggest. In Chicago the tendency is to give free expression to the element of verticality, to suppress ornament, and to omit variety where it is only introduced for variety's sake. Nothing could be simpler than this programme, yet its results are very striking and successful, though everything dear to the heart of the Eastern architect is thrown to one side. Starting with this as a basis, the front of the high building is naturally divided into three parts. Every structure must have a beginning and an end, and quite as naturally what comes between must be the middle. We have, therefore, a basement to begin with, and this is unquestionably the most difficult part of the front to design successfully. Even where the architect is bold enough to express the element of height, the proportioning of the basement offers great difficulties, and varies so much according to the design above it, that no general rule can be laid down. It is, however, interesting to note that in the most successful Chicago buildings the basements are low, that is to say, of one or two stories, and are without the glaring differences

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of color all but universal in the East. But it is well to remember that the basement is only the beginning of a building, and important only because it is so; it is not necessary to emphasize it by carrying it through a large number of stories in order to use up part of the superstructure. This portion, which is naturally the most important part of the front, and indeed, *is* the front, need not be curtailed for æsthetic reasons. The building being high, there is no more natural method of designing it than to make use of the vertical as the leading motif. In place of horizontal lines, cutting it up into as many parts as possible, the naturally high superstructure is divided by vertical lines cutting it into bays, carrying arches—round or flat—or lintels, as the case may be, or perhaps left without dividing lines at all, the effect depending upon the horizontal and vertical lines of symmetrically arranged windows.

This last is a bold expedient, yet it has much to recommend it. The most notable instance of its use is in the older part of the Monadnock building of Chicago. This is one of the plainest high buildings ever built. It is sixteen stories high, without basement or cornice, save a gentle curve at the top and bottom, which are the only breaks in its perfectly flat walls. Its longest façade is broken, it is true, by a series of shallow bow windows, but these are so well repressed, and the windows so closely approximate those of the flat wall surface, as scarcely to change the monotony of the design. For the design is monotonous, as must necessarily be the case with any façade which, as this, includes 389 windows of the same size and shape, unrelieved by mouldings, hoods, or sills. Graduates of the École des Beaux-Arts will doubtless tell you there is no design in this, that it is only a passable piece of engineering, with all the unartistic solidity of typical engineering work. Yet such a criticism — unfortunately not confined to Beaux-Arts men—only means that the conditions of the building have not been understood. It is of unusual height, and its longest side is of unusual width; it is intended solely for commercial purposes; it is not a monument devoted to artistic ends. It would not have made it a better building for its purpose to have strewn its fronts with columns and entablatures, or to have spread decorations around its windows; on the contrary, these things would mean an added cost without an added utility. In this building, as in all high buildings, it is not what should be that is to be considered, but what is. And so there is no need for unnecessary things here more than there is need for unnecessary things in any useful object or undertaking. And why should the front be varied for variety's sake? Are not 389 similar windows in the same edifice better than 389 different ones? Perhaps, after all, it is a question of taste or of appreciation, but there is a dignity and strength, and impressiveness and power, in the simple, bold design of the Monadnock which is not to be found in the riotous designs in which variety and change are the leading elements.

But it is not needful to go to the extreme of the Monadnock, and employ only perfectly flat walls, in order to arrive at a satisfactory system for high building design. A striking illustration of the restful results from vertical designing may be seen in the Schiller Theatre, of Chicago, which is one of the most beautiful and impressive high buildings in the world; and that, not because the architect has loaded it with ornament, not because he has variegated his façade, changed his windows with each story, exhausted his imagination on the designing of horizontal string-courses, introduced as many motifs as possible, given his client and the public at large the full worth of their money in "high art." The Schiller is beautiful because everyone of these things has been neglected. The architect has treated his front sensibly, dividing it vertically into shallow bays, which give sufficient relief to the front without absorbing too much space from the ground area, made his windows approximately the same throughout, and confined his ornamental parts to the basement and an arcaded balcony over it. This most naturally expresses that the building is something different from an ordinary office building, as does the

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The Union Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

tower, which has a richly ornamented and strongly projecting cornice, and is crowned by an open belvidere. The elements are of the simplest, the variety as little as could be imagined, yet the result is wonderfully fine, calm, stately, dignified, artistic. The architect has treated his problem sensibly, interpreting its commonplace features with a fine artistic instinct, and the result, though accomplished with the simplest means and in the simplest manner, is thoroughly beautiful.

An important phase of the design of the high building is the use and application of ornament. To a certain extent its use depends upon the treatment selected for the building; but ornament is a help to architecture; in itself it is not architecture, nor does the finest style of architecture consist in the taste with which ornament is applied to structural features. The horizontal system offers boundless opportunities for the introduction of ornament, but that does not recommend it for high façade designing. Ornament readily becomes a superfluity in commercial buildings, for these are not palaces, intended for the delectation of the eye, but business buildings for business purposes. The place of ornament in such designs is, therefore, naturally that of a help to the constructive feat-

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ures. Of itself, ornament can perform no constructive duty, save in the form of capitals of columns; even in string-courses and cornices it only helps lines which are constructive by nature. Its use is thus to be restricted to helping, as best it may, the more important constructive elements. Not only is a restricted use natural, but it becomes necessary when the vast extent of a high façade is taken into account. A high front is not intended to be a vehicle for the display of ornament, and when well distributed over it the best becomes too heavy and monotonous. A motif too often repeated grows mechanical; it is too obviously turned out at so much per foot. If it is varied, we very soon have too great variety, and this, as we have seen, is one of the cardinal defects of much high façade designing.

The dangers of the use of ornament are, therefore, very great, but it does not follow that it is to be excluded from the high front. Properly applied, that is to say, applied with reason and in a reasonable manner, there is no better aid to the architect, nor is there any help he can more wisely make use of. But, like all good things in architecture, reason must underlie its use. A very striking instance of the judicious application of ornament is furnished by the Wainwright building at St. Louis. This is designed on the vertical system, the motif of the superstructure being a series of broad piers carried to the frieze without break. The basement is two stories in height, and perfectly plain, the piers of the superstructure not appearing in it. The frieze is a series of circular windows placed in a mass of ornament, and the cornice is a strongly projecting beam. The ornament of this building, save a delicately incised decoration around the doors and the foliated decoration of the frieze, is confined to a series of panels, placed between the windows and extending from pier to pier, and which differ in design in each story. It thus happens that the fronts of the building, for it is located on a corner, and thus has two fronts, contain a very considerable quantity of ornament, though none of it is obtrusive, and all of it performs a useful, well-indicated function. And when to this is joined a rich variety and ingenuity in the design of the panels and of the frieze, a very great success in the application of ornament has been achieved.

The chief lesson taught by this building is the *limitation* of ornament, and this notwithstanding that, taken as a whole, a good deal is used. It is employed naturally and where it is most serviceable. This is the principle used by the Greeks, and is the mode that has been used in all the great architectural styles in their best works. No form of architecture used so much ornament as the Gothic, nor did any form produce so infinite a variety. Yet in the purest Gothic—and the most satisfactory, it is well to note—the ornament is only employed where it has some structural significance, and where it can help by lightening the effect of too severe construction.

Vertical designing being the natural system to be followed in high façade design, in which the superstructure naturally grows out of the basement, and, in turn, forms itself the natural base of the crowning frieze, a similar following of natural law offers the safest guide in the determination and use of ornament. The high building must be, above all, harmonious, a perfectly blended whole; its bulk is too vast for it ever to be possible to hide its imperfections. The most serious fault with our high buildings is that this simple law is ignored, wilfully or stupidly, it matters not. The result is bad, and that is sufficient to point the way to other paths. And so, if we would have an harmonious design, our ornament, as well as our structural lines, must be harmonious—harmonious not only with the structure but in the ornament applied to every part of the building. The multiplicity of motifs is to be avoided in the ornament just as it is to be put to one side in the structure. For the fewer the motifs in our structure, the more dignified it will be, and the fewer the motifs in our ornament, the better it will add to the dignity of the whole. For the high building must be dignified; it must be majestic; it must be stately. Dignity and majesty, and strength and power, are part and par-

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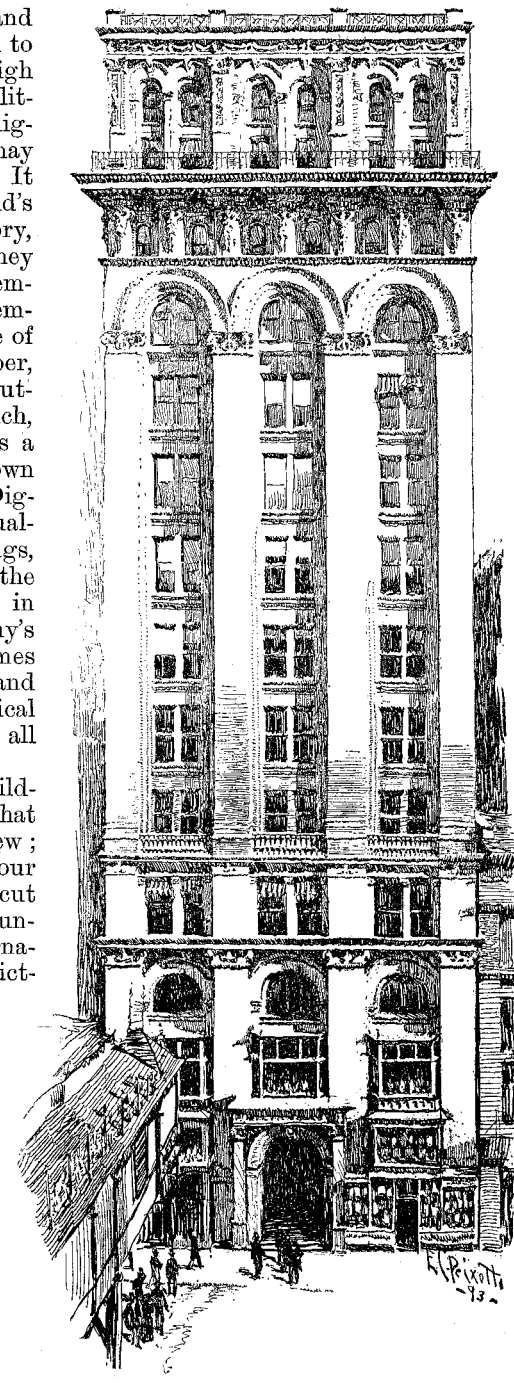
cel with size and magnitude. Fun and gayety and variety are more natural to small bodies and small things. The high building is big ; it cannot be made little ; it must be endowed with all the dignity we can give it in order that it may have its natural beauty to the full. It is this which makes some of the world's very large buildings so satisfactory, even though the elements of which they are composed are not good, or, in themselves, meritorious. The Masonic Temple, at Chicago, is a notable instance of this ; a huge building which, on paper, in drawing, or in photograph, seems utterly devoid of beauty, and yet which, when one stands before it, develops a mighty dignity and power of its own through the sheer force of mass. Dignity is likewise the predominating quality in many other large high buildings, of which the Great Northern Hotel, the Ashland Block, and the Auditorium in Chicago, the Union Trust Company's building in New York, and the Ames building in Boston, are conspicuous and beautiful examples, albeit the vertical element is not equally developed in all of them.

We cannot always make our big buildings dignified through mass alone ; that is an opportunity given to but a few ; but at least we can see to it that our smaller fronts are not injudiciously cut up, and, above all, decorated with unnecessary masses of ornament. Ornament is not a decoration, in the strictest architectural sense of the word ; in reality it is, as has been said, a help to the construction. We may decorate a book-cover, if we choose, but we apply ornament to a building. And this is naturally done, not by selecting the greatest variety of the best forms we know, but in choosing some one motif and developing it throughout the building ; using the same idea, handled in a different manner in the different parts ; varying the same lines, yet withal having sameness with variety, variety with sameness. The plant that shows leaves, buds, partly developed flower, flower in full bloom, and seed, is not less a single entity because its parts have various forms at the same time. So it is with ornament on the high building. The motif that is employed in an undeveloped state in the basement increases in growth in



Havemeyer Building, New York.

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the superstructure, and breaks into full bloom in the frieze, the crown and ending of what is below. The progression is natural; the result, if a good motif is selected at the outset and it is well developed, is harmonious. The ornament becomes a help to the structure, and our high building stands forth complete and finished in a natural manner. It may not yet be faultless; it may have sore spots greater care or deeper thought might have remedied, but, be the blemishes what they may, it is a manful, honest attempt to achieve an honest result. And this is what the best architecture of all times has striven to accomplish.

And then there is the question of style, the greatest bugbear of the modern architect. In past times the architect did not concern himself with styles; he worked naturally in the form in use in his own time. But the abundant knowledge of the modern architect is embarrassing, for he no sooner begins to think of a high design than, in most cases, he imagines he must first of all decide upon a style. Yet this is quite the last thing to think of. The high building, being a new thing under the sun, no past style can give any help. The Gothic was, it is true, a vertical style, but the most ardent Gothicist cannot urge it as a basis for high building design. The Renaissance is essentially a style of breadth, developed as such, and obtained its most satisfactory results in low, broad buildings. And there is nothing else, and as these do not help us we have no historical guides. We have thrown over proportion, given up representing the plan in the façade, and there is no need to hamper ourselves with affection for a style that cannot help us. Nor can we make a style of our own. The chief element of a vertical design, as we have seen, is the vertical line, which is not contained in any historical style in the way we must use it in the high building. Style then, cannot dominate our edifice or our design, but becomes a matter of detail, or, rather, is only to be seen in the detail. It is possible to give any character whatsoever to the ornament, and to thus give the building distinctive character, but it is not possible, from the conditions of the questions, from the limitations under which we are working, to make a high building an example or an illustration of any of the historical styles. But there have been many attempts to accomplish this, just as there have been many attempts to accomplish other wrong things in architecture.

Of the many fallacies anent the high building and its art that enjoy a sort of vogue in even good circles, none is more absurd than the notion that, because it is a skeleton construction, because its weight is carried on a steel framework, and the walls and piers are only curtains or external inclosures of the inner frame, that does the work, therefore the design must express this construction in order to be truthful. This is akin to the notion that the façade must express the plan, a condition we saw to be impossible in high building design. It is a most preposterous idea, yet one that has a large support. No one will contend that mankind would look better were its skeleton of bone placed outside the flesh instead of within it; yet this is very much the proposition the construction-designers are maintaining. In any event the walls of a high building are comparatively insignificant, since the windows occupy the larger amount of vertical surface. This leaves only the piers, and it is surely better architecture to cover them with brick, stone, or terra cotta surfacing, and to give that surfacing the semblance of constructive forms, than to leave them naked, or, as is actually the case, to cover them with fireproofing and leave that as the external surface. A pier is not deceitful if it contain a steel core that performs the greater part of the work. The whole of architecture, in its highest sense, is but the application of art to constructive forms, and if we can make our buildings beautiful by giving our piers and walls the semblance of reality that is naturally theirs, we need not concern ourselves with an imaginary idea that, unless we exhibit every portion of their construction we are committing a grievous error. Architecture is, indeed, truth in stone and brick, but there is no deceit in building these materials around a core of steel, because in that case the result is more pleasing than if we ex-

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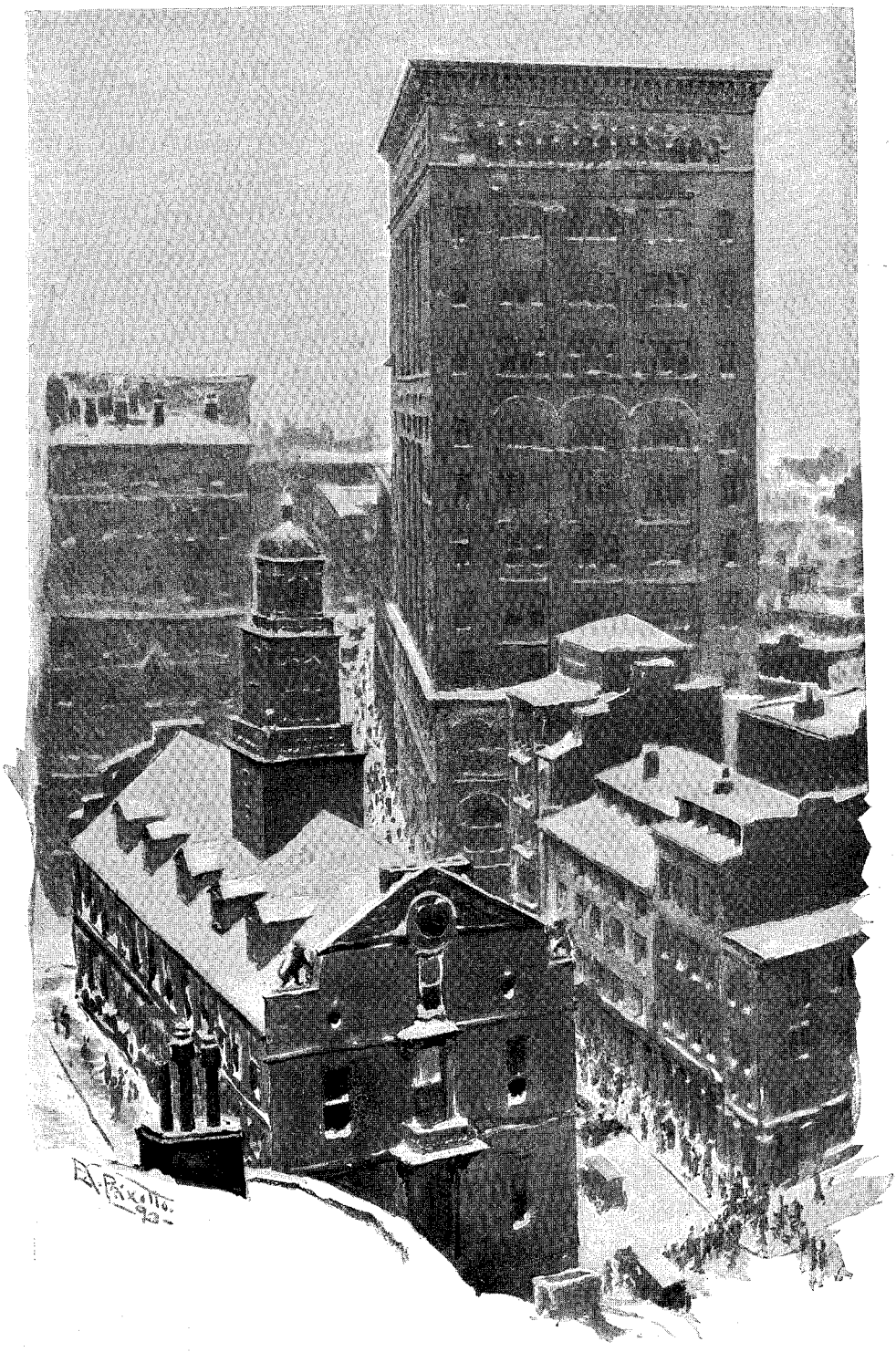

DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

The Ames Building, Boston.

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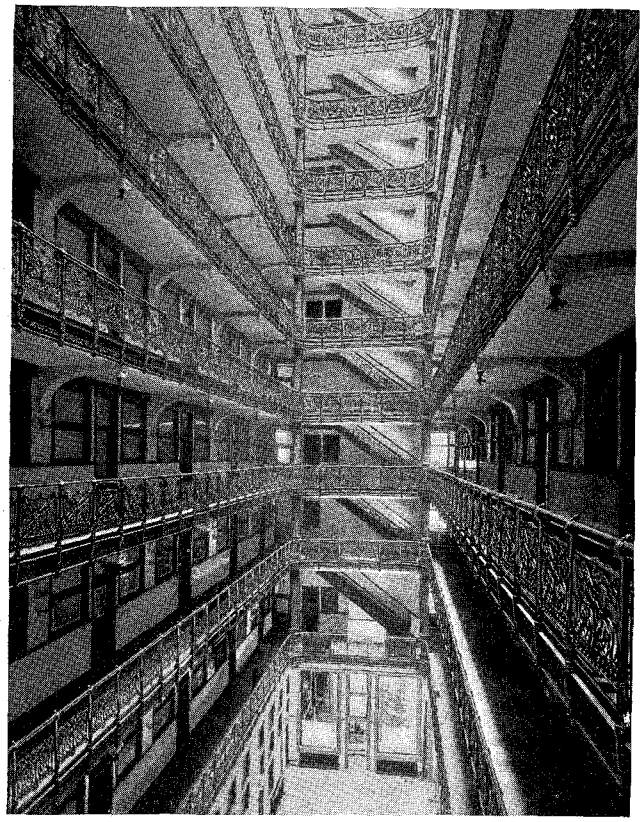
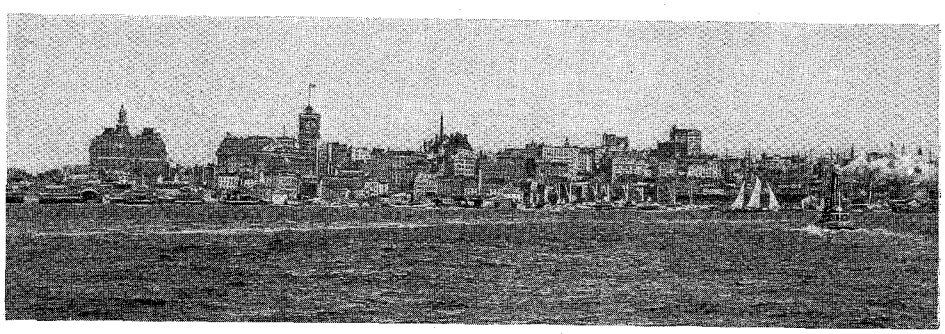


Interior of the Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

hibited something not intended to be seen.

A priori propositions have no place in high building design. Ideas that, in themselves, may be good and true, are to be avoided if they have no proper place in the special problem we are considering. It stands by itself, apart from other forms of architectural design. Its distinctness and newness of conditions must be recognized, or the fullest measure of success cannot be obtained. We must cast aside preconceived notions, tear up old rules, get rid of old ideas. We must not imagine that because one style of architecture is good it can be applied to every possible use, and stretched out or broadened according to the size of our building. A Greek temple can never be anything but a Greek temple, a Gothic cathedral must always be a Gothic cathedral, a modern office building must always be an office building. The glory of each is its individuality and the directness with which it expresses its object. The Greek temple was a development of the Greek ideal in architecture; the Gothic cathedral was the development of the mediæval ideal; the modern office building, if it is to have the rank in architecture to which its importance entitles it, must be the development of modern needs, ideas, necessities. The question is not one of styles, nor of suitabilities of styles; it is the natural treatment of complicated and difficult conditions in a natural manner.



View of the Lower Part of New York from the Bay.

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MILTON VISITING GALILEO.

PAINTED BY TITO LESSI.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

At the time of Milton's visit to Galileo, in 1640, the Italian philosopher was in his seventy-seventh year, dropsical, nearly blind, and virtually a prisoner in his villa at Arcetri, near Florence, where the Inquisition, having spared his life in consequence of his retractation, permitted him to end his days in such solitude as might prevent the spread of his heretical opinions. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to know exactly with what degree of rigor this rule of solitude was enforced. Galileo was not permitted to hold academic meetings in his house, but he was not denied the solace of receiving both friends and disciples, and it is not likely that he would feel bound to silence on the subjects that most deeply interested him. The problems that occupied his latest years were especially those concerning longitude, and as they involved the construction of better time-keepers than such as could be produced by the imperfect mechanical art of the seventeenth century, Galileo was driven to the practical study of watch-making when the loss of sight put a stop to that and other labors. There is for us an especial pathos in Milton's visit to him, since we know that the poet's old age, like that of the philosopher, was to be darkened by blindness and saddened by the refusal of that public honor and consideration which men of such pre-eminence must have felt to be their due. There was also much in common in their opinions. Both were extremely advanced for the times in which they lived, both were what the French call *des esprits d'avant-garde*. At the age of thirty-two, when Milton visited Galileo, a man's opinions may not have taken their ultimate firmness, but the methods and tendencies of his mental activity are already evident, at least to his intellectual companions. The simple fact that Milton sought out Galileo is in itself a revelation, since every belated intellect would have avoided him. As for lingual facility of communication, that would be insured by Milton's skill in Latin and in Italian, and considering the difference between the two men in years and performance, it is likely that Milton's attitude was that of a deeply interested listener, as Signor Lessi has represented it.

Galileo was not without friends in his old age, even in the clerical party. Joseph Calasanzio interceded for him with the Inquisition and obtained for him the assistance of a friar of an order he had founded. This friar, Francesco Michelim di San Giuseppe, worked for Galileo in translations from Latin and Greek authors, and is mentioned here because he happens to be in the picture, where he is standing with his back to the window and looking at Milton. The seated figure behind Milton is Galileo's nephew, a musician at the Court of Monaco, who happened to be at Florence at the time of the poet's visit to his uncle. The personage who holds a book in his hand is intended for the philosopher's son.

The painter has been anxious to put as much historical truth as possible into his picture. The faces are portraits, or as near to portraiture as existing documents permitted. The instruments are from the originals still preserved at Florence, and the costumes and furniture are strictly of the place and time. As an example of Signor Lessi's extreme care for truth of the historical kind, I may mention Galileo's telescope. Two are kept at Florence, and Signor Lessi had one of them reproduced in facsimile so accurately that the copy is distinguishable from the original by its newness alone. The tube was covered with leather of different colors ornamented in gold with bookbinders' tooling; indeed, the covering appears most probably to have been done for Galileo by

* See Frontispiece.

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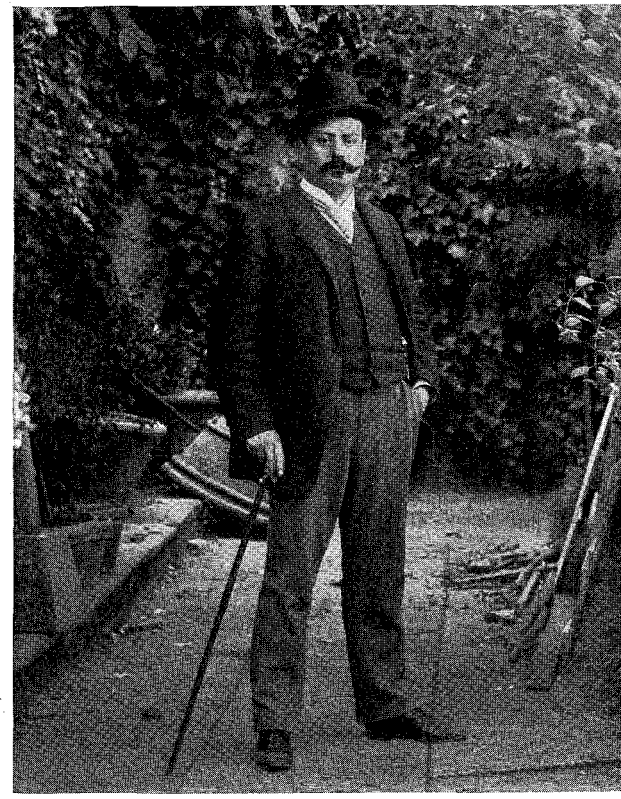

Tito Lessi.

his book-binder. Signor Lessi told me that even the gilded ornaments were faithfully copied, and that he had caused a set of tools to be engraved for the purpose. This love of historical accuracy is quite in the spirit of Meissonier, and so is the artist's tendency to finish every picture as completely as he possibly can without spoiling it. The comparison with Meissonier is the first that occurs to every critic when he becomes acquainted with the art of this skilful and laborious Italian, and indeed he sometimes appears to have invited the comparison by the subjects, and even the titles of his pictures, as, for example, "Le Liseur," a tiny picture that might be hung as a pendant to one of the numerous readers by the French master, and "Une Lecture chez Piron" (not yet exhibited), which recalls, of course, the famous "Lecture chez Diderot." To invite such comparisons would be presumption in anyone else; it is not so in Tito Lessi. Meissonier lived long enough to see Lessi's picture, which has since been exhibited under the title of "La Rentrée du Prince" in the Salon of 1893, and he admired it heartily. It is a wonderful picture, but though it is obvious that its author has aimed at some of Meissonier's qualities, it would be a gross injustice to speak of him as an imitator. Having remarkably good sight, a firm and delicate hand, indomitable patience, and a love of accuracy and completeness in the representation of objects, whether living or inanimate, it is natural that Lessi should paint very much on the same principles as Meissonier did, at least, before the adoption of a broader style when sight began to fail him in old age. Still, notwithstanding a coincidence of gifts and tastes, there is clear evidence that Lessi looks at everything with his own eyes. The resemblance of his work to that of Meissonier is more in clear-

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ness of vision than in style. A real imitator copies the mannerisms of his original, and looks to him more than he looks to nature. Everyone who knows Meissonier's work intimately is aware that he had a certain sharpness and vivacity of accent that were all his own; an imitator would have tried for that above all things, but Lessi distinguishes himself rather as an observer of delicate truths than as a professor of brilliant execution. His art, though technically most accomplished, is in our time rare by its scrupulous honesty, by its modesty, and by the keenness of insight that it unobtrusively displays. His masterpiece, hitherto, has probably been "La Rentrée du Prince," formerly described as "Le Lever du Dauphin." Courtiers and attendants are waiting in a magnificent hall of elaborate architecture (copied from one in the Riccardi palace at Florence) when a youth of high rank makes his first appearance, and with well-accustomed dignity acknowledges their obsequious salutes. The picture has two dominant qualities, its dramatic truth and the extraordinary perfection with which not only the faces but all details of architecture and costume are represented. If I speak of "perfection" the word implies, of course, that the details all keep their places as they do in good painting of the highly finished order; in unsuccessful attempts at this kind of art the details destroy the unity of the picture. I am well aware that sound finish is now looked upon by some critics as an evidence of a want of intelligence in the artist and of Philistinism in his admirers, while the accepted proof of genius in the present day is to daub with a startling audacity. Surely, however, a strong artistic gift may be accompanied by a healthy liking for thoroughness in performance. If an artist can give a year to a small picture, as Lessi does, without any visible fatigue, that power of steady application is an evidence of mental health. Again, the most recent criticism detests every picture with a subject. "Milton visiting Galileo" is a subject with literary interest, because it is a subject that can be written about, and it makes us think of something else than linear or chromatic arrangements. But why should not an artist be permitted to paint Milton in Galileo's dwelling, when there would be no objection to a nameless visitor in the house of some unknown Florentine? The "literary interest," as it is called in depreciation, is here only added to the pictorial, which still subsists in its entirety. Again, if I praise Lessi's honesty in work, and his love of truth, I am likely to shock all critics who execrate moral qualities in art. But the moral qualities do no harm, they are of great practical value in study and they do not spoil performance; they can subsist along with artistic merit as they did in the case of Meissonier, as they do in the case of Lessi.

Tito Lessi was born at Florence in 1858; his father was a mosaic worker and his uncles were painters. Young Tito had some literary education, studying Latin for five years, but without much taste for classical learning; and he took spontaneously to drawing. His father encouraged him, and put him to study drawing at the Florentine Academy, and after that in the studio of Antonio Ciseri. One of his uncles was well known in Italy for his skill in scene-painting; this uncle taught young Tito geometry, architecture, and perspective, sciences which he has found of the greatest use in designing his pictures. Besides pursuing these studies the youth was employed practically as an assistant in scene-painting, which amused him and brought a little money. In the evenings he painted small water-colors and used to sell them for about five francs apiece. In 1878 he won a prize of 500 francs for painting, so he hired a little studio and made a picture. The model cost him 32 francs, the picture was sold for 30. The next work, representing four soldiers in a guard-room, was bought by a Florentine picture-dealer for 250 francs. At the same time Lessi went on with his practice in water-color and sold some drawings to a travelling dealer named Molena, which led to his ultimate success, for this Molena resold the drawings to the well-known Parisian dealer Sedelmeyer, who invited Lessi to come to Paris and gave

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him employment. "I must own," says Lessi, "that M. Sedelmeyer has done very much for me by constantly encouraging me and keeping me occupied." He left Florence in November, 1880, and not Florence only, but a young wife and a child, leaving, as it then seemed, all happiness and sunshine behind him to come to the fog and damp of what is to a Florentine "the gray metropolis of the north." In a bare room for a studio he set to toiling for daily bread, his heart yearning for all that he had quitted.

During the years from 1881 to 1885, Tito Lessi exhibited regularly in the Salon, but almost invariably in water-color. His first important oil picture was "The Will," in which an old gentleman in the costume of the eighteenth century is seated at a table dictating his will to his lawyer. Then came the picture of a young Prince already described and most inconveniently known under several different titles, creating a confusion that every artist ought to avoid. It has been called at different times, "The Heir," "Le Lever du Dauphin," "La Sortie du Prince," "La Rentrée du Prince," and is now familiarly called "Le Petit Prince." Another important (though not large) picture was "L'Interrogatorio," the examination of some witness or accused person by an ecclesiastical tribunal, a work full of character and expression, besides much careful painting of still-life. Then came "The Reader," already mentioned as inviting a comparison with Meissonier, and "The Dutch Burgomaster," in which the painter measured himself with the most accomplished artists of Holland. This last picture was bought by the Grand Duke Vladimir for the Czar.

An important picture by Lessi, "The Bibliophiles," containing ten figures, belongs to Mr. Crocker, of San Francisco, and was sent, with other works of the artist, to the Chicago Exhibition. The background of this picture (which I know only by a photograph) is an accurate representation of the Biblioteca Riccardiana at Florence. Various other pictures might be mentioned, but I do not wish to trouble the reader with a mere catalogue. I observe from the selection of subjects a constant tendency to choose what can be painted with the utmost thoroughness. It is quite a different art, for example, from that which deals with transient effects in landscape, or from the summary interpretation of human action and expression which marks certain figure-pictures that were swiftly painted and yet are deservedly immortal. Without, however, implying any censure of good art that is founded on different principles, we may reasonably wish that there was somewhat more, in the modern schools, of that patient and untiring search after perfection that distinguishes artists like Lessi and Meissonier. It is not so much their love of detail that is desirable, as their absolute honesty, their indisposition to give anything to the public that is less than their best, their superiority to all kinds of charlatanism, their indifference to all manual display but that of downright excellence in workmanship.

LIFE AND LOVE.

By Melville Upton.

Life has hurried Love away,
As though he never knew its birth.
Love holds no lasting fealty here,
Upon this solemn earth.

Love, the bondsman, came an hour
To sport above the web of things;
Life, the master, went his way—
Crushed are the irised wings.

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THE FARMER IN THE NORTH.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

I.

TWO women faced each other in the orange-scented corridor of the Florida building. The sun was dazzling on one side of the passage-way, the other side was dark — that was the inconvenience of using the model of a Spanish mediæval fort for a modern fruit bazaar. To me the woman in the dusk was merely a black, wrinkled basque-back, some straggling gray hair under a black bonnet, and a sallow jaw; but the other stood full in the sunshine. Sunshine seemed to fit her; for she was a comfortable and ample presence in holiday black, brightened by the red rose in her bonnet and the pink on her comely cheeks. She listened to a monotone of complaints of the crowd and the weather and the restaurant fare which that gaunt jaw was grinding out; she was sympathetic but she was unflinchingly cheerful; and I perceived that here was one of those homely saints who hide their halo under a zest for laughter; and quite as much as Spenser's delicate angel, make a sunshine in a shady place. I know she bakes the wedding-cake for the rural brides, and has fifty sensible, homespun remedies for sickness, and comes to watch with the very sick, and helps babies into the world, and is a sturdy comforter and provider to the rural clergy.

"Well, anyhow, I guess you're glad you come," she said.

"I dunno," persisted the mournful one, "'taint much use a-coming when the crowd's so thick ye cayn't git in to see nothin'. Maria, she says she likes to see the folks; but I don't; I kin see folks to home. *I* come to see what's made in the world."

"I guess I come to see 'em both," said the other.

Certainly the crowd that peopled the streets of that city of a day was a great and wonderful sight. Our English critics reproach us with the fact that it was almost entirely an American crowd, although exactly why the ability of a nation to furnish the patronage for such stupendous undertaking in the family circle should be a matter of reproach, only the Saturday reviewer can properly comprehend. Reproach or boast, it is a fact; the crowd did consist for the most part of Americans from the United States.

Hardly a class, not even the class of the abjectly poor, was missed in the representation.

It is not likely that any American of this generation will have the like opportunity to study his countrymen. A most superficial and accidental opportunity, it is true, but impressive in its kaleidoscopic vastness.

As the days passed, more and more I came to take the point of view of Maria — whom, by the way, I never shall see in this world, and who never will know of my recognition; nevertheless this unknown, even nameless (that

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is, surnameless) Maria was my invisible and inspiring companion for the other weeks that I spent at the fair. (I am sure that this has a pretty moral concealed about it somewhere, were I only clever enough to find it.)

Maria, I fancy, belonged to the class that could be culled out of the mass most readily, namely, the farmers. She was a farmer's wife or daughter or mother. And she must have had a robust fibre of humanity in her to keep so vivid an interest in her kind through what Mr. Hamlin Garland calls bitterly "the ferocious toil of the farm." Or else her lot was kinder. I hope so. I like to follow the farmer into other conditions. Generally the farmer's critic expresses the hope that he will be improved by what he sees. Perchance it shows a weak and worldly mind; but my principle concern for the farmer was that he should have a good time. I incline to think, moreover, that he took it. He was at the gates before the earliest gatekeeper, and he did not leave until the electric lights had blazed for hours.

"Tired?" said one energetic man from the fields, "tired? If I was as hungry as I'm tired, I'd eat till I bust."

All the classes and divisions of the American farmer were at the great Fair. There was the prosperous farmer of the New England States, and the equally prosperous farmer of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa; there was the tenant-farmer of the South, who may not prosper, but is always sure of cornmeal, pork, and molasses so long as his planter landlord does not go bankrupt; and the unprosperous farmers farther West, with their mortgaged farms and their discontent. Nor did it take any especial gift of discrimination to pick them out, the one from the other.

The observer, for instance, who should watch the old farmer that I saw, one day, planted, so to speak, in front of the Agricultural building and cross-examining a harassed and perspiring Columbian guard, regarding the dimensions of the pile, the size of Martigny's Seasons and St. Gaudens's Diana, and the probable reason why the sculptor had represented the young woman standing on one leg, did not need the acumen of Sherlock Holmes to give the questioner to New England. "He must be either from New England or be a New Englander who has gone West," said I; and when, after fifteen minutes' conversation (during which he received minute directions for the finding of every part of the agricultural exhibits, from beer to guano) he departed without offering the guard a cigar, I *knew* that he did not live West. Yet I daresay he was a kindly old man, for having the curiosity to follow him into the building I saw him lift a child that she might the better examine the stuffed monkeys in the Guinea exhibit. The New Englander is really no less generous than the Westerner, he is merely less lavish. For generations the New England farmer has cultivated economy until it has become a fine art. He has pared off his expenditures to so sharp an edge that one cannot touch them without being cut. He has been as saving as the Scotchman, and for the same reason, a cruel climate and a niggardly soil would starve him, else! I sometimes fancy many traits of resemblance between the Scotch and the Puritans. They have the same unrelenting energy, the same stern theology (in both cases considerably softened, of late years) the same dry humor, the same very vigorous curiosity, frequently allied to a very anæmic sense of delicacy, the same moral and physical intrepidity that seldom brags and never surrenders, the same stoical coldness without and deep and tender affections under the crust, the same apparent pettiness of thrift that looks like sordidness, the same devotion to those things that make for righteousness, and the same ungrudging sacrifice of all for them, if the need come.

> "How nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> How near is God to man!
> When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Emerson was a New Englander in every fibre, and it is the soul of New England that speaks in his verse.

My old farmer wears the tiny red-white-and-blue button that means as

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DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

A New England Type.

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much to an American as the cross of the Legion of Honor to a Frenchman. Perhaps thirty-two years ago he left his Vermont farm (I feel reasonably assured that he comes from that hardy commonwealth, because I heard him tell the little girl's father that there was no pure maple-sugar to be found except in Vermont), his wife, and little flock, and "enlisted for the war." His sword may have flashed in that charge where one Vermont regiment charged and charged and charged again, closing up their thinned and ghastly ranks with the dogged New England courage, ordered to hold the enemy in check until their comrades retreated, and fighting with such desperate valor that a flank movement saved the battle—and them. Not many of them. When they gathered about their colors to answer the roll-call there were not enough of the regiment left to officer a company; and their colonel, gazing at them burst into tears. On that fatal day a single Vermont family lost seven of its name. The two survivors were crippled for life. These men, although they are far from rich, would never ask for a pension. But the neighborhood is not deprived of the advantage of the free circulation of government money; for a man on the farm adjoining the brothers, a deserter who was shot making his escape from the ranks, has lately been paid twenty-three hundred dollars as arrears of pension. We are a grateful nation!

In the neighborhood mentioned dwells an honest family — very like it may be to the household of which my farmer is the head, and for which, no doubt, he prays every night in his Jackson Park fire-trap, bravely bending his knees before his half-dozen unfamiliar roommates. The farm has been in this family for three generations. The sons are scattered, but the old couple and one daughter and her children remain under the old roof. They are, in the rural phrase, "well fixed." Whatever the newest agricultural machinery can do to encourage their lean acres, is done; their sleek cattle would please any eye; and their huge red barns make the Vermont winter less dreary. But in the small farmhouse on the hill they live much as their revolutionary sires did; eating food cooked according to traditionary recipes, in the same sunny

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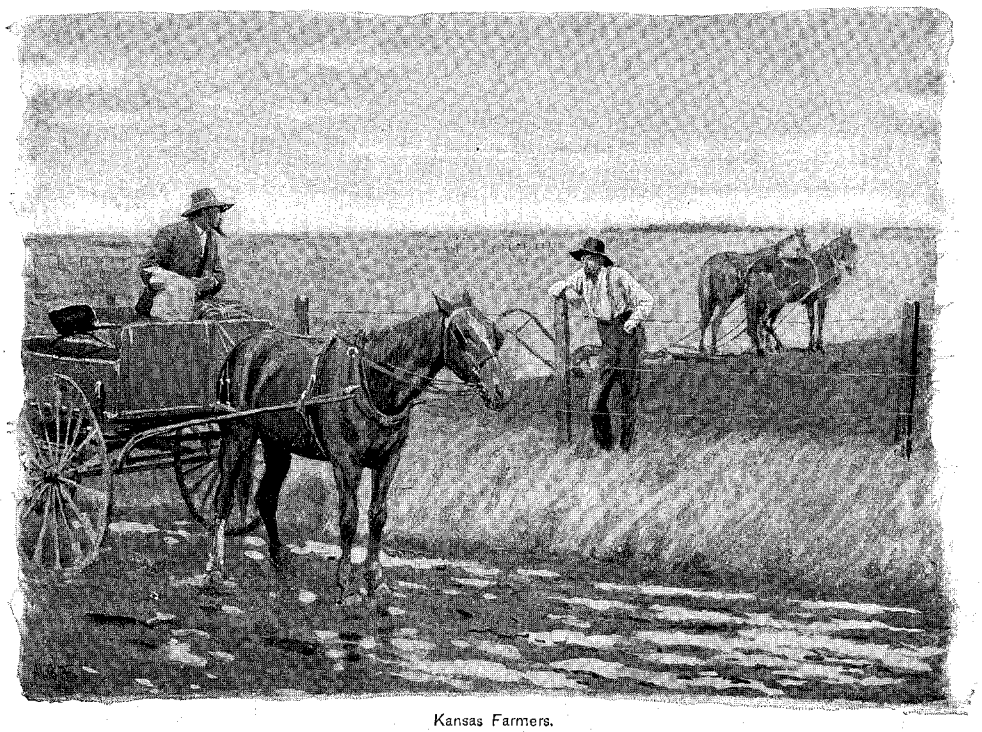

Kansas Farmers.

kitchen, off the same willow-pattern blue china. The only difference that I can see is that the present tenants of the house read the newspapers. Even the old grandmother reads. But she is disposed to criticise modern journalism. A friend lately asked her what she read. "Oh, I take the *Boston Advertiser*," said she, "same's I always did, but the murders ain't near so good as they used to be!"

The farmer of the north of New England is less sophisticated than his brother in the south. I mean the native-born farmer. The fact is, it takes a man with more than the money-keeping gift to be a successful farmer in Massachusetts or Connecticut; he must have the money-making gift as well, and to make money requires a more agile mind and broader vision than to keep or to save. The yeoman farmer of Massachusetts is likely to be in instincts, education, and the pride of his lineage, a good deal of a gentleman. I have such a farmer in my mind. He lives in a pleasant, old-fashioned white house that, for its size and its stanch building may claim the dignity of a mansion. His house is set back under the shade of great elms, at the forking of the highway, and all about it are low stone walls, marking the boundaries of other farms, chimneys showing among the trees, and, below the hills, a church-spire to show the village. He is a selectman of the village and a possible member of the Great and General Court (words that to a Massachusetts ear ring with something of the pomp of De Quincey's *Senatus populusque Romanus*) a man of importance and station; but many a time have I seen his silver beard shining above his blue jean bumper and overalls. His garments of toil used to daze me, accustomed to the Western, and especially the Southwestern, working clothes; they were so whole and so immaculately, miraculously clean. They even had an air of being made for the wearer—which is proper self-respect in broadcloth, but arrogance and flaunting pride in blue jeans! I daresay they were fashioned for him—on the family sewing-machine. He never seems to drabble or to tear these remarkable garments; yet I know, having seen, that he does not wear them as a mere uniform

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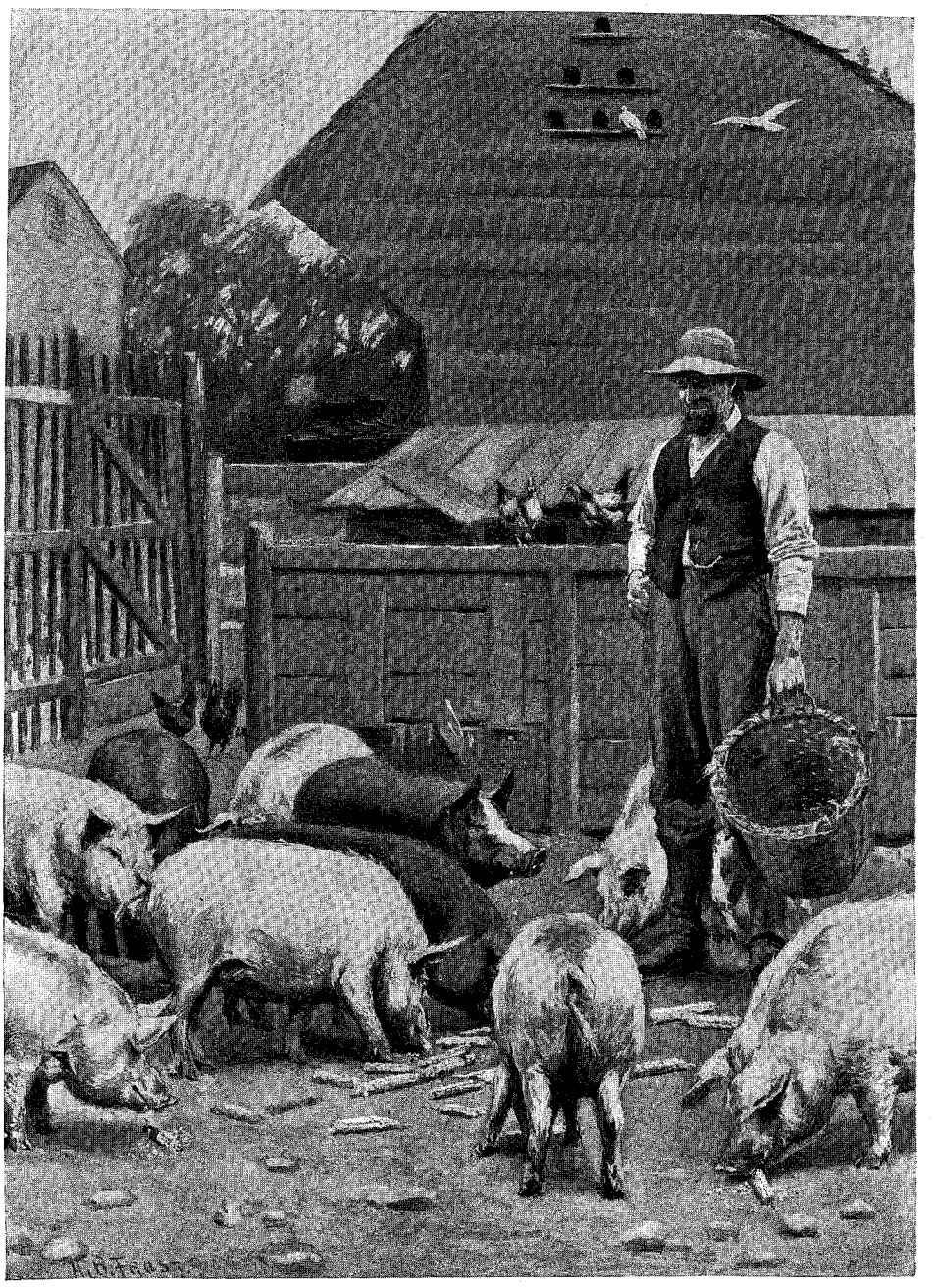

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Feeding the Pigs.

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of his order to deck him while he stands in a wagon and directs the real farmers; not he, he works in them, works with his hands and his legs and his back as well as his head. When he returns at night he will cast them aside, bathe and eat his bountiful evening meal, clad in the decent black suit that, last year, was his Sunday garb. Then, if no neighbor appear to discuss the perils of the country under a Democratic administration and partake of the social apple, he will read the *Boston Transcript* or the magazines. He subscribes only to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but an absent daughter sends him SCRIBNER'S and *Harper's*, a little late in the month, and a little later *McClure's* comes from one son and the *Century* from another. Regularly he reads his *Congregationalist* and sends it among his children; but he does not altogether understand the jokes in the *Life* that his older son sends in return; he is afraid that the brilliant little cherub jests on forbidden themes. Sometimes instead of the reading, his daughter lights the tall piano lamp that his oldest child sent him one Christmas, and plays the Pilgrim's Chorus to him. He cares nothing for Wagner in general, but he can never hear the Pilgrim's Chorus too often, it somehow recalls to him the days of his struggling youth when his mother and he lifted the mortgage, and the days of his early manhood when the "boys" who are prosperous men, now, were teasing for stories of "grandpa" and the revolutionary war before they should be bundled off to bed. He sent all his boys to college, for he has the genuine Puritan and Scotch craving for learning. His daughters were educated in good schools. The younger daughter has taken music lessons of good masters in Boston. He paid for it all out of the farm; but the mother and he wore their old clothes longer then than they do now, and the hours in the day were too few for their work. Never, through it all, has he knowingly wronged any creature, man or brute beast. His word has never been broken to the sense and kept to the sound; neither has he made his profit from the poverty of his neighbor, nor ever been unworthy of the confidence of the widow and the orphan. The church when it made him a deacon honored itself more than it honored him. His may be a narrow life, but it is a clean and noble one, and the heritage of such is better for his sons than riches.

My friend has long represented to me the best class of New England yeomen. It is a class fast fading out of our national life. My friend's sons are not farmers. They have taken the New England energy and sterling moral virtues to the South and the West. They are successful men, good citizens, makers of their own towns; but there is no one left on the farm.

Some such thoughts were drifting through my brain as I watched the Vermont farmer describe the nature of monkeys to the little girl. Presently I became conscious that someone else was watching him also. This observer was faultlessly dressed, a slender, handsome man, who might have lived anywhere between thirty and fifty years. He smiled; but in his smile was something not akin to amusement, although it was amused as well. He had about him that intangible trait that we call distinction, and modish-looking passers-by greeted him with the effusive cordiality that in their rank is the synonym of deference. There is enough reason for their admiration and respect, since that young-looking man, with his gentle manner and his quiet dress, not only is the just and generous employer of thousands, but the benefactor of multitudes that do not know his name and will never see his face. Yet as a boy —perhaps he is thinking of it while the farmer talks—how often he has waded barefoot through the grass of his father's pasture to call the cattle home! If I even count the men of fortune within my own acquaintance I am surprised at the proportion of farmers' boys. On second thoughts I am not surprised at all—a boy on a farm learns to use his wits about the commonest things. When the tool breaks he must mend it himself; if the kitchen clock declines to remain in business, he has to invent an excuse for it to run until the clock-mender can be procured; if bricks fall out of the chimney, he must improvise a mortar of old plaster and

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water and sand to fix the new bricks in place. His invention is always on the alert. Out of every difficulty he needs to find a way of his own; and the habit tells when he goes away from the farm.

But who takes the vacant places of our American farmers who are seeking larger rewards? In New England, the Irish and the French Canadians. The naturalized Irish have done very well on the farms, and the Canadians not so ill as was feared. The Canadians did not attend the Fair in any numbers. But the Irish came and brought their children and their hard-working wives, that they might see the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, and admire to witness how their adopted country could display its power and wealth.

One good fellow I had the pleasure of piloting to the Midway myself. He accosted me with that natural politeness that is the birthright of the Celt and asked me in a fine brogue to direct him to "the Midway Pleasence—the Midway Plai-*sance*," emphasizing the last syllable very carefully and giving me a choice of pronunciations. He had his little boy with him, but not his wife; he had wanted her to come, but the baby was too little, she said. "But since I come," said he, regretfully, "I see they have a grand place where she could leave it well as not, and I'm thinking 'twas a big mishtake she didn't come." He was overflowing with frank delight and enthusiasm. "Ain't it a grand sight, ma'am? I've been reading the papers and looking at pictures for all winter; but it's beyond all me imagination of it. Ivery building I go into exsades the last—I ain't got words for it at all!"

Of another species entirely is the Kansas farmer that used regularly to lunch (out of that popular World's Fair hamper, a shoe-box) on the piazza of the Kansas building. He was a long, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man, rusty haired and bearded, and he affected a particular rocking-chair in the Kansas building which showed his knees to the worst advantage as he rocked. He had dim eyes, tired, I used to fancy, of waiting for the coming of his ideal legislation for farmers. I make no doubt that he had limitless faith in legislation; that kind of man from Kansas always has. I can picture his farm on the prairies. There is a row of cotton-wood trees—they grow faster than any other trees, you know—about the barbed wire fence. The corn-fields and the ill-kept garden that straggles up to the house, and the low, dark farm-house itself, lie in the ocean of blue-gray prairie, like an island in the sea. To north, to south, to east, to west there is the prairie, nothing but a prairie. The sun scorches it in summer, the snows drift over it in winter, mocking it with a semblance of hill and vale; in the moonlight it sparkles with innumerable diamonds, dazzling, beautiful, terrible (for death grins under those glittering peaks), and in the spring for a brief space it is beautiful with a tender beauty, as of love and hope, for the grass is growing; but in every season, under every changing show of beauty, or terror, or barren despair, it is lonely beyond words to tell.

The farmer tills a large farm. He says that it "don't begin to pay him what it orter." Our appraisement of our deserts in a pecuniary way, however, is so elastic that the phrase enlightens me not at all. I am only sure that he is discontented. I have seen his agricultural implements so often wintering in the fields that my fancy really cannot build him a shed for them; but I am sure that there is a barn for his horses and cows, and a little, low-browed house for his wife and children. The best room within probably has the popular engraving of the death-bed of Lincoln in the place of honor, and the popular chromo of a distracted and muscular damsel clinging to a stone cross in mid-ocean, on the other wall, next the air-tight stove. In the comparative leisure of maidenhood his wife used to make household ornaments in wool and silk. I feel that her "crazy quilt" took the second prize at the county fair. I hope for my farmer's sake that her bread and jellies at least received honorable mention. Poor woman, I heard the farmer say, "My wife, she ain't ben real well for five years; but you cayn't down that woman, she gits 'round someway."

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I can see her, a faded, haggard, sallow woman, tired from the weary rising in the dark, winter mornings, to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs, at night. Her husband is kind to her; but he has his own work; and her back aches, she is dizzy and faint, and life grows a heavier load on her shoulders every day. She does not consider that her health is part of the home's capital; and she is sure that they can't afford to hire help, behindhand as they are; they can't afford a doctor (who would ride ten miles and charge five dollars), but she remembers that the last time she was at church she heard one of the society speak of a patent medicine that helped her last spring, and she will send for the medicine. Or else she writes to the household paper (price fifty cents a year) which she takes, asking the editor's advice. What pathetic and suggestive things are the Correspondent Columns in these humble journals! How the ineradicable womanly longing to be attractive comes out in queer prescriptions to prevent the hair falling out, to remove freckles, or to make over old gowns with small sleeves into the flamboyant style of the day; how the woman's heart peeps through its thin disguise in those pitiful letters describing lonely lives and love that the strong years conquer, and the daily jar and fret of disillusioned toil, and all the rest of the dismal story. I seem to see the broken woman, who was a joyous and ambitious girl, tugging ever more wearily at her Sisyphus stone of duties, growing more irritable, more complaining as strength and heart fail, until the day shall come when the tired mother will not creep down-stairs. Then the neighbors will watch and nurse by turns, and the doctor, who might have helped years ago, will be called in to witness properly the end that he cannot avert. I do hope that Maria is a healthy woman. My farmer looks of rugged build himself. He wears his best suit of heavy black cloth; but he has conceded a necktie to the weather, appearing in the holiday costume of a gold shirt-button and a "boiled shirt." I gather from his conversation that he was once a firm Republican; but he now ranks both the great parties together as spoilers of the people. He tells his next neighbor that he grew poorer and poorer every year under Republican and Democratic rule, and now he "goes in for a new deal all round." "Fact is," says he, grimly, "the folks down my way cayn't very well be wuss off, no matter what happens; and we'll vote for any kind of a change."

The auditor merely mutters, "Is dot so?" He is a German. He is better dressed than the Kansan. Whether he agrees or disagrees is not to be guessed either from his face or his words. The Kansan soon attracts an audience of his own State, and directly has employment for all his figures of speech, dealing with an irate countryman who declares that Kansas has had border ruffians and grasshoppers and cyclones and populists, and the populists have done her more injury than all the others combined! The German, during the *mêlée,* rises and strolls away. As he goes he shakes his head and smiles. Then he approaches me and inquires the way to the Iowa building.

"I am from Iowa," I say, at which his face lightens. He is from Iowa, too, he tells me. After a second he adds, dryly, "Dem folks from Kansas don't know much 'bout farmin'."

This hardly disposes of the question. I do not know whether a Kansas man's explanation for the success of the populists is complete, but it struck me as interesting. He had made money which he had invested in Kansas lands. "But if the Lord will forgive me and let me sell out without losing too much, I will never do so again," said he; "the fact is the people of Kansas have gotten into the habit of being supported from the outside. The State was not settled by *bona-fide* farmers. A man, an old settler, told me that in the border-war times he would see whole bands of men coming down from Missouri, armed and equipped to fight the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists did the same thing; my father told me he knew of one company of a hundred men who had their tickets to Kansas paid, and arms and stock, etc., furnished them. Men volunteered to go to Kansas as soldiers on one side or the other,

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not as settlers. Bless you, no. And then after the war they were so poor that supplies had to be hustled into the State to keep them from starving. Then came the grasshoppers and the drought, and Kansas people got into the way of expecting other people to help them; now naturally they keep it up, and they are expecting there will be some d——d fools to pay off their mortgages for them. They have got into the way of it."

But all the Western farmers are not so visibly discontented. The farmers of the river counties in Iowa are almost as much of a contrast to the Kansas man as he is to the Vermonter. Did anyone happen to watch them in their own State building? It was both amusing and a little touching to witness the feeling of ownership and the consequent recognition of the obligations of hospitality.

No State building, North or South, opened its rooms more cordially to all. The farmers were not always to be distinguished from the other citizens of the State. The farmers' wives in the new "outing dress," cut by the patterns in the *Bazar*, or the homelier fashion papers, did not at first glance differ much from the wives of rural bankers, shopkeepers, or lawyers. The farmers in their black clothes, too heavy for the season, and the soft black hat which is the rural headgear of ceremony, were easier to recognize. To those of us who are unavoidably bumped against the sharp angles of the farmer's character, who buy apples and find too late that men betray, and that the bottom of the barrel does not carry out the fair promises of the specious top; or who trustingly subscribe for butter by the year, and are loaded with it during summer when the price is far above the market, the farmer remarking blandly, "Well, you know you'll git it back in winter when the price is way down and when winter and the proportionately low price come, find the butter comes not, but goes to the corner grocery to be sold (our butter!) at ten cents more a pound; to us thus embittered by the departure of illusions about rural honesty, it is a wholesome experience to see the kindlier side of the farmer. He has a kindlier side, though he is so hard to move from his prejudices, so narrow in his principles, and so entirely exasperating in the matter of procuring good roads. It was refreshing to see the Iowa farmers' State pride, and their delight that their State "should be respectid like the lave." The sunshine of their enjoyment radiated even through that chamber of horrors upstairs where all the rejected work of art from the State found shelter. And it is to the Iowa farmer's credit that he invariably admired all the few modest gems that deserved a better fate. There was a crowd of admirers before each one, almost as many as before the crazy quilt constructed out of the gowns of famous women by an old lady seventy-eight years of age.

Looking at the pleasure and the courtesy of these good fellows, I was glad to think, not of my Kansas farmer nor of the foot-sore and soul-sore toiler that Garland paints, but of the farmer as I know him in my own Iowa county, with his generous fields and trig fences, his comfortable, painted house, his barns bursting with plenty, his contented cattle and his shelter for his farm machines. This Western farmer has passed the pioneer stage. Yet I must confess that prosperous as he is, he moves into the village as soon as he accumulates a competency, and his brightest boys want to leave the farm. Nor do I wonder. It is a lonely life, and until we solve the problem of mitigating that loneliness our farmers will not turn to the farm except as they are flogged there by necessity. Yes, I hope Maria is a Scott County farmer's wife, and that he soon will be able to move into town.

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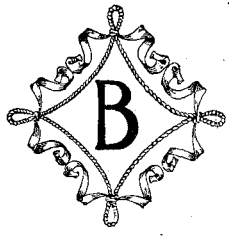
ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

III.

CUBAN COUNTRY LIFE.



Y this time, the latter part of 1806, Captain Hathaway received letters and invoices from Providence, R. I., from the owners and underwriters of a bark bound from St. Petersburg to Providence, R. I., with a cargo of hemp, iron, Russian sail duck, and sheeting of the value of thirty thousand dollars, giving him full powers to reclaim the said vessel and cargo from the Spanish authorities at Baracoa. This vessel and cargo had arrived on the coast during the winter of 1805–6, but was obliged by the severity of wind and weather to stand to the south, where, several hundred miles east of the British port of Providence, on the Bahama Banks, she fell in with a French privateer, who, on account of the name of Providence, R. I., where she was bound, insisted upon it that her papers were spurious and that in reality she was bound to the British port of that name; for how else could she have been met with more than a thousand miles southwest of her pretended port of destination, and within a few hundred miles of the British port of the same name? He consequently declared her a good prize, and took her into Baracoa as the most convenient port, until he could get her regularly condemned at San Domingo, from where he was commissioned. However, the Spanish Government, after investigating her papers and examining the captain and the crew, had their doubts as to the legality of the capture, and took possession of the vessel and cargo, thereby giving both claimants an equal right to repossession. Thus stood the affairs of this vessel and cargo when Captain Hathaway at Santiago received his letters and power of attorney. He did not feel himself sufficiently qualified to contest this claim successfully without assistance, particularly as he was entirely unacquainted with the Spanish and French languages. He consequently made a proposal to me to assist him in this difficult affair, being empowered to avail himself of such assistance as he should deem necessary, and offered me one-half of his commission, charging my travelling expenses to the concern. This proposal I accepted, and as there was no safe or expeditious communication between Santiago and Baracoa by land, we purchased a clinker-built sail-boat, large enough to hold seven or eight persons, in order to go around by sea coastwise, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

We hired an experienced pilot (who served also as interpreter) and three hands, who, with Captain Hathaway, myself, and a middle-aged French gentleman, who solicited a passage to Baracoa, made seven in number. We had an interview with the Governor at Santiago, to whom we made known our business in the presence of the American Consul, and received from him not alone passports and protection on the coast, but also letters of introduction to Don Repilado, Governor of Baracoa. Thus furnished we commenced our precarious voyage. I found the boat so small that after the baggage and provisions had been stowed away, and room left for the rowers, there was just space enough left for two to occupy the stern and one narrow seat at the bow, to which latter I gave the preference. The weather was fine, and there was so little wind that we were chiefly borne along by rowing. The first and second day and night we passed Cumberland Harbor and Porto Escondido. By the even-

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ing of the third day we were only about twenty miles from Cape Maize, and expected to be by morning at Baracoa. After sundown the wind freshened, but we still kept our course, a few miles from the shore, which is bold and inaccessible for many miles, except some small and hidden inlets among rocks known only to experienced pilots. The wind gradually veered around to the northeast, and increased to such a degree that we could hardly keep the boat free from water, in spite of the cloths we had up on both sides. All idea of reaching Baracoa was given up, and our pilot turned about to reach a harbor. The only one was within ten miles from us, and so small and hidden that it was difficult to find it in broad daylight, even by those who knew its locality. It was dark and raining hard, the wind increased to a gale, and thus we danced on the billows of the sea like a cockle-shell, our safety depending entirely on the skill and success of our pilot.

Thus passed nearly three tedious hours, and we had approached the dark walls of the iron-bound coast so near that I thought we must inevitably be dashed to pieces against them—a thought which was confirmed when I saw our boat suddenly bearing close on to a confused mass of black rocks, by which we seemed for a moment entirely surrounded, but the next moment I found our boat in still water, although I could hear the billows roaring at no great distance. We were in a small cove, sheltered from the sea by rocks, which formed a secure harbor, with a small patch of sandy beach on which we landed and drew our boat ashore. I was so fatigued from want of sleep, my long and cramped position in the boat, augmented by wind, rain, and danger, that, notwithstanding the storm and rain, I no sooner reached the shore, wet as I was, than I wrapped myself in a blanket and lay down under a large tree, where I slept soundly until sunrise. On the following morning, the storm and rain continuing with unabated fury, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and after having enjoyed a hearty meal of such provisions as we had taken with us, we held a general council, in order to adopt such measures as would enable us to reach Baracoa as soon as possible. Our pilot and the other Spaniard assured us that the present storm was likely to continue for a week or two, until the quartering of the moon, and that therefore it would not be possible to reach Baracoa by water until after that event had taken place. They stated that the nearest plantation from where we were was seven miles distant, but that horses and mules could there be obtained to carry us and some necessary baggage across the mountains. Having no other choice we determined that Hathaway, myself, the Frenchman, and the pilot should start for the plantation, leaving the boat under guard of the other three men. We accordingly started, each armed with a gun or fowling-piece, besides which I myself carried my famous tarantula broadsword. Our wet and dirty garments, our slouched, broad-brimmed sombreros, and our heterogeneous armament no doubt gave us the appearance of a scurvy set of pirates instead of distressed mariners.

Thus we walked for an hour or two along the rugged barriers of the seaboard, when we discovered the smoke from a habitation on the other side of the mouth of a small creek. We presently perceived it to be an armed Spanish post, stationed there to prevent smuggling, which was facilitated by a short, sandy beach terminating the inlet to the creek. We had been observed by the garrison, and although at a considerable distance we could plainly perceive that our unexpected appearance had caused alarm, as we saw the soldiers running in and out of the barracks, loading and priming their guns. When we arrived at the bank of the creek, still too far distant to hold a parley, they waved their hands and arms with great violence, indicating to us not to approach any nearer. We, however, had no choice, and tying my handkerchief to a ramrod as a flag of truce we lustily waded through the creek toward the garrison. They were drawn up under arms in rank and file ready for any emergency, and suffered us to approach. To show them our peace-

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able intentions, I had requested my companions to place their guns against some tree or door, in a careless and unpremeditated manner, which I was the first to do. No sooner had we done so, than the sergeant beckoned us into the guard-house, which we entered, but not before I saw one of the soldiers take up my gun, measure the charge, and blow off the priming. It appeared that the chief officers had gone off on a frolic, and the post was under command of the sergeant. To him our pilot explained our affairs and requested permission to proceed to the plantation, which lay up the creek. This, however, was refused until some more satisfactory inquiries had been instituted; and our pilot offered to proceed to the boat under guard of an armed picket of six men to show them the license and protection of the Governor of Santiago de Cuba, which he had not about him. The sergeant, probably thinking our story might be true, informed us rather politely that we must consider ourselves prisoners until further notice.

The whole of these proceedings had something so grotesque and Quixotic on the face of them that it put us into an extravagant good-humor, and we treated the whole affair with mock solemnity. We remained in this condition for several hours, but our own good-humor, supported by our liberal offers for refreshment, soon imparted itself to our guards, and we were served with excellent coffee and cigars. At length we heard a considerable noise on the outside of the barracks, occasioned by the return of the corps of observation, and presently the sergeant and several soldiers entered, and with most extravagant manifestations of joy hugged us and called us *amigos Americanos* and other endearing epithets. Permission to proceed was granted, although with seeming reluctance, by the non-commissioned officer, who doubted his power during the absence of his superiors. He freely opened their stores of provisions especially of liquors, for which we compensated them liberally before we proceeded.

This delay made us arrive at the plantation so late that we could not return to the boat until the next morning. We, however, made arrangements and obtained a mule and three horses, first to carry us and our baggage from the boat to the plantation, and subsequently under charge of a guide to proceed to Baracoa. The next day found us mounted, and on our return to the boat for our baggage. The only road we could take passed in the immediate neighborhood of the revenue guards, upon reaching whom we were stopped by the sentinels and ordered, in rather a harsh manner, to appear at head-quarters. We dismounted, and on our way I was astonished and mortified to perceive our jovial and polite sergeant of the previous day sitting on the bare ground, and confined hands and feet in the stocks. All that I had time to hear was, "Yesterday's frolic." It appears that in the evening of that day the captain and lieutenant of the post had returned from their pleasure party and found most of the garrison intoxicated, but especially the sergeant, who had suffered his joy and the spirits to overcome him so far that he could give only a very confused and unsatisfactory account of the proceedings of the day; hence the punishment we witnessed. Understanding, however, that we were to return, it was no wonder we were detained to afford further information.

The captain seemed disposed to be haughty and crabbed; but, after showing him our papers and explaining to him the whole affair, he suppressed a smile and with assumed gravity reproved us all for bribing the guard to insubordination and unsoldierlike conduct. I knew all the time what he wanted, and after testifying our regret for the occurrence threw out some hints that, as we had been the innocent cause of the sergeant's punishment for his civility toward us, we would not hesitate on his release to pay for the trouble and expenses occasioned. This had the desired effect. The poor fellow was released, we paid the consideration, and after very civil treatment during one hour, parted with mutual satisfaction. On our return, after having left the boat and greater part of our baggage in the care of our pilot and men, with orders to come around to Baracoa as soon as the weath-

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er should permit, we pushed for the plantation, but did not stop again at the barracks.

Travelling in the interior parts of this island, and particularly in the eastern section where we found ourselves, is different from any other that I ever experienced. It is in the highest degree picturesque, laborious, dangerous, and sometimes awful. We had to cross several ridges of cloud-topped mountains and to circumvent others by narrow chasms, following the courses of creeks and runs of water, the tops of whose perpendicular walls in many places could hardly be discerned, shutting out the daylight and converting it into evening gloom. When we were within about a mile of the plantation the boy who had charge of our horses advised us to cross the brow of a steep mountain on foot, while he would lead the horses around. By this we should gain more than half a mile, and stretch our limbs from the fatigue of riding through these awful and dangerous passages. We accordingly commenced our ascent in angles from thirty to forty-five degrees. We at first made rapid progress, but by degrees the atmosphere became so light and our exertions so great that we had to stop every few minutes for want of breath. We were, however, richly recompensed—at least I was—during the moments of rest by the appearance from our lofty perch of the ocean below us. It was cloudy but did not rain, and the mountain above us sheltered us completely from a storm raging below, the effects of which we could plainly perceive on the waters before us, which, although more than three miles distant, appeared to be under our feet. I was told by the French gentleman, our passenger, who resided in Baracoa and seemed well acquainted with the country, that in clear weather the island of San Domingo, and even Jamaica, are visible from this point. Our route at length took a turn to the right long before we had reached the top of the mountain, but high enough to pass through an electric cloud which rested on its side for several miles like a belt. We could plainly perceive the influence of the electric matter on our clothes and skins, but particularly on our hair, which vibrated up and down without the appearance of a breath of wind, and in an entirely different manner. We emerged from this cloud into sunshine, but the scene below us was completely hidden, and we witnessed the rare spectacle of a slight thunderstorm below us.

If the travelling in the island of Cuba at that period was difficult, rugged, and dangerous, the manners and mode of life of the inhabitants, especially in the interior, were, in conformity therewith, primitive, rude, and uncultivated. With the exception of their indomitable pride and love of titles and imaginary rank, the people were little elevated above the aborigines. There was no real poverty or distress, for the island produces in abundance everything necessary to sustain life and make it agreeable. The natural disposition to indolence and ease, and the consequent habits descending from father to son, make the people appear to the eye of the stranger both poor and miserable in the midst of plenty. This was the case with the proprietor of the plantation where we had procured the horses and mules. We had not seen one woman since we had left Santiago, nor did we find any in this place. So rude and desolate was this island that we did not encounter one human being on our travels until we arrived in the neighborhood of Baracoa, except the soldiers at the barracks and the family at the farm.

The latter consisted of the proprietor, an elderly man, called Don José, two sons from twelve to sixteen years of age, and two male slaves. The father was of a tall and rawboned figure, and dressed in the meanest manner; the sons bareheaded and barefooted, with nothing but a shirt and pantaloons to cover them; but still in demeanor he was full of mock importance, doing apparently nothing but smoking, eating, drinking, and sleeping, while the boys and slaves gathered the fruits of the earth, raised pigs and poultry, and cooked the meals. The Don was, notwithstanding, sufficiently shrewd to make us pay an exorbitant price for the horses, mules, and guide, knowing that we could not do without them. He stipulated at the same time that our guides—his eldest son and one of the slaves—should be permitted, while giv-

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ing us convoy, to drive some twenty or thirty pigs to the Baracoa market, a distance of nearly fifty miles. While these preparations were going on, we were detained a day and a half at the farm, and as this was an important, profitable, and unexpected windfall, the Don exerted himself to treat us handsomely. The coffee, bananas, and cigars were excellent, and between breakfast and dinner I observed one of the men killing and dressing a very lean pig, the dressing of which particularly engaged my attention. From the fleshy parts, if they deserved that name, he cut the meat from the bones, and the flanks he cut as paper is cut for festoons, so as to make a rope of them, of which he had about twenty yards hung on horizontal poles.

The dwelling which this family occupied consisted, like most of those in the interior, of a number of posts and poles firmly lodged in the ground in a spacious circular form, and was covered, at the distance from the ground of about ten feet, with a rude roof, left open in the middle to carry off the smoke which rose from a perpetual fire on a space underneath that served as a kitchen. At the distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground a strong beam was placed horizontally, furnished with iron hooks of several dimensions, on the stoutest of which was suspended a large iron pot, in which were cooked all manner of provisions. Some bags of salt were suspended above the beams to prevent their absorbing the moisture of the rainy season. This rotunda of poles had no walls, but was open like a horse-shed, excepting so much as was partitioned off to form an apology for two small rooms for the Don. The ceiling of these rooms consisted of half-rounded wooden slabs, the flat part underneath and the rounded part forming a garret floor covered with raw ox-hides.

Knives, forks, and spoons were at this time not yet in use, except among some of the grandees on the seaboard, having been but lately introduced by the French fugitives from San Domingo, and otherwise were only used at the hotels for the accommodation of foreign traders. When dinner-time arrived we all assembled in the large open space under the roof around the fire and the huge iron pot, each providing for himself such materials as would serve him for a temporary seat and table. Hathaway and myself rolled a log for our seat, and inverted a hog-trough for our table, and fixed ourselves as we thought very comfortably. Large cocoa-nut shells, with excellent coffee, supported on straw grummets or rings, upholding the round part of the shell, were handed around, and a calabash filled with the contents of the pot was served to each of us with becoming gravity. To hungry persons like ourselves, and not very fastidious, all this would have been very welcome, although the mess was a kind of claret-colored soup seasoned with bananas, Seville oranges, salt, and pepper, enriched with many yards of pork and interspersed with chicken-bones from which the meat had probably dissolved in the boiling. On the whole I thought the mess savory, and could have enjoyed it had it not been for the constant warfare to which we were driven to keep off the fowls and dogs by which we were surrounded. They pertinaciously disputed every morsel with us, and there were fowls bold and impudent enough to snatch bits from between our fingers while in the act of conveying them to our mouths.

When evening arrived we mounted the steps to our bedchamber. The steps were nothing but cross-pieces nailed against a perpendicular post, and led to the holes above the two rooms. We were without a light, and creeping under the low roofs felt in vain for some bed or bedding, but found nothing else than the raw ox-hides spread over the round slabs of the floor. Here Captain Hathaway and myself stretched ourselves for repose. Our bones, however, soon began to ache from the effects of the hard and uneven floor, which all our turnings and twistings could only alleviate for a few minutes. Our clothes being still very damp, and the farm being on very elevated ground, we sensibly felt the effects of a cold and chill atmosphere during the night, and I descended our ship-ladder to seek for some covering. Nothing presented itself but some large, dry, palmetto leaves, somewhat in the shape of the lid of a

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coffin and long enough to cover one person. Two of these I dragged along to our garret, and they answered for a shelter against the night-air, though they prevented us from sleeping for some time by the rattling noise they made when we turned over, which was very often.

The next morning at daybreak we prepared for a start. The boys had prepared moccasins of twisted straw to protect their feet on the journey, and were busily engaged in yoking the pigs in couples to prevent them from running away, an operation that was conducted under the most awful squealing of the devoted herd, and amid oaths and execrations on the part of the operators. The slave, with our assistance, was busy preparing our horses and loading our mule, while the Don and his younger son were emptying the large iron pot and stowing the contents in water-tight baskets, to form, with fruit and bananas, the stock of our provisions on the road. We at length started, but the progress of the first few miles was exceedingly ludicrous. The pigs, being unwilling to proceed and obstreperous from their constraint, frequently broke their fastenings and scampered off in different directions, to be pursued, overtaken, and rebound by the guides, and nothing was heard for hours but a mixture of squealing and Spanish oaths.

Some time afterward, however, things became more orderly, and in spite of our disagreeable escort, rain, and awful roads, I had time and took delight in contemplating the novel, majestic, and frequently terrific scenery around me, which it would be very difficult to describe. Suffice it, therefore, to draw a few general but faint outlines. No high roads exist between these mountains and towns, but simply a few mule tracks winding in various gyrations among cliffs and narrow valleys. Their circular and contradictory bends have often to be shortened by crossing almost inaccessible promontories, incapable of being climbed and descended in safety except by these mountain horses and mules. The sagacity and firmness of these animals is so great that on several occasions, when we came to smooth and slippery descents, which in consequence of continued rain afforded no foothold, they would sink, encumbered with their baggage, on their haunches, and with their forelegs spread out thus slide down more than fifty yards until they reached a better level. We followed them in a sitting position, occasionally stopping our career by holding to some shrubs and brushwood in passing.

Thus we passed, sometimes for a mile, between chasms of perpendicular rocks in gloomy twilight at noonday, being barely able to see above our heads a streak of blue sky. In one of these places, but of a more extensive magnitude, the perpendicular rocks on our left hand were covered with a multitude of patches of wild honeycomb as far and as high as the eye could reach, until the patches appeared no larger than a pocket-handkerchief, although, to judge from the nearest ones, they could not have been less than from forty to one hundred square yards in extent. This was one of the numerous places with which the island abounds for gathering at the proper seasons vast quantities of honey and beeswax. Our guides informed us that one of the seasons would begin in a couple of months, when numerous parties were sent forth with horses, mules, empty skins, baskets, ladders, ropes, and other instruments to gather the rich product. These expeditions were connected with much risk and personal danger, as hardly any of these combs could be got at except at immense heights and by contriving to reach narrow ledges of perpendicular rocks by means of ropes and baskets. Although the most of these ledges afforded a safe footing when reached, and room enough to operate, the men appeared at the distance below as if suspended against the naked walls. The honeycomb thus obtained is let down by ropes from ledge to ledge, and the mules are constantly going between the places of gathering and the plantations, where it is melted in large caldrons, the wax cast in blocks, and the honey put up in earthen vessels and skins and barrels.

Toward evening on the second day of our journey we came in sight of

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Baracoa. We were unwilling, as well as ashamed, to enter with our distressed cavalcade and personal appearance, being soaked with rain and mud from head to foot. Our road not far from the city passed along the beach near the margin of the sea. Here we halted on the highway, stripped and washed ourselves, and the clothes from our saddle-bags, though far from dry and much crushed and rumpled, had still the advantage of being clean. Thus somewhat remodelled, and after sending our guides and escort of swine by another route, we at length reached the port of our destination and took our lodgings at the house of a French restaurateur. The fatigue and constant exposure to rain for nearly a week had but one disagreeable effect upon me, which, however, wore off in a few days. When I awoke on the following morning I could not open my eyes until after repeated bathing in warm water, the eyelids having become inflamed and glued together during my sleep.

IV.

TOWN LIFE AT BARACOA.

As soon as it was practicable we paid a visit to the Governor, Don Repilado, to present to him our credentials, make him acquainted with the purpose of our visit, and recommend ourselves to his favor and protection. I have before observed the primitive manners which at that time still existed in this island even among the Spanish grandees. Our reception was a fair specimen of them. We were ushered into the office of the Governor by his master of ceremonies, a huge black fellow, probably a favorite slave. The Governor himself was an elderly, tall, and weather-beaten man, but still had something stately and very respectable in his appearance. His office looked more like a large cell in one of our prisons than a reception-room, consisting of bare walls, a smooth clay floor, a large old-fashioned table, and three massive chairs. Notwithstanding all this he received us in a friendly and polite manner, conversed with us for nearly an hour in French and Spanish, with the latter of which I was not sufficiently conversant to express myself without the help of the former, and this was the same case with the Governor as regarded the French language. We were in the meantime helped to cigars and refreshments. The mutual impressions made on each other were very satisfactory and augured well for the success of our cause. We were shortly afterward introduced to the Intendant of the Port, Don Luis Arruiz, a native Spaniard and a man of great worth and amiability. We also made the acquaintance of the Collector of the Port, a ceremonious, stiff, and high-toned Spanish Don, with whom we never got beyond the intercourse of civility. I had subsequently reasons to believe that his friendship leaned somewhat in favor of the captors of our bark. My first endeavor was through the friendship and kind manifestations of Don Luis to engage an able counsellor to conduct our affairs through the intricacies of a Spanish court, and we made him acquainted with every circumstance relative to the captured ship and cargo. Thus we became perfectly initiated in the course of a very few days. There were at that time four or five American vessels in port, the society of whose captains we much enjoyed. The indefatigable Don Luis, to whom I became much attached, introduced Captain Hathaway and myself into his family, and they contributed greatly to our entertainment.

Don Luis, a man of not yet forty years, had been in the naval service in Spain, where he was married to the beautiful widow whom Don Delabatt left with an infant daughter. He afterward obtained the post of Intendant at Baracoa, where he had resided a few years when I arrived, at which period his step-daughter, Senorita Dolores Delabatt, had reached her sixteenth or seventeenth year. Her mother, who had married when very young, was still handsome and engaging, but rather *enbonpoint*. She was lively, fond of company and dancing, extremely well bred, but of a quick temper and of rather a jealous disposition, which sometimes made her un-

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happy for a brief period. Miss Dolores was a very sensible and well bred young lady, and had received many advantages of education. She was instructed in French, dancing, music, and painting, and was not deficient in history. She possessed an agreeable person, her countenance was intelligent, and would have been handsome if her upper front teeth had not been so large as to be constantly visible even when she was not speaking. Not that the teeth were misshapen, nay, they were beautiful, but rather that the upper lip was a little too narrow to cover them. Don Luis himself was as sprightly as champagne, a gay Lothario, and ever ready to enjoy good society, but withall dignified, brave, and intelligent.

By these means and the natural disposition to sociability, we soon got intimate with all the respectable families of Baracoa, both Spanish and French. The love of social intercourse, music, and dancing, and the primitive habits of the citizens were such that we formed many immediate acquaintances without previous introductions, and often in the course of our walks, where respectable young ladies were assembled at the doors, the liberty of addressing and discoursing with them was not deemed rude, but, on the contrary, ended generally in our being invited into the house to be regaled with songs and tunes on the guitar and frequently invited to a waltz. Hand-organs in shape of a bookcase were common articles which on such occasions were lustily turned by one of the younger brothers. Don Luis gave a ball at his house once every two weeks, and some of the French and Spanish families occasionally returned the compliment.

While our occupation and amusements were thus going on, several remarkable occurrences took place in which I had a share, as well at that time as subsequently, and which I therefore have to relate, perhaps, more minutely than I would otherwise have done. Great Britain being at that time (1805–6) at war with the allies, Spain and France, the government of the island of Cuba was frequently disturbed by predatory English parties, but no serious attempt at a landing on any part of the coast by a British naval force had as yet been apprehended. The alarm, therefore, at Baracoa was very considerable when, early one morning two British frigates were discovered off the coast to the eastward, apparently standing for the harbor. Everybody was instantly on foot. The captain of the Spanish brig-of-war, Leopard, then in port, put springs on her cables to command the entrance to the harbor. The fort, on a flat but elevated piece of ground, formed a crescent of nearly two-thirds of a circle, and protected the harbor on the left and the city and coast on the right, having sixteen pieces of forty-two pound ordnance mounted. This fort had not been regularly manned for a great length of time, but could, if necessary, be supplied with men and ammunition at short notice. To this place Don Luis and some other officers repaired to ascertain if steps more decisive were deemed necessary. Every American citizen in port volunteered his services for the defence of the city, and accompanied Don Luis to the fort. While we were contemplating the manœuvres, one of the frigates fired several shots in the direction of the fort, which, although quite harmless in consequence of the great distance, terrified the wealthy citizens to such a degree that several made hasty preparations to move their money and valuables into the interior. The cannon at the fort, although the fort itself was not manned, were always kept loaded with balls; and after the first gun was fired from the frigate, Don Luis primed one of them which bore in the direction of the vessel and touched it off with his lighted cigar, coolly observing, "I only want to show the fellows that we are prepared for them." The garrison of the barracks was by this time getting ready to man the fort; but before they approached a solemn procession of priests arrived, headed by the Grand Inquisitor. They walked up with much solemnity to the first loaded cannon, and the high-priest, unclasping his mantle, spread it over the touch-hole,

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thereby forbidding any further firing. The effect of this action on the common soldiers and others was electric and they sank down on their knees. Don Luis and other officers, though obliged to make a slight genuflection, looked daggers and seemed greatly vexed at this interference, the cause of which I was never able to learn, except, perhaps, that the priests were satisfied that no serious attack was meditated and sought to avoid creating a useless irritation. In the course of a few hours, however, it was apparent that the frigates had altered their course and stood farther off the coast, having probably attempted this feat from mere wantonness.

While engaged in these various pursuits some of the seamen in port discovered, at a very great distance, a schooner, apparently standing for the harbor, but evidently in distress and unmanageable, as her approach was hardly perceptible. The American captains, ever ready to render assistance, after having satisfied themselves by the aid of spy-glasses that the schooner was water-logged and without help could not reach the port that day, promptly offered to man a couple of boats for her relief, but as no boat could leave the harbor without permission, I was requested to obtain it from Don Luis. We soon set out on our expedition with twelve stout sailors, four captains, and myself, and after rowing with all possible speed for two hours at length came up with the distressed schooner. She proved to be the Newbern, of North Carolina, laden with boards, staves, and shingles, bound for Jamaica. The vessel was nearly new, but slightly built, and had sprung a leak soon after leaving port, which greatly increased when she encountered the stormy weather before spoken of, of which, however, she fell in only with the tail end. Finding themselves unable to keep the vessel free by incessant pumping, they gave up the idea of reaching Jamaica and endeavored to reach Baracoa. We found the whole ship's company, consisting of only six men, so much worn out by fatigue, pumping, and watching, that they could hardly support themselves on their feet. No set of poor fellows ever seemed more rejoiced at succor in time of need. Our fresh and hardy boys succeeded, with pumping and towing, in reaching the harbor before dark, but we were obliged to run her on the beach on a fine sandy bottom. This schooner was abandoned to the underwriters, under protest of the captain, in legal form, and vessel and cargo were advertised for sale for the account of the concerned. Hathaway and myself became the purchasers at a low rate, it is true, but we spent much money to get her pumped free of water so as to find and repair the leak. We had to hire two gangs of lazy Spaniards, to relieve each other night and day for several days. We were compelled to watch them ourselves, as they frequently attempted to take resting spells, during which as much water entered again as they had pumped out. When the leak was at length found and stopped, which was under her bows, the repairs were very expensive, as she wanted a new mast and anchor, which had been lost, and some rigging and sails, besides which the cargo had to be landed and reshipped.

In the meantime we had gained our suit against the captors of our bark, and the cargo, which had been during a year in the king's stores was delivered over into our hands. The hemp and iron were unsalable, and excepting a part which we traded away in barter, had to be reshipped. The canvas and Russian sheeting, however, were in great demand, the latter commanding twenty-eight dollars a piece. We chartered an American schooner, which we freighted with the bulk of the hemp and the iron, and after considerable trouble and expense for the different commissions, despatched this vessel for Providence, R. I., under charge of Captain Nichols. The day after she sailed we had invited Don Louis and the ladies, as well as our counsellor, to partake of a morning ride and breakfast at a beautiful spot on the sea-coast, about one mile and a half from Baracoa. These little attentions were naturally expected, in consequence of the many favors and kindnesses we had received, and we had a delightful ride in the

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early part of the morning. We had not yet finished our breakfast when a vessel hove in sight standing for the port, and I soon recognized her to be our unfortunate schooner which had sailed the day before. This circumstance completely marred my pleasure and broke up our party several hours sooner than we had intended. We found, however, on our return that she had carried away her main-boom and put back for repairs, which were completed on the following day. Having in the meantime repaired our water-logged schooner and sold our bark from St. Petersburg, which was perfectly worm-eaten and good for nothing, we prepared to reship our lumber and staves, in order to take them to Jamaica as the best market, the cargo having been designed for that island.

Our business at Baracoa drawing now rapidly to an end, we deemed it indispensable, as a token of our gratitude to the Governor and authorities of that place, to give them a public dinner before our departure. For this purpose we engaged our host, the French restaurateur, to whom we gave *carte blanche* as to the particulars of a sumptuous dinner for about forty persons, and authorized him to rent a room, capable of containing at least one hundred and fifty persons. We then fixed a day and sent our cards of invitation to all the great personages in Baracoa. But as the dinner was intended for men only, we distributed about one hundred cards more, inviting the Spanish ladies and a number of French gentlemen and ladies to participate in a ball in the evening. The whole affair went off with great *éclat* and to the satisfaction of all parties. The Governor, the Inquisitor-General (the highest clerical functionary), the Intendant, the Collector of the Customs, and the commander of the brig-of-war, Leopard, were among the most distinguished guests. I was much surprised at a little incident which occurred during dinner. In pledging a glass of wine to the health of the most distinguished of our guests when I drank that of the Inquisitor he made himself known to me as a brother Mason, and notwithstanding the austerity of his general character was subsequently on the most friendly and familiar terms with me.

The dinner was ended at about six o'clock, and while the room was being prepared for the ball most of my Spanish company retired to a wide piazza surrounding the house to amuse themselves with various games at cards and dice. At eight o'clock our galaxy of beauty and fashion began to assemble, and at nine we were in the full enjoyment of dancing and gaming. Nothing occurred to mar our hilarity and pleasure. Those who lost at the various tables were used to the temporary change of fortune, and at least did not seem to mind it. Those who gained had an additional spur for mirth, among whom was our worthy Governor, Don Repilado, who, it was said, came off winner to a considerable amount. Participating in doing the honors of the day, I alternately attended in the ball-room and visited the company at play in the piazza, but did not deprive myself of the pleasure of dancing. We broke up about three o'clock, and what with the exertion of the day, dancing, and drinking more wine than I did in a week, I had my full burden to stand upright under. Captain Hathaway and our jovial counsellor, as well as some others of our masters of ceremonies, were no better off than myself, though we all kept in a suitable condition to escort several of the young ladies to their homes. The expense of the entertainment, about two hundred dollars, Captain Hathaway charged to the account of the concern, with explanations of the reasons which made this expenditure proper, observing that if the slightest objection was made we would stand the cost ourselves. We had, however, the satisfaction to learn that our course was approved.

When we were ready to reship our lumber, we engaged a mate, crew, and colored cook. These cooks are great vagabonds. On shipping they generally plead poverty, insist on having a part of their wages paid in advance to pay their store debts, after which they contrive every means of making their escape before sailing. In this manner we had already lost two cooks and six-

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teen dollars of advance money. When we engaged the third I seriously warned him that if he attempted to abscond I would pay one hundred dollars, if necessary, to have him caught and punished.

While the vessel was loading Captain Hathaway and myself slept on board, the cabin being prepared for our reception. One evening before ten, when we went on board for the night, I missed, on entering the cabin, my greatcoat, which I had placed at the foot of my berth; and while inquiring for the same we were hailed from on board a vessel, not far off, asking whether we had lost anything, and informing us that not long since a man had been seen descending from the cabin window into a boat with something dark across his shoulders and something white under his arms, and that the boat had been previously seen coming from the direction of the Spanish brig-of-war Leopard. On this information Captain Hathaway also missed a favorite cat, which had been made a present to him. We resolved that I, accompanied by the mate, should immediately go on board and lodge my complaint with the officer of the day. Being well known I was very politely received, and after being listened to with much attention the crew was mustered on deck and the roll called, when it appeared that there were three absentees whose names were marked, and I was politely assured that all necessary inquiries would be made on the following day. I was informed by Don Luis, about fourteen hours after the event, that the three absentees had been arrested and that there was no doubt that one of them, named Pisano, was the guilty thief, but that no trace of the greatcoat or cat could be discovered, though the culprit had been punished by receiving a severe lashing.

I put up with the loss of my coat and soon forgot all about this business, when, a few days after, and the day before we intended to sail for Jamaica, our third cook absconded. I was much vexed at this audacity after the warning I had given him. By advice I sent his name and a description of his person to the barracks, with an offer of ten dollars reward for his arrest. In the meantime, learning where he had boarded when he had shipped, our mate accompanied me to some obscure place in a street along the beach of the harbor, about half a mile from the city. Here we got no information; he had no clothing there, and had not been seen since he shipped. On our return along the beach we were stopped by a Spaniard with whom I was well acquainted, as he had assisted as overseer of the gang that pumped out the schooner. This man with great humility begged of me the favor of stopping a few minutes to acquaint him with the contents of a note written in French which he could not understand. Little courtesies of that kind on my part had been common, and I therefore consented without hesitation or suspicion. I requested the mate to walk slowly forward that I might overtake him, and followed the Spaniard up an alley to a mean-looking one-storied house. We entered, and he opened the door of a room darkened, but not sufficiently to prevent me from discerning a figure standing upright in one corner, and another sitting huddled up near a table, who when he entered suddenly thrust his hand in his bosom. My acquaintance entered first, and at the threshold took hold of the wrist of my left hand and said to the man sitting, "Here, Pisano, I have him." This exclamation saved me, and the truth flashed instantly on my mind that I had been decoyed in order to be made a victim of revenge to the thief Pisano for the flogging he had received. No sooner had he uttered these words than I violently flung him from me, exclaiming in a thundering voice, "Not yet, you villain," and the next moment found me on the beach. Our mate, an athletic man and true Yankee sailor, was not yet out of ear-shot and instantly answered my hail. When we met and I had briefly stated to him my narrow escape, he wrought himself up to so great a degree of passion as to propose to go back *instanter* and root the villains up, stock and fluke, as he expressed it, and I had much difficulty to convince him that two unarmed men were no match for three armed ones, who could besides at any moment of

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peril command the assistance of a dozen more desperadoes. He swore, however, that in the evening he would muster a ship's crew and scatter the fragments of their dwelling about their ears. On my return I lost no time to acquaint Don Luis with all the circumstances and ask his advice how to proceed. He said he had no doubt that this vagabond was capable of having executed the foulest revenge, and he would immediately arrest him and his associates, provided my departure could be postponed for a day or two in order to give my testimony on oath as to the conspiracy and attempt at violence. But this I could not agree to, as we were ready to sail on the following morning.

On arriving on board I was informed that a soldier from the barracks had caught our runaway cook and lodged him for safety on board the man-of-war. I proceeded, therefore, accompanied by Captain Hathaway, for the second time on board the Leopard, where we found our fugitive, a very good-looking young mulatto, in irons. He was brought before us and identified by Captain Hathaway as the person who shipped himself for cook. I addressed him without anger, but reminded him of the consequences which I had solemnly assured him would follow any attempt on his part to escape and break his engagement. I told him that I thought a dozen lashes well laid on his bare back by the boatswain of the man-of-war the mildest punishment he deserved, and that if I could obtain the consent of the officer of the day it should be done forthwith; and I threw a Spanish dollar on the table as a fee for the boatswain. Leave was politely granted, but it was observed that twelve lashes were far too few, and that he ought at least to have thirty-nine. This I as politely declined, being naturally averse to severe corporal punishment. We then took our cook on board and kept him confined until we had quitted the harbor. That evening our mate was too much engaged in preparations for sailing to enable him to execute his threatened vengeance, which, moreover, had been strictly forbidden by Captain Hathaway and myself.

We paid a short adieu visit to our numerous friends and spent the remainder of the evening at Don Luis's house, from whom and his family for more than one hundred days we had received so many tokens of kindness. I felt as sincerely attached to them as if they had been near relatives, and although there was no *affaire de cœur* between me and Senorita Dolores Delabatt, there was, notwithstanding, a freedom of intercourse between us based on mutual esteem and regard. She presented me that evening, as a token of remembrance, with a landscape drawn and painted by herself, stating it would have been worthy of my acceptance if she had not been so ill-provided with painting materials. I on my part begged permission on arrival in the United States to send her a paint-box of water-colors—an offer which was accepted with a bewitching smile, which seemed to me to indicate that her hopes of ever seeing such a box were but small. However this may have been at that moment, she did receive a splendid and completely furnished paint-box in the early part of 1808, as acknowledged by a letter of thanks I received in her name from Don Luis.

On the next morning we set sail for Jamaica.

(To be concluded.)

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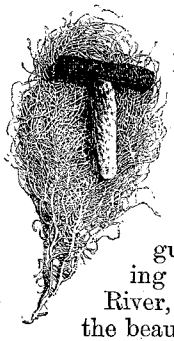
SUBTROPICAL FLORIDA.

By Charles Richards Dodge.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.



THE Northern tourist who reaches Jacksonville comfortably, luxuriously, on the Limited, does the St. John's River, runs up the Oclawaha, enjoys a fortnight of gayety at St. Augustine, and then makes a flying trip through the Indian River, spending a few days on the beautiful Lake Worth, thinks he has seen Florida. Or, being a lover of piscatorial sports he may run for the Charlotte Harbor region direct, possibly resting at Tampa for a few days *en route*, bringing up on the Caloosahatchie River at Myers, where tarpon fishing for a time becomes the most serious business of life. But he has only seen a part of Florida.

Northern Florida does not differ materially in its vegetation, topography, or people from portions of South Carolina and Georgia. Central Florida is more interesting, particularly on what is known as the Orange belt; but when one crosses the boundary line of subtropical Florida, say on a line of latitude twenty-seven, he is in a new world.

After leaving Titusville, on the east coast, at the head of the Indian River, and Tampa on the west coast, the port of departure for Key West and Havana, the shriek of the locomotive becomes a memory. Perhaps the tourist—nay, call him adventurer—has heard of the beautiful Bay Biscayne, or remembers those old stories of the pirates of the keys—the wreckers of the reef—who were able to ply their nefarious occupation until Uncle Sam's splendid lighthouses and the inroads of a primitive

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A Cocoa-nut Tree in Fruit.

civilization put a stop to the enterprise. Perhaps in a spirit of adventure he longs to enter this dreamland—to sail amid green isles under a genial winter sun, and imagine himself a latter-day Ponce de Leon, searching for the mythical fountain of youth. I say "sail," because the steamer, or its apology, is rarely seen in the sinuous Hawk Channel or amid the "Huckleberry shoals" of fair Bay Biscayne.

In these days of the glorification of the deeds of Columbus, it is interesting to note that the English claim priority of discovery of Florida, basing this claim upon a passage in the narrative of Sebastian Cabot, which fixes the year of discovery 1497, or just five years after the landing of Columbus. Sixteen years after Cabot's landing, March 27, 1513, Easter Sunday, Juan Ponce de Leon sighted the coast near St. Augustine, which he named in honor of the day, and landing at a more northerly point, a little later, took formal possession in the name of the King of Spain. In the fifty years which followed, such illustrious names as De Cordova, De Quexos, De Soto, Menendez, Jean Ribault and Laudonnière became associated with the history of early discovery in Florida, and with the darker history of the early struggles between the French and Spanish for occupancy. And, at brief intervals, down to the time of the War of the Rebellion, the history of Florida is a story of sanguinary conquest.

The writer has twice traversed the entire coast of subtropical Florida, once from east to west, and once from west to east, but under different circumstances, the latter experience proving the more delightful. Should the voyage of discovery begin on the west coast, Port Tampa is the objective point in planning that part of the journey to be accomplished by rail. Should there be no temptation to break the journey for a day at that huge caravansary, the Tampa Bay Hotel, in the town of Tampa, there is an "Inn" nine miles farther, at the port where, with quiet and cool breezes, the idler may await the tri-weekly steamer for Key West and Havana, and, as I was assured, fish out of the hotel windows.

At the time of my first visit to Tampa, the Plant system had in contemplation a new steamer line to Fort Myers, and the initial trip was made with three

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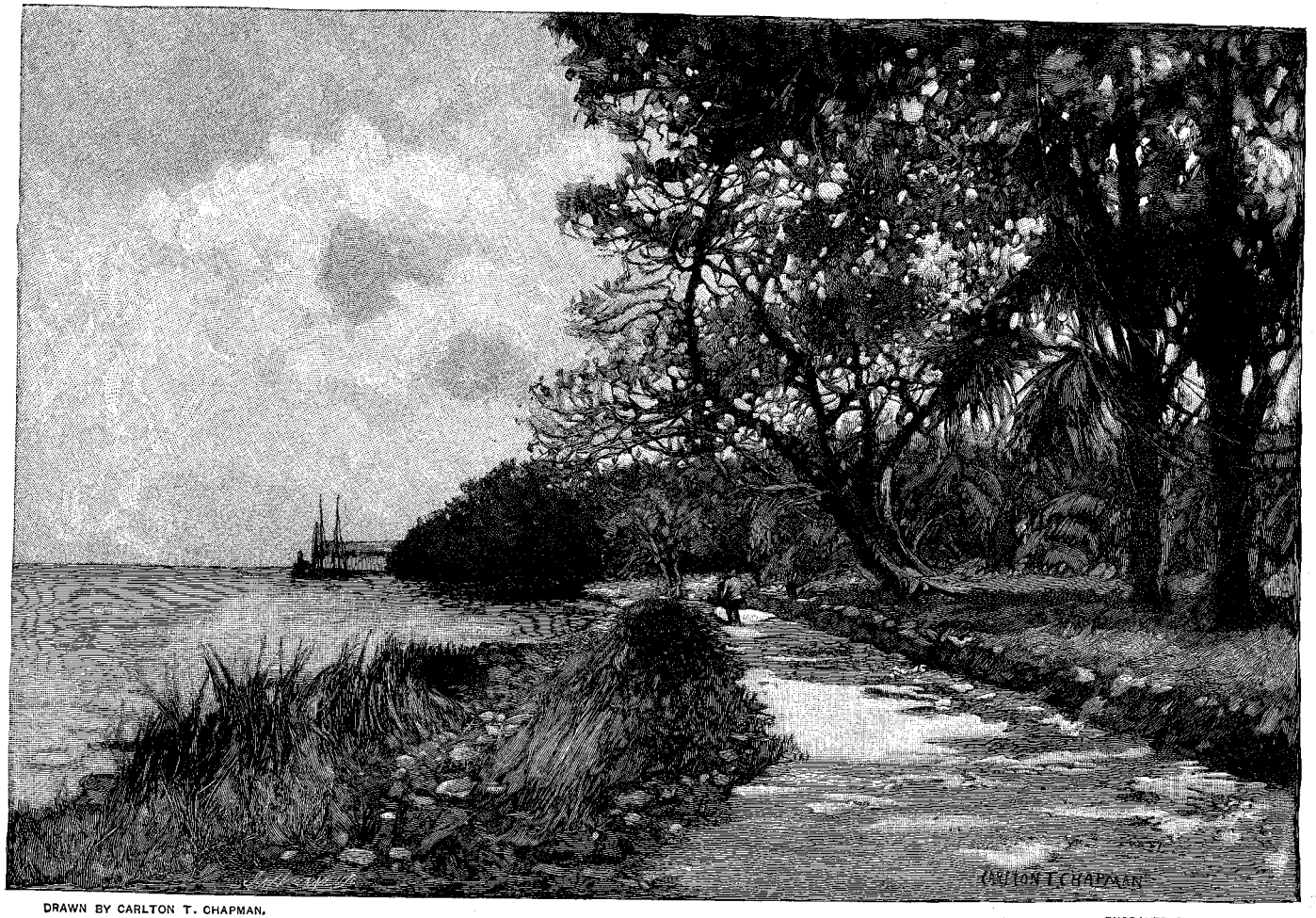

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

At Lake Worth.

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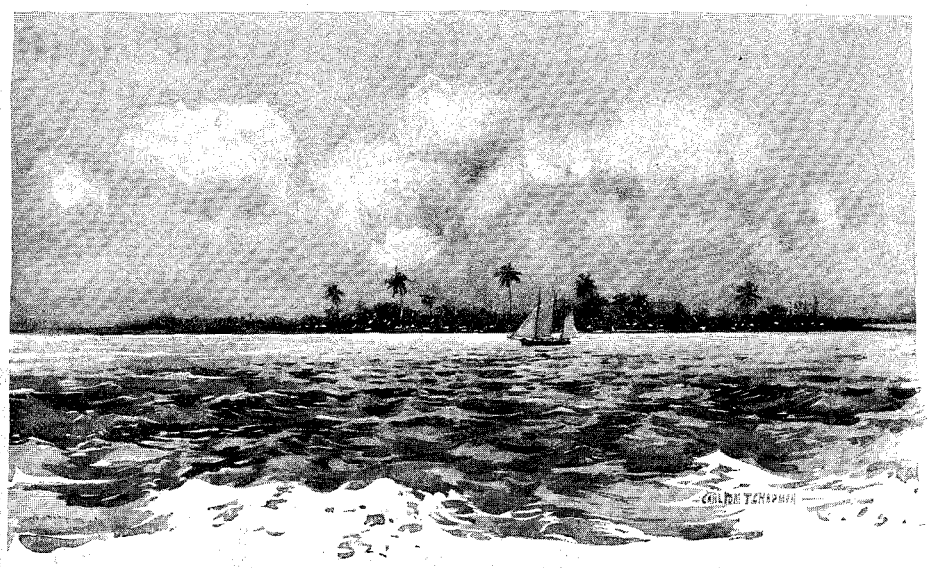
passengers, the writer being one of the party. Passing over sundry breaks in the schedule, necessitating vexatious waits, and transference to two other steam craft before getting to Myers, the last boat reaching her wharf in almost a sinking condition, the journey proved both profitable and interesting.

At Fort Myers, which is about mid-



Indian Key, where Dr. Perrine was Massacred at the Time of the Seminole War.

way between Tampa Bay and Cape Sable, there is but one topic of conversation in the fishing season—the tarpon. The writer, fortunately, did not catch the fever, although a positive interest was soon developed in the hotel bulletin board whereon was recorded from day to day the names of those who had secured a "silver king," with the guide's assistance possibly, accompanied by the weight of the fish, and such other information as might be deemed important. The stories told on the piazza, after supper, were oftentimes larger than the fish caught, for a tarpon weighing one hundred and fifty pounds is game to the death. Men have been known to spend an entire season in the Charlotte Harbor region without once seeing their names upon any of the numerous bulletin boards at the fishermen's hotels, and I was informed upon very good authority that every fish caught in a season represents an average outlay of $500 for the whole season, for guides, boats, costly tackle, and hotel bills and travelling expenses, though there are lucky ones who find all the sport they desire during a short stay. They tell a story of a young New Yorker, who could spare but two days on the Caloosahatchie. He secured his boats, tackle, and guide in advance, and when, one evening, he made his appearance at the hotel in a dudish outing suit, the veterans on the piazza exchanged knowing glances. The next morning he was up bright and early and off for the fishing grounds. The next evening he saw his name inscribed on the bulletin board, against a high weight record, gave an order to have the beauty stuffed and mounted on a mahogany panel, and on the following morning started on the return journey. But such instances of luck are rare indeed.

I did not catch the enthusiasm, though it is very contagious. Fancy playing for two hours at the end of a slender bass line, over thirty fathoms long, a gamey fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and some idea will be formed of the skill required to keep the fish on the line, or the line from parting, and the excitement attending the final capture.

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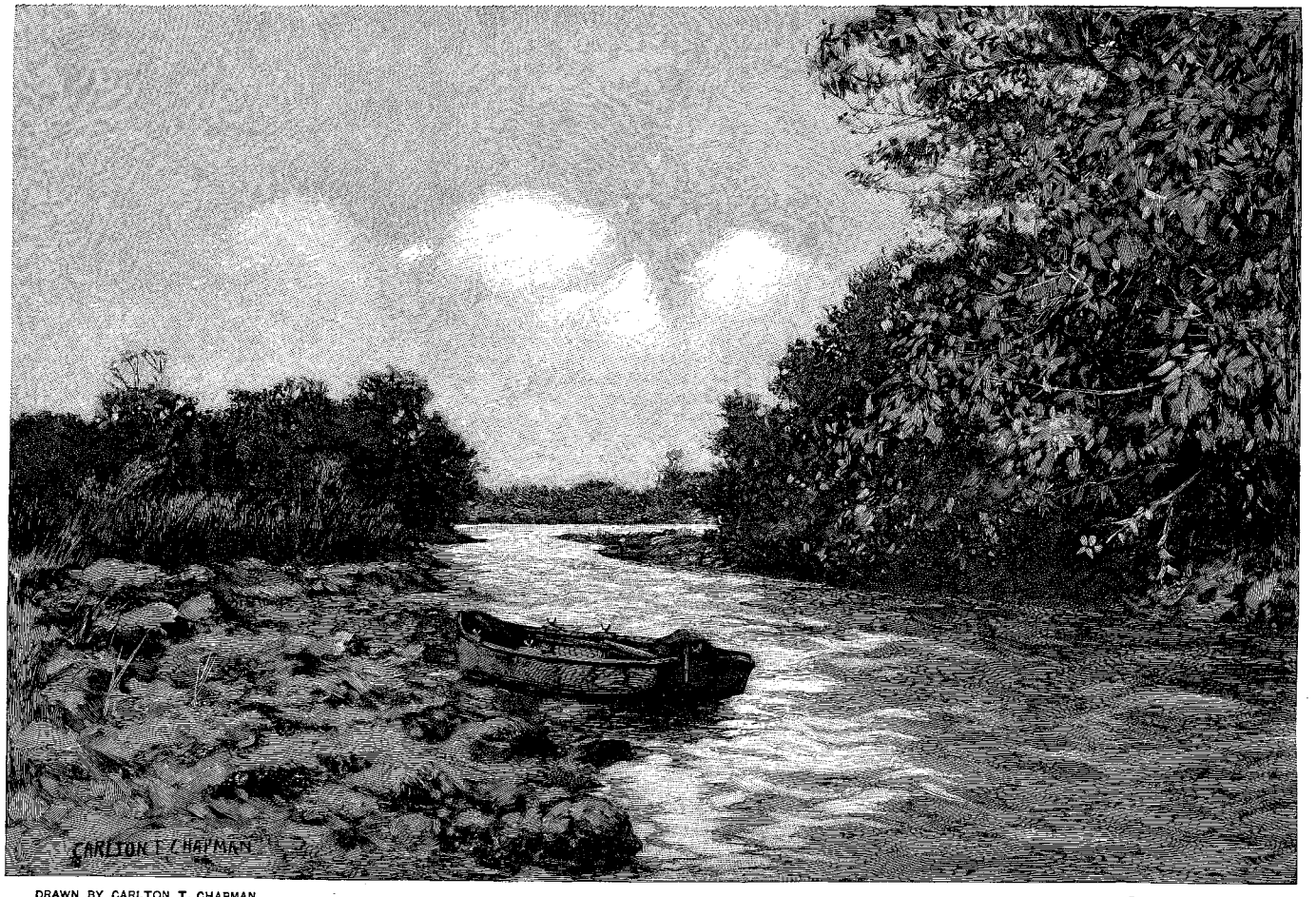

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Source of Miami River—Entrance to The Everglades.

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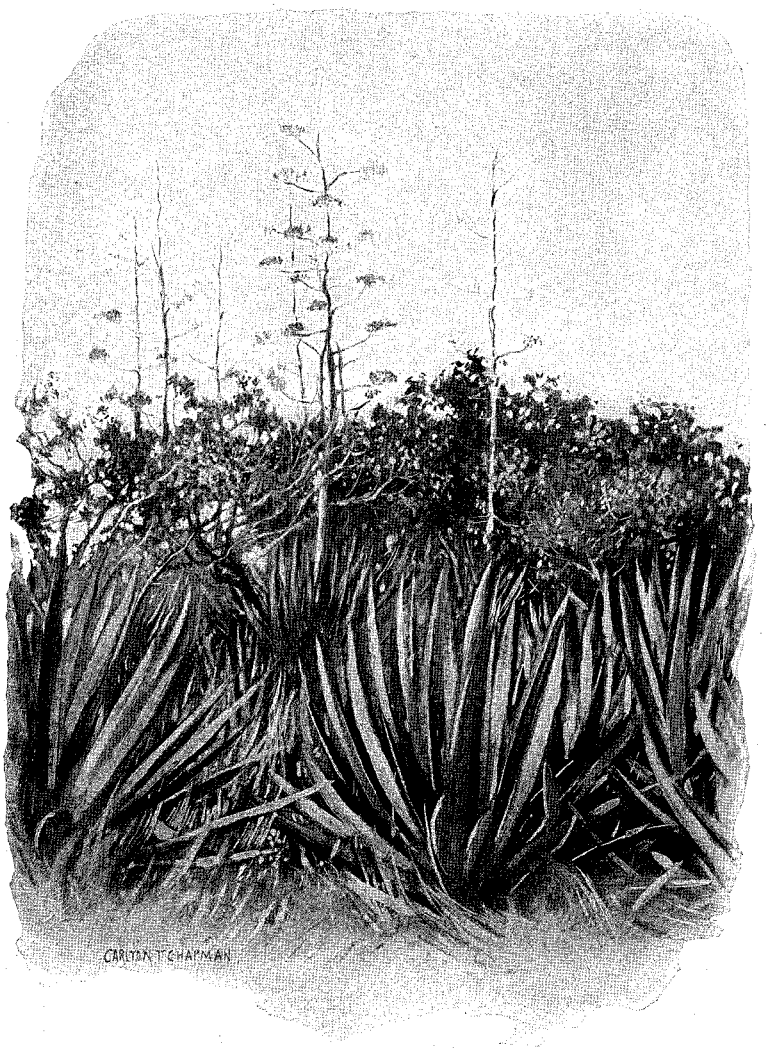

Sisal Thicket.

But let us imagine ourselves at Key West, and look over the dusty old town while the yacht is being made ready for the cruise up the coast. The name Key West is in one sense a misnomer, as the Dry Tortugas group are the more westerly keys, lying fifty-four nautical miles from *Cayo Hueso*, or "bone island," as Key West was known in the times of Spanish occupancy, the modern name doubtless being a corruption. There is very little of interest here to hold the tourist. Cigar manufacture is the chief commercial enterprise, the wages paid to the cigar-makers alone amounting to $3,000,000 in a single year. Key West is also the market centre of the sponge industry, which gives employment to hundreds of small boats and sailing craft, and amounting to $1,000,000 annually. The turtle trade is another local industry, though not so important now as when the sea turtles were more plentiful. It is a thoroughly Spanish city, there being less than a thousand English-speaking whites out of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, the population being made up for the most part of Cubans, Spanish-speaking negroes, and Bahamians. On

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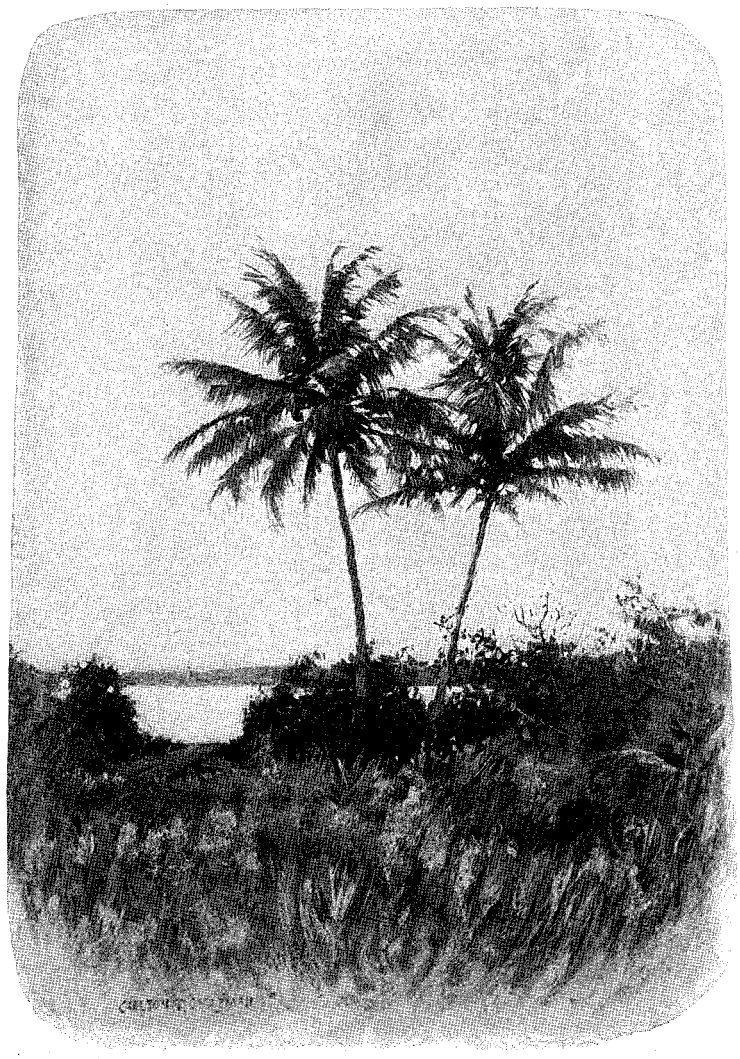

Lone Cocoa-nuts at New River.

my first evening in Key West, I made inquiry of four persons as to the locality of the post-office before receiving a reply in English.

The Government buildings and the dismantled old Fort Taylor are the only structures on the island that are at all imposing. The tobacco factories are two to four story wooden buildings, while the houses are small and cheap, a marked peculiarity being the absence of chimneys, for fires are only needed for cooking. In the markets are found the finest of fish, and tropical fruits in profusion. Prime beef is received from the North by the steamers, though the bulk of the supply is native beef, ferried across from Punta Rassa, on the mainland. Between Punta Rassa beef and semi-starvation, should such an alternative be forced upon the average Northern tourist, I fear there would be no doubt whatever about his choice.

Key West belongs to a large group of Keys lying south of the Bay of Florida and extending thirty-five miles eastward to Bahia Honda, which is the widest

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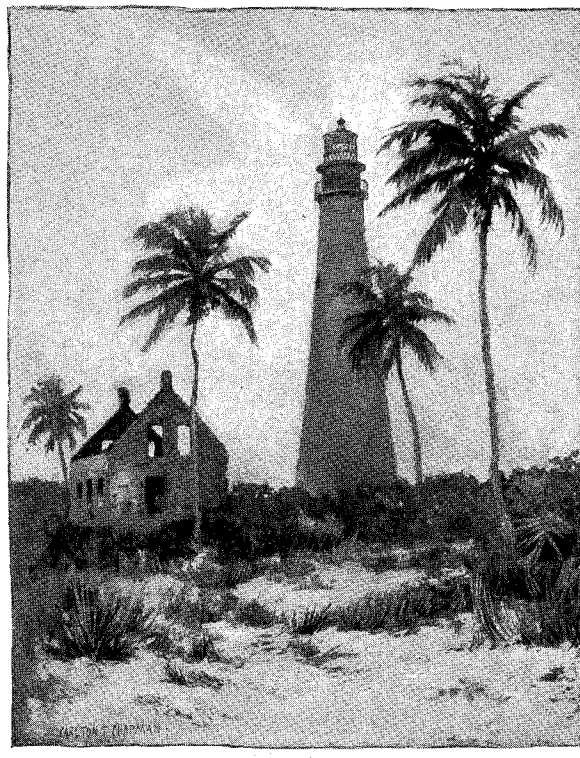

Abandoned Light, Cape Florida.

open water along the entire line of keys. These islands are for the most part uninhabited, and, as they are heavily wooded, abound with game. Eastward of this large group lie the Vaccas Keys, as they are known, numbering a dozen or more islands, covered for the most part with a fine hammock growth. This brings us to an exceedingly interesting group of islands of which Indian Key is the centre, where cultivation has been attempted, and the scene of Dr. Perrine's attempted sisal hemp culture sixty years ago. From this point onward to Cape Florida there is an almost unbroken line of keys from one mile to thirty miles long, separated only by narrow channels, the more northerly of which are chiefly devoted to the culture of pineapples and tomatoes for Northern markets.

A very common, but erroneous idea prevails among uninformed people, that the waters lying between the keys and the mainland are navigable. In point of fact, it is only a shallow inland sea, the rock in many places coming to the surface, and in hundreds of years, no doubt, the coral insect and the mangrove-tree will have reclaimed the entire area, and the map of Florida will have a very different appearance.

The fact that the water is so shoal makes perfectly feasible the project to run a railroad down the east coast and over the keys to Key West, the only bridging requiring any engineering skill being the spanning of the open waters of Bahia Honda. The railroad is destined to be constructed southward to Miama on Biscayne Bay at no remote period, and from that point southward to the final terminus, it is only a matter of one hundred and fifty miles or less of construction.

For my operations along the keys and up the east coast, I was very fortunate in securing the thirteen-ton schooner-yacht Micco, at that time one of the crack boats of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, but now flying the Eastern Club's colors. She was expressly built for the shoal waters of the Florida coast by her designer and former owner, Commodore R. M. Munroe, of the B. B. Y. Club, and has a record of nine hundred and fifty-six miles, from Cape Florida to New York City, in six and a half days, which is creditable.

Leaving the Government dock, Key West, at about six o'clock, on the morning of February 9th, we were able to make a landing on the historic Indian Key early the next morning. This island, which is one of the smallest of the group of keys, is one of the most interesting, for here occurred the Indian massacre of August 7, 1840, in which the botanist, Dr. Henry Perrine was killed, his family escaping almost miraculously by concealing themselves for nine hours in the water under a wharf, the house being plundered and burned almost over their heads.

Early in the thirties, while Consul at Campeachy, the doctor became inter-

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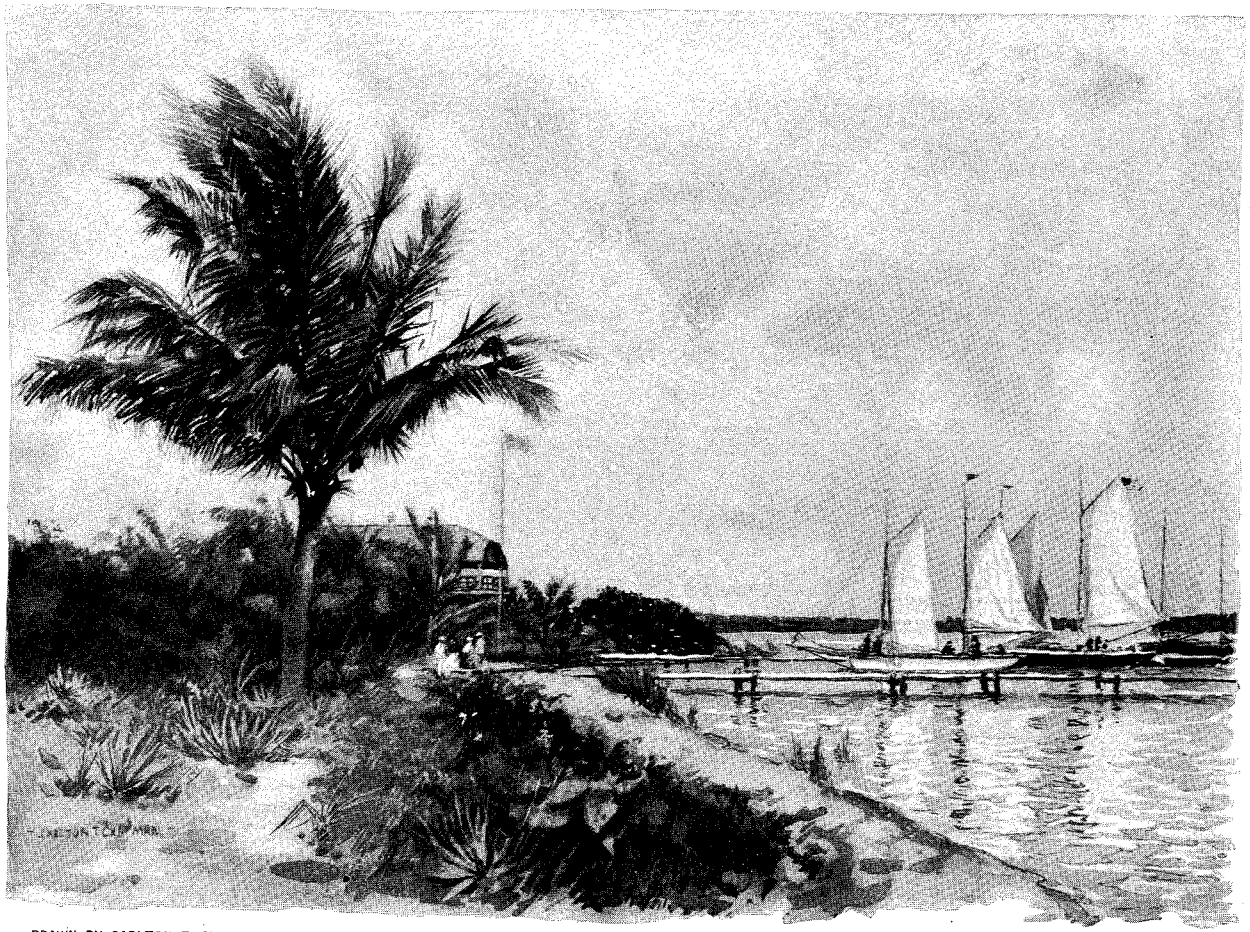

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Club House, Biscayne Bay Yacht Club.

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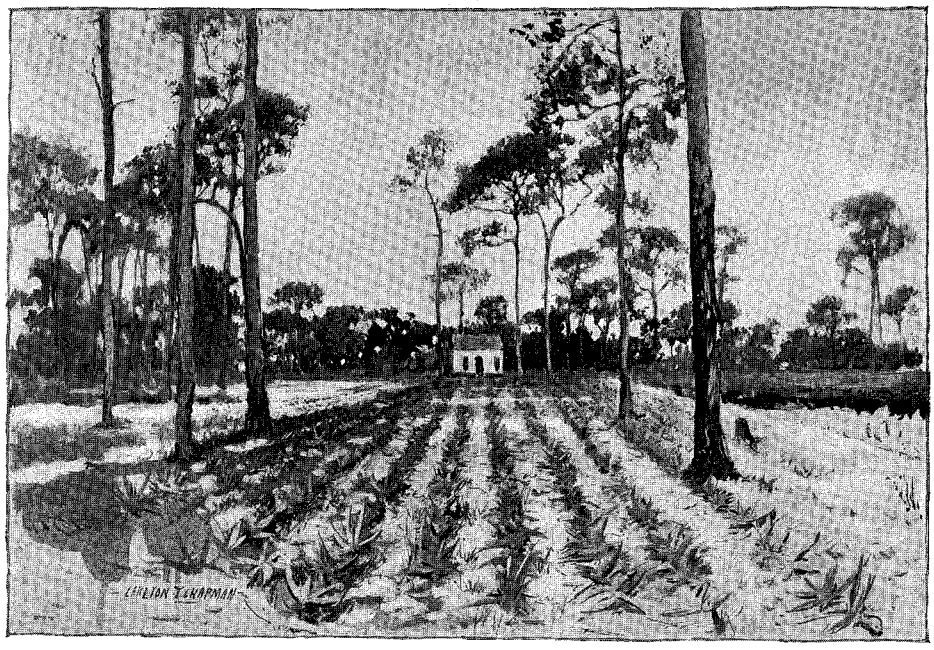
ested in the introduction of economic plants into the United States, and through his efforts, among other species, the sisal hemp plant was given a foothold on Indian Key. Descendants of these plants now occupying the greater portion of this key, with numbers of cocoa-palms, their feathery leaves silhouetted against the sky—for there is entire absence here of wooded vegetation—gives the island a tropic picturesqueness which does not pertain to many other keys of the group.



Sisal Plantation at New River.

Landing upon these keys, the scanty soil, for the most part, is discovered to be confined to the crevices and pockets worn into the white coral rock of which all the keys are composed. A foot-path is a natural pavement, though a rough one to shoe-leather, the little soil that exists anywhere being only disintegrated rock, or shells and decayed vegetation. On those keys that are more or less covered with "hammock" growth (hard-wood trees), there is quite a surface layer of decomposed vegetation, but in a comparatively short time after being cleared and "cultivated," the white, honey-combed rock comes to the surface and predominates. On some of the keys, like Long Key, twelve miles southwest from Indian Key, the surface is sand to a considerable depth, and such situations are most favorable for growing cocoa-nut trees. There is a grove of cocoa-nuts, numbering over seventeen thousand trees on Long Key, planted by Mr. Thomas Hine, of Newark, N. J., many of which have already come into bearing. The cocoa-nut flourishes throughout subtropical Florida, however, so much so that its absence would sometimes be a relief to the amateur photographer, who wishes diversity in his tropic landscapes. Apropos of the camera, this part of the world is the amateur photographer's paradise, despite the apparent monotony of a topography only a few feet above sea-level, with a vegetation often monotonous to the last degree.

During one of my trips to Long Key, an unexpected opportunity occurred to test the sea-going qualities of the Micco, which proved an experience. Yachting in Florida waters is not always accompanied by sunshine, and the dreamy existence amid balmy breezes while floating over emerald seas sometimes gives place suddenly to discomfort and anxie-

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ty, not to say positive danger. A norther, never enjoyable, is frequently to be dreaded.

One drowsy mid-February afternoon found us just inside Long Key in company with the Nethla, well known in these waters. After luncheon we parted company with the white yacht, and set sail for Indian Key, fortunately by the inside course. A sudden darkening of the sky was our only warning. Then the wind began to freshen, and we were forced to take in sail. But the wind increased in violence, and when blowing a half gale the Commodore was glad to run for a sheltered situation near Jew Fish Bush, and anchor. It blew great guns all night, and when the dawn came was still blowing. Some anxiety was felt for the Nethla, as she was no-

Best "Carriage" in Town.

where to be seen even with the ship's glass. A sharpie lay near us almost down to her rail, and as the morning wore on we were much interested in the persistency with which the two men aboard of her by turns paced the deck or worked at the pumps. Despite the nasty sea that was running, the Commodore had the tender lowered and we pulled over to them. They were laden with ice, and out of coffee, and considering the chill, raw wind that was blowing, they were a pair of very uncomfortable sailors.

"Why didn't you hail us?" demanded the Commodore.

"'fraid to," was the laconic reply.

"Afraid?"

"Ain't that a Gov'nment boat?"

"Perhaps," the Commodore answered with a smile, "But come aboard and get some coffee."

In the afternoon we landed on Jew Fish Bush which is one of the lesser keys of the group. Cutting our way through the dense growth of hammock skirting the shore we found ourselves overlooking an open stretch several hundred yards across, as level as a floor, and almost waist high in a growth of wiry grass. I paused to light a cigar. "Don't throw away the match," said the skipper.

Taking the half-burned fusee in his fingers, in an instant it was touched to a tuft of grass near, and in less time than it takes to write it, the air was hot with seething flames. The strong winds carried the fire across the area in a very few moments, the heat causing us to

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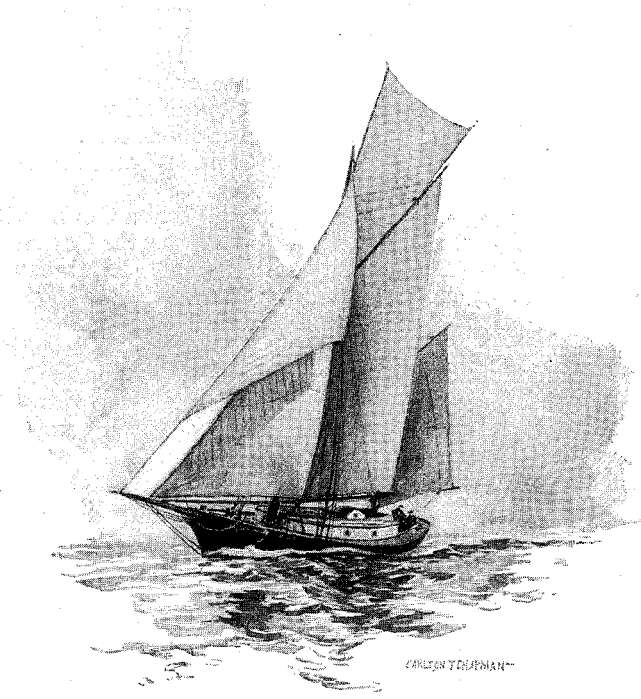

Yacht Micco.

draw back toward the hammock. An hour later, when aboard the yacht, we saw little tongues of flame in the grass almost at the water's edge, and soon a half cord of driftwood that had been thrown together in a pile by some neighboring squatters, burst into a huge bonfire. Late in the afternoon we were joined by the Nethla, which had weathered the gale with the aid of two anchors, and a merry night we made of it.

The next morning dawned clear. As we ran out, the sea was tumbling over the bar in fine style, for the protecting reef is broken for some fifteen miles at this point, and we were exposed to the full force of the swell. The Micco behaved nobly, and in due time the yacht was lying comfortably in the lee of Indian Key, the landsman aboard of her heaving a deep sigh of relief as the anchor dropped. The two or three hours following were occupied in getting on a cargo of two or three tons of sisal hemp leaves, already cut and bundled by the islanders, and again we were under sail.

The sisal hemp plant is one of the most interesting growths of key vegetation. Its bayonet-like leaves will average five feet in length by four inches broad, each being armed at the tip with a stout spine of needle-like sharpness. As a ton of these leaves will contain almost one hundred pounds of strong white cordage fibre, it is a most valuable species in the vegetable economy.

A marked peculiarity is the mode of reproduction. A plant is old at seven years, when it sends up a huge blossom stalk or "mast" to a height of fifteen to twenty feet. Branches appear at the top, and in time these are covered with tulip-shaped blossoms, of a faded yellowish green color. These wither in time, and now starts forth, from the point of contact with the blossom stalk, a bud which soon develops into a tiny sisal hemp plant. One blossom stalk will support two thousand of these little plants, which detach themselves when several inches long, and fall to the ground. Those that strike soil take root and grow, but the others perish. So tenacious of life are they, however, that some plants kept by me for eight

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months in a pasteboard box, took root upon being placed in soil, and have grown into good plants.

An allied species of plant, known as "False Sisal," has a similar habit of growth and reproduction, though the two plants are very dissimilar. It was my wish to secure some of the fibre of the false sisal, particularly as our Bahamian neighbors had been carrying off the young plants by shiploads to stock their hemp plantations, not knowing how worthless the fibre is, commercially, and at a later period a special trip was made to Sands Key, to obtain a quantity of the leaves. This key lies almost at the mouth of Bay Biscayne and is uninhabited. Even a photograph does not do justice to the appearance of the vegetation on some of these uninhabited keys, where everything grows in rank luxuriance and the tangles of sisal, Spanish bayonet, prickly-pear, and low shrub growths, are so dense as to be almost impenetrable, save as one cuts his way in with sheath knife and *machete*.

I have a very vivid recollection of my explorations along this portion of the keys. It was in the latter part of February, and the air as balmy as a spring morning, while the pale green waters glinted and sparkled in the sunlight like a sea of emerald and tourmaline. "Dody" Curry was to be my companion for the day, and the tossing of my hip-boots into the tender was a very strong suggestion of something more interesting than lounging in the stern. The yacht lay a mile from the shore, on the inside of the key, though in the clear morning air the island seemed only a few rods away. For the first half mile the boat glided smoothly over the waters of the bay, showing an average depth of five or six feet, the gleaming white bottom clearly visible, covered with coral, sea-plumes, sponges, and many colored weeds or marine life. At this point there was a sudden shoaling, and the grinding sound made by the rough edges of the coral on the boat's bottom became audible. The rowing was often impeded, and when yet a quarter of a mile away from the shore it became necessary to don rubber boots and disembark to draw the boat after us. The walking was not as good as on Broadway, the feet often sinking into treacherous holes filled with an oozy, chalklike mud. It was impossible to find a landing on the bay side owing to the dense tangle of mangrove with its interlacing roots, and for a mile or more we floundered over the shoals, until at length the western end of the key was reached. Here the tide was running swiftly through the natural channel, forming eddies between the jagged masses of outcropping coral. The view of the island at this point was so striking that the camera was set up in two and a half feet of water, and a plate exposed. It was photography under difficulties, and was decidedly a new experience.

We now rounded the point, and turning westward, struck the shoal as soon as the channel was passed, which necessitated veering several hundred yards off-shore. It was now row and wade by turns, the open sea before us, in our progress surprising the fish that were sunning themselves in the deeper pockets, frightening the gulls or clumsy pelicans, and once coming suddenly upon a half-grown shark stranded by the outflowing tide. Dody was thoroughly tired of it, as the harder part of the work had fallen to him, and so, with the camera under my arm, I left him to reflect on the uncertainty of navigation in Florida waters, and waded ashore.

As I stepped upon the beach-sands the picture that met my gaze was one to live long in the memory, and for the moment even the camera and its use were forgotten. The silence, the solitude, the wild grandeur of this bit of sea-girt wilderness was most impressive, and the sparkling water, the glistening sands filled with shell fragments, the beach-drift, and the harmonious blending of color in the rich, rank vegetation, I recall, even now, with pleasure. I tried to imprison it all upon a $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ plate. The negative made is a superb one, but the sentiment of the picture was too subtle, too evanescent, to catch and hold.

We made the entire round of the island, bringing away many trophies of our explorations, and late in the afternoon ran alongside the yacht, a pair of

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tired mortals. During the afternoon the Commodore and Dick had not been idle, for the spoils of a different kind of an expedition lay around over the deck. It was hard to believe that several black objects, disgusting in appearance, and as large as cabbage-heads, were sponges in the natural state, but such was the fact. Two kinds of sponges abound in these waters, that known as the "Loggerhead," a coarse form, being avoided by the spongers. A long pole with a claw or fork at the end is the implement usually employed to detach the sponge from the rock bottom. The mass of polyps covering its surface soon die, and must be removed, and the semi-fibrous mass cleaned and bleached, before the sponge takes on the appearance with which everyone is familiar. There were other interesting "spoils," including branch-coral, sea-plumes, and cup-sponges, but the object of real interest was a lot of crawfish which had been speared on the shoals. Fancy a very rough shelled lobster without claws, and a vague idea can be formed of a Florida crawfish. We had a royal supper that night, the chief dish being a kind of crawfish stew, done with tomatoes and ship biscuit, and I regret to say that nothing was left for "manners."

How some of the "Conchs," or Bahamians, who inhabit these keys make a living does not appear. On Indian Key, for example, there is a slight attempt at truck farming; the natives do a little "sponging"—I should hardly dare say in a facetious sense—gather a few sea-plumes and corals, or shells, and the story is told. Higher up, toward Bay Biscayne, however, on Elliott's and adjacent keys, pineapples, bananas, tomatoes and similar vegetable products are grown with profit. One of the largest of these pineapple planters is Mr. Edgar Higgs, who ships to Baltimore, from his own wharf, schooner-loads of pines in the season, for which he secures good prices. No doubt a quick means of transportation to the North would rapidly develop this industry, for it would enable the shippers to reach the tables of the consumers not only with fresher fruit but with that more naturally ripened. To properly appreciate a Florida pine it should be eaten fully ripe from the parent stalk.

Elliott's Key lies southeast from Sands Key, with only a narrow channel between. It is about eight miles long, by only half a mile wide, and is largely under cultivation. Landing one morning at the Higgs plantation several hours were very pleasantly spent with the manager and owner. From Mr. Higgs I learned much that was interesting regarding the rude agriculture of the keys, though it is too long a story for these pages. I have previously described the "soil" of these cultivated keys. The first operation in starting a pineapple plantation is to cut off the hammock growth and clear the area, though the stumps of the larger trees are left standing. The "slips," which are simply growths from the old plants, are usually put in with a pointed stick at the rate of twelve thousand to the acre. The first crop matures in about eighteen months, and when three crops are secured, in as many years, the fields are abandoned for this culture, the surface again cleared, and planted in tomatoes. Sweet potatoes also grow to perfection, and, as I was assured by a gentleman of experience, are frequently quarried from these fields of coral rock with a crowbar.

I was much interested in the pineapple industry, as the leaves of the pineapple contain a beautiful soft white fibre, which I have no doubt might be utilized. The leaves soon die after the fruit is gathered, to give place to the new plant, so their utilization for fibre, if practicable, would give to Florida a new industry.

A little to the eastward of Sands Key, and near the Ragged Keys, which are shoals scarcely showing above the surface, is the principal southern entrance to Bay Biscayne. Soldier Key is an isolated island lying a few miles beyond, and due south from Cape Florida; upon this key are still to be seen the Government buildings used when the Fowey Rocks Light Tower was constructed in 1878. This is the most northerly of the reef keys, and though limited in area is one of the most interesting visited. Here the "coral-insect" covers great areas of the shoals,

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the masses of the polyp forming a velvet like covering to the irregular rock bottom over which we waded.

When the coral structure reaches low-water sea-level the life of the coral-insect ends, and the winds and tides, and the mangrove finish the work. The mangroves live just at the edge of the shore, throwing outward into the salt water their straight, forked roots, thus forming an interlocking net-work into which the drift is carried and finds lodgement. The storms bring in solid material, and the sea is slowly but surely encroached upon, and the naked reef in time covered with vegetation. By means of the seed-vessels of the mangrove, which are in the form of smooth, round sticks, known as "cigars," the work is hastened in an interesting manner. The cigars seem to be weighted at one end, and after becoming detached and floating for a time, the heavier end catches in some hole or crevice while the tide is falling, and immediately fixing itself it begins its life as a young mangrove.

There is no more trying or exhausting ordeal, in exploring these keys, than that of attempting to force a way through a growth of mangrove, for sometimes there is no other course to be followed. An old mangrove swamp, such as I visited at Cocoaplum on the mainland, is less trying, for the growth is not so dense, and it is possible to climb or jump from root to root, with only an occasional ugly fall.

Before the Fowey Rocks Light was established, the lighthouse was on the southern extremity of Key Biscayne, or Cape Florida. The old tower is now abandoned, and the Government property about it has been leased to the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, for a nominal consideration. We anchored and spent a night on the bay-side of Key Biscayne, where the shore goes off into deep water very abruptly. The key abounds with wild-cats, bears, and other "varmints," though we were only attacked by mosquitoes—which are formidable. Were it not for the hordes of insects which overrun southern Florida, and which flourish at all seasons, save in a few favored localities, it would be an earthly paradise, for the temperature on Bay Biscayne averages about eighty-five degrees the year round, and the nights are always cool.

The sand-flies are particularly annoying where they abound, being so infinitesimal that their presence is not known until the victim has been bitten. The Indian name "No-see-'em" is apropos. During the summer months the keys are almost uninhabitable, save to pachydermatous natives, and even they are forced at times to close the wooden shutters of their houses and live in an atmosphere of smoke. These insects will attack a yacht in clouds, though I was informed, as a singular fact, that such attack is usually made when the wind is blowing *from* the water to the shore, rather than off shore, the theory being advanced that the winds enable the pests to distinguish the whereabouts of their victims. I cannot vouch for the correctness of this theory.

Kingfishing off Cape Florida is royal sport. A stanch yacht, a few twenty-five-fathom trolling lines, and a stiff breeze are the essentials. A line is made fast to the yacht abaft the wheel, and the fisherman takes his position. A slight jerk tells when the cord has all run out, and in an instant the polished spoon sinker is seen merrily cutting the tops of the waves, away astern. The yacht is rippling through the water like a thing of life, the excitement of anticipation becomes intense, but it is only momentary—Zip! The line is suddenly taut, a beauty between three and four feet long is thrown high out of the water, the scales glistening like burnished silver in the sunlight; it is tough work starting the fish yachtward, but in a moment the hand over hand work comes easier, the line is almost in, and then begins the struggle. My first kingfish would have pulled me overboard at this stage of the game, but for the strong arm of the ever-watchful Dody. I landed the prize unaided, stunned it with a club, and as it fell into the cockpit, I felt that I owned a continent. This is kingfishing in Florida waters, and with two or three pairs of hands at the sport, a catch of two hundred and fifty fish in a day is possible. After a few hours of such exciting sport, capturing in this manner the near cousin

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of the kingfish, the Spanish mackerel, which also abounds in these waters, is tame indeed in comparison. We saw tarpon on this part of the coast, but they are never caught with the line as on the west coast. There are other kinds of fish, however, which it is good sport to catch, and a joy to eat, the pompano being especially esteemed as a table fish. The kingfish, also, is food for the epicure when cooked shortly after capture.

Biscayne Bay is about forty miles long by five to six miles wide, and lies along the southeastern curve of the Florida peninsula, on the very edge of the Gulf Stream. The mainland between the bay and the Everglades is hardly as wide as the bay itself, and upon this strip are located the few settlements of this portion of Florida. The bay is only navigable for boats of light draught, a yacht drawing five feet of water being sure to go aground on many of its sand-bars and shoals; even the native yachtsmen often find navigation difficult, the sudden chalky appearance of the water in the wake of the vessel showing too close proximity to land in a vertical direction. The eastern boundaries of the bay are the narrow spur of the mainland which ends at Narres's Cut, and Virginia Key, and Key Biscayne lying just below in the same line, these keys separated by a broad inlet known as Bear Cut, the main easterly outlet to the ocean.

Were it not for its inaccessibility, the Biscayne Bay region would have long ago been one of the most popular tourist resorts in Florida, on account of its equitable climate, for which its proximity to the Gulf Stream is largely responsible, and from the easterly breezes which blow almost incessantly.

At Cocoa-nut Grove, the largest settlement on the bay, we are in a new atmosphere. Here is the headquarters of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, and consequently a port of entry for all Northern yachtsmen who find themselves in these waters. The Secretary of the Club, the genial Kirk Munroe, well known to these pages, met the writer, on his first appearance, as a friend of former days and gave him a warm welcome.

There is a very fair hostelry at this place, and in the winter months the society of the settlement is delightful, for with the cultivated people who are now identified with the locality, there are always a few strangers from the North, who come down here to lead a *dolce-far-niente* existence in this dreamland, all unmindful of the blizzards that are sweeping over the wintry North. One soon becomes accustomed to the absence of fresh beef and ice, though fresh venison and sea-turtle more than make up for the lack of the former, and the necessity for the latter is soon overlooked.

The roads here are mere trails through the bush, the waterways being the usual highways for travel or transportation. Madame took a trip "into the country" one afternoon, and though she had the best team in town, the experience was not altogether enjoyable.

This portion of Florida has been filling up very rapidly in the past three or four years, and now there are few, if any, homestead lands on the four-mile strip not occupied. On the bay-shore land has risen rapidly in value, and I would not dare say at how many hundred dollars an acre choice situations are held.

Three or four miles above Cocoa-nut Grove is Miami, the oldest "town" on the bay, numbering not more than half a dozen houses. As Miami is located at the mouth of the river of the same name, which flows directly from the Everglades, it is the chief Indian trading-post on the bay, the store being located on the south bank, at Brickell's landing. Just across the river is all that remains of the old Fort Dallas, which holds a conspicuous place in the history of the Seminole wars. It is now the residence of Mrs. Tuttle, a Northern lady of culture and indomitable energy, who is doing a great deal for this section of Florida. I was a guest for several days at Fort Dallas, which, under her touch has been transformed into a little tropic paradise. What with the growing of all kinds of vegetables, the planting of fruit-trees, and the advent of a herd of valuable Jersey cattle, Fort Dallas is an object-lesson to many a plodding homesteader as to the future possibilities of this re-

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gion. Good transportation facilities are sorely needed, however, but the skilful manipulation of sundry wires will doubtless erelong find response in the shrill scream of the locomotive, at Miami, where now is seen only the sail-boat and the Indian canoe.

Only last season, the representative of a powerful Florida railway system penetrated and crossed the Everglades, from west to east, a bit of exploration beset with many dangers, which I think was never before undertaken by white men. The expedition was crowned with success, when the half-famished party, stepped ashore at the Fort Dallas landing.

To Mrs. Tuttle I was indebted for boat and guide for my trip into that wonderland, the Everglades. The Miami River is one of the principal outlets from the glades on the east coast, and though a sluggish stream at its mouth, it tumbles over the coral rock near its source in splendid rapids against which a boat is dragged, not rowed, with difficulty. We entered the glades by the north fork of the Miami, as beautiful a stream as ever flowed through an unbroken wilderness, the trees in places almost arching the water, its banks clothed with strange vegetation and stranger flowers, the bottom presenting a kaleidoscopic picture of many-colored grasses and aquatic vegetation.

The guide told of festoons of moccasin-snakes sunning themselves amid the branches of these trees in former times, and of prowling beasts in the bush, but we saw nothing to make us afraid. When the boat had been dragged over the point where the water makes its first plunge, at the head of the rapids, and we were rowing again in smooth water, what a surprise was in store for us! I had always associated with the term "Everglades," on the map of Florida, the picture of a low-lying, dank, dark, malarial swamp, the abode of venomous creeping things; a morass where the rank vegetation luxuriating in decay formed shadowy dells, on entering which one might well leave hope behind.

But instead I found an inland lake, of drinkable water, lying high up in the sunshine, while stretching away toward sunset as far as eye could reach was only a vision of blue waters, green isles, and vast areas of sedge-grass or reeds, moving in the balmy breeze like ocean billows. This is the picture of the Everglades in winter; in summer it might be something very different.

The water in many places is so shallow that if it could be drawn off for a depth of two feet, I fancy the Everglades would resemble a vast prairie filled with little lakes and winding streams. Some of these watercourses were too deep for the bottom to be seen; others were only a few feet in depth, the vegetation below the surface clearly visible, and with banks sharply defined, while in many places the levels varied in depth from only a few inches to a couple of feet. In one place when I wished to take a picture I stepped out of the boat, with camera under my arm, and waded to the point of view through not over eight inches of water. The bottom is old coral rock, covered with a shallow substratum of soft mud. It is not safe to enter the glades without a guide, on account of danger of bewilderment, in pushing through the winding channels and tall grass and reeds. The Indians will rarely act as guides, and intrusion upon their "preserves" is liable to be resented.

The keys or islands, which always form the distance to a picture taken in almost any part of the glades, vary in size from a mere mound a few feet across, to areas of many acres. Many of them are cultivated by the Seminoles, who are no mean farmers, though their agricultural practice extends little further than the raising of corn and pumpkins. Many of the keys are heavily wooded, and all are interesting. What gives them a particular interest is the fact that they form the abiding-places of these Seminoles, who are supposed to number somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred souls. Unquestionably the Seminole is a very decent Indian—save when he has been drinking "cider with a little Jamaica ginger in it"—(a trader told me that was the formula) and their squaws are models of womanly virtue and industry. That the race remains pure, notwithstanding the inroads of "civilization," is due to

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the severity of the punishment of those of either sex who are guilty of a breach of the law, for chastity is prescribed by their religion, and the penalty is death.

In late years they are pushing deeper into the glades, as the footsteps of the white man encroach upon their domain. They live upon game, fruits, and the products of their agriculture, though many wants must be supplied at the trading-posts or stores in the settlements, with money or through barter. For many years the trade in alligator skins and the plumage of birds has been a great source of revenue to them, but the alligators are almost exterminated, and the bird laws are now so strictly enforced that the trader no longer dares to buy their plumes and wings, at least in paying quantity. They still bring in game, and turtles, and a few alligator skins, or moccasins and other rude manufactures, but every year it grows harder and harder for them to get money; and as if to add insult to injury, some of their most fertile keys have recently been homesteaded by white men, after the Indians had tilled the soil for years.

The women are dressed neatly—I was told that many own sewing-machines—and they show a degree of taste in the fashioning of their garments. Although a Seminole of either sex has little love for a camera, Mrs. Dodge was able to secure nearly a dozen fine negatives, chiefly of Indian women.* The native costume of the younger men and boys is comfortable, if *not* picturesque—this is but one garment, and it resembles a shirt more than anything else. They do not wear their fine toggery at the lodges, but when approaching the settlements in their canoes, push into some sheltered nook, and in due time appear in gay turban, gaudy calico shirt, and leggins, and sometimes moccasins, although some of them wear a loose outer garment belted at the waist. They are not quarrelsome, save when under the influence of liquor, and then only in a degree, for they usually become limp in a very short time, and are unceremoniously tumbled into the bottoms of their canoes by the squaws, and taken home to sleep it off.

I had a pleasant "talk" with old Matlo, or, as he pronounced the name for me, at least half a dozen times, O-pi-o-ma-tah. He is over eighty years old, and is still a vigorous specimen of aboriginal manhood. The Seminoles do not think much of white women. They say, "White squaw pretty too much—no good." At the same time I was informed that their own women are not forced to perform *all* the work, with a hint that many New England farmers' wives are more in slavery, though doubtless the case might be stated less offensively.

Arch Creek, almost at the head of Bay Biscayne, is a romantically beautiful stream that must be seen to be fully appreciated. Like the Miami River it forks two or three miles from its mouth, the banks of the north fork in places rising to a height of twenty feet in wonderful cliffs. The vegetation is tropic to the last degree, and even more strange than that of the Miami. The creek takes its name from a natural bridge or arch not far from its mouth.

But one cannot linger forever amid such scenes. We had planned our homeward journey by way of Lake Worth, which meant a cruise of eighty miles up the Atlantic coast in a twenty-four-foot sharpie, the Egret, for only boats of lightest draught can enter the dangerous inlets in safety. As it was, we waited five days for the right kind of a sea, and at five o'clock one afternoon made a sudden departure, all things being propitious. It was dark when we sailed out through Bear Cut, with Dody at the helm, leaving behind us many delightful friends and many pleasant memories. Silently we sped on our way, the roar of the surf that was piling up on the bar a half mile ahead of us becoming each moment more audible, and seeming almost ominous. In a very few minutes we could discern vaguely the long line of white, just over our bow—a sudden plunge, a cloud of blinding spray, a sensation of settling in the water, and our little cockle-shell was on the broad Atlantic.

*See "A Forgotten Remnant," by Kirk Munroe, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, vol. vii., p. 303.

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THE SUMMER INTIMACY.

By George A. Hibbard.

I HAPPENED to be staying with Mrs. Van Curler at the time, and that is the way—But, really, I must not tell you that now.

I have always liked Mrs. Van Curler. I do not think that she would care to go to the stake as a martyr under any circumstances. I cannot even imagine that she would wish to do anything by which she might be known as a benefactress to her own generation, or, at least, to such part of it as could not give her invitations to dinners and country-houses. I believe that she would not desire to identify herself with any losing cause whatever, much less suffer for it, and I am persuaded that she has an unusually strong appreciation of the good things directly in sight and, being very pleased with herself, can logically conclude that she is quite as much entitled to have them as anyone else. This conviction may often make her appear selfish to those who are not so thoroughly impressed with her conclusions, but she generally carries her way so calmly and strongly that very many find themselves confident that she is doing right—sometimes convinced that she is acting nobly. Still I am sure I like Mrs. Van Curler very much, for she has always been very kind to me. She always has made it a point that I should have everything attainable—that can be got from anyone else—and I once knew her to give up a consolatory visit she was about to pay upon an old friend, who had lost all her money, in order to see that I might have a new frock sent home.

I had always thought that I was a very matter-of-fact and, indeed, rather uninteresting young person until something happened quite recently which raised me very much in my own estimation and certainly in the estimation of everybody else. But, though my wedding is to come off very soon and I am therefore quite—perhaps a little too important, I will say nothing of myself, and will only tell you of certain incidents that happened upon what Mrs. Van Curler rightly considers the most momentous day of her life.

I live in the country, but I am at the Van Curler's through Lent, and I have even suspected at times that Mrs. Van Curler may have come to regard me as a sort of penance she feels it is her annual duty to undergo. This year, however, in view of my approaching marriage, she asked me to stay with her through January and February, and what I am about to relate happened at that festive time of the year.

I do not want to mention in what street the Van Curlers live, or what is the number of their dwelling, for these are facts of no consequence; but I will content myself with saying that their house is not too far down-town or up-town, and that its number is not so large as to indicate an unpleasant longitudinal distance from that Avenue which is the country's social meridian, and from which more or less everyone takes his or her society "bearings."

I should like to add, however, that Mrs. Van Curler prides herself upon what she calls her "position," though what that intangible and very considerable something is, it would be rather hard to state exactly. As far as I can see, its chief outward manifestation is the possibility of entering on stated occasions certain well-guarded houses, and of having the owners of those houses at like times choose to enter her own. Mrs. Van Curler has devoted a great deal of her time and energies to the increase of these possibilities, for, between ourselves, there are a few houses access to which is not as easy as she desires. Still you must not think she is not a person of great importance, and that you would not be glad to go to her dinners or to have her come to yours.

We, Mr. and Mrs. Van Curler and I, were at breakfast one morning, when I

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received a letter from Charley Van Curler, my cousin, and the Van Curler's only son. I had not seen him for a long time, as he had been for the summer at one of the sea-side places, and had then gone to the West to shoot what I understood to be bears. He spoke of my engagement very prettily, and ended the letter with a mysterious postscript that puzzled me greatly.

"I shall have something very important to tell you when I see you, and shall expect your help." What was the matter with the boy? Could he have got in debt again?

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Van Curler, who had recognized the writing.

"That he may be at home almost as soon as I get this," I replied, refraining from mentioning the postscript.

"Everything is ready for him whenever he comes," she said; "at least I have given orders to the servants to have everything done, but," continued Mrs. Van Curler, meditatively, "there are two things about servants that one never knows: first, what they will do, and second, what they won't, and both are rather important."

Here, Lupton, the new butler, entered with a note for Mrs. Van Curler at which she first glanced carelessly, and then carefully read.

"This is just what I might have expected," she said, severely.

Mr. Van Curler looked up.

"The Strykers again!" she exclaimed in answer to his questioning glance.

They both sat silent in the vast uneasiness of guilty consciences.

"What do they want?" asked Mr. Van Curler at length.

She picked up the note. "'My dear Mrs. Van Curler,'" she read, "'won't you dine with us this evening at seven and go to the opera? I hope you have no engagement, for I want to see you and I have not had that pleasure since coming to town. Faithfully yours, Maria Stryker.'"

"She writes," continued Mrs. Van Curler, "as if we were most intimate."

"Well," responded Mr. Van Curler, reluctantly, "you know we were."

"In their box," she exclaimed, "everyone would see us. It would never do. I must, of course, decline."

Going to a table in the next room, she began to write.

I had already heard something of the intimacy confessed by Mr. Van Curler, and therefore knew of whom they were speaking. The Strykers were people who bore a name that had been used somewhat too freely over the rocks and fences of the country to be altogether satisfactory to exclusive prejudice. At any rate, there was nothing of the sanctity about it that a name may gather from proper association, and the Strykers were as yet "unknown." Their offences were too flagrant and too recent to be quite forgiven, but though such sins are visited heavily upon the first generation, the second and third are generally visited in quite another manner, and I did not doubt that in time the name would become highly distinguished. However, according to Mrs. Van Curler's ideas, the time for such visitation had not come. Certain reticences were still advisable and necessary, and she evidently proposed that they should be maintained. In the meantime the Strykers were allowed to find what consolation they could in the possession of one of the very finest country-houses near a place, half farm, half summer residence, owned by the Van Curlers, and where they occasionally retired for a few months when Mr. Van Curler could arithmetically, and by what Mrs. Van Curler thought rather lowish mathematics, prove that it was wise to do so. There the Van Curlers had spent a part of the past summer, and being without other resources, had allowed themselves to fall into that last weakness of social minds enfeebled by the lassitude of July and August, a Summer Intimacy.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Van Curler.

"I have written refusing, politely but firmly," said Mrs. Van Curler, very firmly but not very politely.

"Do you know," continued Mr. Van Curler, in his non-committal, matrimonial way, "I wonder if that is wise."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Well, you see," he went on, doubtfully, "Stryker has been interesting himself somewhat largely in stocks lately,

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and we buy and sell for him. Now you understand—you know——"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Van Curler, reflectively.

They evidently understood one another, for nothing else was said by either.

I had always been so much at the Van Curlers that I was quite one of the family, and I had become so thoroughly accustomed to the few scattered bones that might be about—we really did possess a whole family skeleton—that no one ever thought of attempting to hide them from me or of treating them otherwise than as the usual and proper belongings of any respectable household. I went on eating my breakfast, in no way astonished, but only again wondering what Charley could want, when I saw Mr. Van Curler turn over a leaf of the newspaper, and heard him, after he had read a few lines, exclaim, somewhat hurriedly:

"My dear, have you finished your note?" he said. "Here is something that may make it best not to accept, after all."

"I did not need a newspaper to tell me that," Mrs. Van Curler replied, sharply.

"I see," continued her husband, "that Stryker has been making large purchases of N. E. and S. W., but as I know nothing about it, he must be acting through someone else."

"And I am to send the first note, then," said Mrs. Van Curler, who always kept the nuptial promise about obedience—when she could.

"It might be well, just to show them that we are not afraid," remarked her husband, experimentally.

I am really beginning to fear that you will think the Van Curlers are very worldly people, and that even I am somewhat worldly. I am very sorry, and I suppose it may be so, but I am sure if you met us you would like us very much, and as I have intimated before, would want to ask us to dinner at once.

Mr. Van Curler stood for a moment contemplatively before the fire and then sat down. He had hardly taken up the paper when he again called to Mrs. Van Curler.

"Stop—stop—I did not notice this."

I began to fear for Mrs. Van Curler's temper, which is very good as far as it goes, but really does not extend over much ground.

"The end is torn off," he went on. "It might be better to see the whole article before we do anything."

Mrs. Van Curler rang and sent resignedly for another paper.

"Now," she said, turning to me, when Lupton had left the room, "let this be a lesson to you. Know whom you please, but be careful with whom you are intimate—even in the country. I never say anything about it, for I am an American, but I think it is *impious* to contend that one person is as nice as another, when Providence has expressly told us that we must do our duty in *that* state of life to which we are called, and clearly means therefore that some people shall be better placed than others. I am not illiberal, but that is the way I look at it."

In a few moments the paper was brought from the stand around the corner.

"Now," cried Mr. Van Curler, after he had spread open the sheet and glanced down the column, "this is too bad. They say the purchase was made through me, so it is all false."

"And we shall have to go," said his wife, "and I am to accept?"

I really think it was very annoying, but I never express pity for Mrs. Van Curler, as she does not seem to like it, though she constantly affirms that she is a person to be deeply commiserated.

As I was dressing to go out with Mrs. Van Curler to keep an engagement we had at eleven o'clock, I thought regretfully that if Charley had got into a scrape, how peculiarly unfortunate it was that he should come just after the Stryker incident. I knew a little thing like that would put Mrs. Van Curler out. I was careful, therefore, not to keep my hostess waiting, for I did not want to increase the difficulties, and I knew that any delay might annoy her. When I came down I found Mrs. Van Curler standing at the foot of the stairs, holding a note in her hand.

"Here," she said, "is a note from Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten, written in one of

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her hurries, asking me quite informally to dine with them to-night."

I realized at once the significance of the situation.

Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten was one of those living in a house difficult of access—not that the way to it was rough, for it was up a broad, smooth flight of stone steps —not that the door was narrow, but rather unusually wide. Still, as I have said, the house was difficult of access, and we had accordingly offered much incense before its mistress. At last we were to be rewarded, and as Mrs. Van Curler pathetically observed, "quite informally."

"She wants us to meet Mr. Christopher Bowker, the great railroad man, whom it is so important Mr. Van Curler should know."

I was silent, and I hope it will not seem that it was unamiable, for I really knew what she wanted me to say.

"Of course," she continued, "I have written to the Strykers accepting—but they would never know this came last."

I still said nothing.

"I really would not do it, if it were not so important for Mr. Van Curler," she said, musingly; "I suppose it is not quite right."

Into such positions are respectable, middle-aged ladies sometimes led, when they allow themselves to fall into friendships other than those that society ordains. A strict moralist might have said that Mrs. Van Curler's path was clear and easy; that she had only to refuse the later invitation; but then how many strict moralists have ever been invited to dine with Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten "quite informally."

"I really think I had better accept Mrs. Spuyten's invitation," said Mrs. Van Curler, at length. "Will you ring for Lupton? He can take both answers."

I rang and brought the desired Lupton. He had only been with us a few days, but I had noticed that he was possessed with a deeper gloom than is usual even with his class. He bore the afternoon tea quite as if it were the cremated remains of the most valued member of the family, and had a sacrificial sort of way of offering up breakfast and dinner.

Mrs. Van Curler returned in a few moments with the two notes.

"I have done it," she said, "and this may be added to my list of sins as soon as ever they please."

Mrs. Van Curler was always delightfully vague when there was anything unpleasant.

"But don't you think," she continued, "that this transgression is so small that it ought to take several—say at least ten—to make a sin?"

The Duyvil Spuytens's invitation had put her in better spirits, and after giving the notes to Lupton we entered the carriage.

At eleven Mrs. Van Curler and I were due at the meeting of a Committee—I won't say what Committee, whether it was for the management of a Series of dances or of Something for disabled Somebodies—for you might guess what one it was. But it was a very high and mighty Committee, and those upon it were the very bulwarks of Society. Mrs. Van Curler herself had only been elected a member a short time before, and as the honor was very recent and had not been won without considerable exertion, she usually enjoyed the meetings very much. And indeed they were extremely pleasant. I don't think I heard as much about my friends or my enemies at any other time.

This morning there was not much to discuss, and we got around very quickly to the really important matter that we knew was to come up. A lady stated that one of our most active members had gone to Europe, to be absent for some time, and that it was necessary to choose her successor, adding that she did not of course want to say anything about it, but she thought it would only be proper that a certain lady very favorably known to us all should be elected.

Another lady—one somewhat older—then said that, though she did not know to whom the other referred—it being perfectly clear that she did—she felt called upon to remind us that we owed a duty to each other, and that it was right we should be careful about those whom we brought so closely into association with ourselves; that really it

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was a distinction to be upon this Committee, and that it would be very unfortunate for anyone to be placed upon it upon whom we ourselves could not depend, and who might even use the connection for their own individual advancement, without reference to ourselves.

There was a good deal of talk and various names were mentioned—then the first lady proposed Mrs. Stryker, and the second, after whispering to two or three not opposing, Mrs. Stryker was quickly elected.

I was surprised and also perplexed, as was also Mrs. Van Curler.

"Are you not astonished?" I heard her say to the lady who had besought us to be careful.

"No, oh, no," she answered; "they are making every exertion, and you have no idea how they are coming on."

As we drove home Mrs. Van Curler was silent for some time. "What a very great pity we did not accept, after all," she sighed at length. "They always feel such things so when they are just starting."

When we arrived at the house we found that Miss Sibthorpe had been waiting for some time to see Mrs. Van Curler.

"Was there ever anything so provoking!" exclaimed that lady. "Of all persons—and *now* of all times."

Miss Sibthorpe was perhaps the most aggravated—corrugated—form of an old maid in town. It seems occasionally to dawn upon the minds of some beings of that sort that they have had their day. Miss Sibthorpe—she was known as "Miss Sib" by the irreverent—did not seem to have suffered that kind of illumination. The flight of years—and men—appeared to have had no effect upon her. She was always aggressively cheerful, which was very trying. Such people should be conscious of their own misfortunes—but she always silently insisted that everyone should act as if she was, what she was, of her own free will. I hope I have not been too hard on "Miss Sib," but I really do not think she is nice.

I do not remember what brought her to see us on that particular afternoon, but Mrs. Van Curler's was one of her strongholds, and her visits were frequent. During Miss Sibthorpe's stay she disclosed, however, the fact that she had stormed another fastness—I knew it was at point of tongue and without giving quarter to any of the garrison—one evidently, in her opinion, of great strength. In other words, she had recently become a friend of the Strykers.

At the mention of that name I glanced at Mrs. Van Curler and saw her shudder.

"Miss Sib" told us of the Stryker horses, of the Stryker pictures, of the Stryker plate; and indeed, she told us of all that might impress us with their importance, or rather with her importance in being the friend of people so important.

Mrs. Van Curler, I noticed, was visibly affected.

"But," continued "Miss Sib," "you've no idea of the sensation there will be when their niece comes out."

Mrs. Van Curler's interest became intense.

"No one has seen her yet," went on the other, "but they intend to give a great ball for her, and she will be the most beautiful *débutante* for many a year."

"Oh," moaned Mrs. Van Curler, after Miss Sibthorpe had departed, "if I *have* made a mistake in not going after all."

As it happened, we were to go to a large luncheon that day, and we left the house almost immediately. We were very despondent. Our path we felt was strewn too thickly with very sharp and troublesome social thorns.

I am afraid I was not very interesting to the women with whom I happened to be, but as my engagement had only recently been announced, I have no doubt that I was supposed to be thinking exclusively of *him*. And so I might have been, if there had been the slightest need of it. But I am glad to say that in our case everything ran smoothly—that everyone consented, and for that matter everyone was very much pleased, and that therefore we did not have to think much of each other. If we had been kept apart—if I had been told that he was ineligible—if I had been ordered not to see him, I do not know but that I might have

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become a strong-willed, which is much better than a strong-minded, heroine. Still I have latterly been very thankful, and thought it a great blessing that my affections did happen to be bestowed, so to speak, *popularly*, and that I was able to meet all my friends with the sweet consciousness that I was doing exactly what they would do—if they had the chance.

I shall say nothing of what happened at the luncheon, which was gorgeous, except so far as may be necessary to show the trials and tribulations of Mrs. Van Curler.

We had not been feasting very long when my neighbors, not finding me very interesting, began talking among themselves, and I was soon aroused by a question I heard.

"My dear," said some one on my right, "did you see who was in the Stryker box the night before last? I could hardly believe my eyes."

"Yes," answered another, in awed astonishment, "Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten. At first I thought I must be mistaken, but it was *surely* she."

I glanced at Mrs. Van Curler and saw that she had heard what was said. I really think she had become so sensitive that if anyone had whispered the Stryker name in the next house, she would in some way have known it.

She left the house with something of a routed, demoralized air, and when we were in the brougham she spoke despairingly.

"It would not have been in the least bad," she cried, "if Mrs. Spuyten went with her; indeed it would have been quite an association with her in bringing them on."

As we alighted before the house we saw Mr. Van Curler, who had come up from down-town, ascending the steps. When we met at the door he turned to his wife with a self-satisfied smile, and said:

"Wasn't it fortunate we accepted! I met Stryker going down on the 'Elevated,' and could tell him we were coming."

I do not think that I ever experienced such a shock in my life. I turned to Mrs. Van Curler. I have read of looks that blight—of looks that blast—of looks that do many strange things; but Mrs. Van Curler's look on this occasion was really incinerating.

"I told him," Mr. Van Curler continued, innocently, "that it was so lucky we did not have an engagement."

"And I wrote that we had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten," gasped Mrs. Van Curler.

"What!" exclaimed her husband.

"An invitation came from the Duyvil Spuytens, and of course I accepted it."

Mr. Van Curler was no uncommon man, and when he was angry he was emphatic. On this occasion he was—not uncommon.

"An invitation from the Duyvil Spuytens, 'quite informally,' and Christopher Bowker is to be there," urged Mrs. Van Curler.

"Bowker!" cried her husband. "Grain is away off and Bowker is half-way to Chicago by this time."

Mrs. Van Curler said nothing.

As we were passing through the hall, Mr. and Mrs. Van Curler being before me and busily engaged in conversation, I saw the door of a small reception-room open and Charley appeared at it, quite as if he were in a play. He beckoned to me mysteriously. He evidently wanted to see me — and to see me alone—but I thought that it was best he should first speak to his mother. I therefore exclaimed "Oh!" as loud as I could and have it seem natural. Mrs. Van Curler turned around, of course, as did Mr. Van Curler, and there was something quite resembling a touching domestic scene over the return of the somewhat prodigal son.

"Why did you not let us know certainly you were coming?" she asked.

"I wanted to take you by surprise," he answered, as I thought rather lamely, but Mrs. Van Curler was too much absorbed to notice anything.

"You will help me," Charley said, the moment we were alone.

"Of course," I answered, "but what is it now?"

"It's worse than all the rest — it's matrimony."

"Are you married?" I cried, and instantly made up my mind that I would do everything that I could for him—poor fellow.

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"No, only engaged."

"Really!" I exclaimed, somewhat disappointed. "Who is she?"

"I don't think you'd know her—her people are not——"

"She's nothing *too* awful?" I interrupted.

"Now look here," he exclaimed, "I won't have it; she is——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, for I wished to avoid a too violent and lengthy description of her charms. "But who is she?"

"Her name is Letitia Dicks."

"Where does she live?" I asked, blankly.

"Around everywhere, I should say—at school—in Europe——"

"But who are her father and mother?"

"She hasn't got any."

"But don't you know anything definite," I cried, in desperation. "She must belong to someone—come from somewhere."

"I'm sure I don't know much to tell you," he replied, "but she's a niece of those Strykers—the people who made so much money in something to eat."

"Really!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Don't say 'really' again," said Charley, petulantly. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nothing—but how did it all happen?"

"Up at Mount Oasis this summer; I was with her most of the time, and when I wasn't I wanted to be. Then I went to the West, but it was no use—that even wasn't big enough to forget in—so I thought I'd try the East, and I started, saw her in Boston, and here I am."

"A niece of the Strykers," I said half to myself. "*The* niece of the Strykers."

"Do you think there will be any trouble?"

"I can only tell you," I answered, "that we have probably just succeeded in making the Strykers our deadliest enemies."

"Now, what was the use of doing that sort of thing?" asked Charley, querulously.

I told him briefly the events of the morning, culminating in the distress brought about by Mr. Van Curler.

"There are other reasons," I began.

But just then Mrs. Van Curler entered the room. I was, I must say, very curious to see what effect the news would have upon her. I never regarded her as a blind believer in any abstract philosophy, holding that perfect happiness arose from moral and mental sources; but rather one with a very lively recognition of what more material things could do in that direction. Mrs. Van Curler was, so her friends said, extremely practical. I knew that the confession had to come, and thought that we might as well have it all out; for there is nothing more distressing than having anything hanging over one, no matter if it is only the fear that the wrong man is going to take you in to dinner, or to ask you to marry him after it. I therefore concluded to leave them alone, but just before I went I said "Tell" to Charley, but so low that he alone could hear me.

Charley must have broken the news to his mother in a very gradual and expansive manner, it took so very long, but finally Mrs. Van Curler came to me in the library.

"I suppose you know?" she said.

I replied that I had been told everything.

"This is very serious."

I asked her to explain her meaning.

"If it only were their daughter!" she exclaimed.

I innocently inquired why, when she knew so much about the Strykers, she would prefer a closer relation.

"She would have direct claims upon them—not that I do not think of Charley's happiness, but I do wish that he could be happy with someone who had direct claims."

I have already said that Mrs. Van Curler was deliciously general at critical time, and her phrase seemed to please her.

"They have no children," I suggested, even as a most hardened worldling might have done.

"That is very true, and we may have mortally offended them."

"Did they ever say anything of her?" I inquired.

"Why, yes—I remember now that

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Mrs. Stryker quite—really very often—spoke of a niece who was at Mount Oasis with some friends; but it might be either one thing or the other. Oh—if we only had accepted the invitation!"

Here we were interrupted by a maid, who told us that Miss Sibthorpe had returned to us.

"I cannot see her," gasped Mrs. Van Curler, "and find out if you can."

I forgot what it was that "Miss Sib" had forgotten, but she was there, and I did my best to extract from her all the information I could. It was not a difficult undertaking, for Miss Sibthorpe was ever ready for gossip, and I quickly brought her to the subject of the morning.

"I don't know whether I should tell or not," she said, finally, and in answer to my observation that the young lady would be rich; "but," and here she almost whispered in very awe, "I have it from Mrs. Stryker herself that almost all the money will go to her, and that, you know, is something enormous."

How I suffered for Mrs. Van Curler.

"He'll be a lucky fellow who gets her," continued Miss Sibthorpe; "I should hardly think she would be satisfied with anything in this country."

I must say I hurried the call after that, and hastened back to Mrs. Van Curler. I felt as I finished, that with this revelation she would be beyond the reach of consolation.

"If I had only accepted—if I only had," cried this respectable malefactor.

Her grief was not exactly the kind that would do for the *motif* of a tragedy. There was, I fear, nothing heroic about it. But still she suffered as deeply as if she had been a heroine of grand opera, and it would have afforded her great relief to let down what hair she had, to come forward to the foot-lights, and sing a confidential solo about her troubles.

"What can we say to satisfy them?" she asked.

Here a maid entered. "Some books," she said to Mrs. Van Curler, "that have just been left."

Mrs. Van Curler merely glanced at them and let them drop.

"There," she said, "I told you so."

"What is it?" I cried.

"They have returned them."

I was utterly unable to understand the awful significance of what had occurred.

"I lent them to her in the country—just paper-covered things that I never dreamed she would return. And now she has sent them back. She must be furious. It's just what such people would do if they were."

It was one of those little social actions that seem so trivial, but often mean so much; for the ways of society are wonderful, and the same thing can be used to convey a warning, offer a propitiation, or declare deadliest hate.

"There can be no doubt, they must be furious," declared Mrs. Van Curler, solemnly.

She sat and gazed upon me as if I were some great natural curiosity, worthy of intent study. I looked very steadily at her, and so we remained, neither of us really seeing the other for some moments.

Here the maid again entered, this time with a note for Mrs. Van Curler.

"What can it be now?" cried Mrs. Van Curler, excitedly.

She tore open the envelope nervously.

"I don't understand," she said, after she had glanced at the page hurriedly. "It's very strange—listen."

"'Dear Mrs. Van Curler,'" she read, "'I regret very much that Mr. Bowker has been called from town, and that therefore our little dinner must for the present be postponed. I hope, as I have not heard from you yet, that this, although so late, will reach you in time to prevent you from making any change in what you would have done had you not received my invitation. Sincerely yours, Eleanor Spuyten.'"

Mrs. Van Curler looked at me questioningly.

"'As I have not heard from you!'" she repeated in wonder. "What can she mean?"

I was vainly trying to imagine, when Mrs. Van Curler rose as if a thought had suddenly occurred to her, and rang the bell.

"Send Lupton to me directly," she said to the maid who came in response.

Neither of us spoke, and that functionary soon appeared.

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"I gave two notes to you this morning," said Mrs. Van Curler, severely.

I saw his face change; he was shaken; he became human.

"Yes, madam," he said, in tone quite different from his usual late lamented voice.

"What did you do with them?" she demanded.

"Indeed, I'm very sorry," he answered, "and I hope you won't lay it up against me; but I met a friend who was going to be married——"

"What did you do with the notes?" again demanded Mrs. Van Curler, "did you forget to deliver them?"

"I did, madam."

My heart gave a sympathetic bound. In an instant I realized that Lupton's carelessness had saved us. We could accept the Stryker invitation. They would never know we had refused it, and all would be well.

And all was well.

How quickly Mrs. Van Curler took those notes, how quickly they were torn up, how quickly two new ones were written and despatched, anyone who has done anything for which he or she is sorry — and that is everyone — can readily understand.

The dinner was perfect. The opera was charmingly given before a great house. The Strykers themselves were very nice. All the people that should, came to the box, and none of those who shouldn't — and indeed it was a very pleasant evening.

The next day the Strykers very gladly gave their consent to the marriage.

And this is what I was going to tell you at first—how Charley Van Curler came to marry the great heiress, and how, in Mrs. Van Curler's opinion, he nearly lost her.

THE CABLE STREET-RAILWAY.

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

ON August 1, 1873, at five o'clock in the morning, several engineers and a few workmen stood at the top of Clay Street, San Francisco, listening to the noise—probably they called it music — made by the first cable in this country. Clay Street runs up Russian Hill, one of the steep bluffs of San Francisco, and rises three hundred and seven feet in about three-quarters of a mile. For a long time horse-cars had been tried up this incline, for owing to the view the top of the hill had become a favorite place for dwelling-houses; but, although five horses were used at a time in pulling a car uphill, it was found hard work when the cars were loaded, and in going down hill the danger of the brakes giving way was enough to frighten timid passengers from riding at all. Andrew S. Hallidie, a San Francisco engineer, taking his fundamental ideas from the cable roads used in English and Welsh collieries, devised the system used upon this first road and it remains practically that of the twenty-seven cable roads in this country to-day. Hallidie interested three fellow-citizens in the project of running a cable road up Russian Hill when horse-cars failed. Books were opened for subscriptions to the scheme in 1872. Not a share of stock could be sold at any price. The four original projectors persevered, however, and having obtained a franchise from the city, the cable began moving on August 1, 1873. Before the first car had made its second trip up the hill, the delighted citizens assembled in force and not only cheered the engineers, but pelted the cars with flowers. Hallidie had solved the problem and opened some of the most beautiful parts of the city to settlement.

The original patents provided for an endless chain or cable running in a covered trench, the connection with the cars being made by means of a grip passing through the open slot in the trench. It was expected that the cable would prove a costly investment, as compared to horse-cars, but up that steep incline it was that or nothing. Engineers who criticised the scheme, expressed doubts

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whether a longer line than that could be operated. The success of the road was, however, so marked in every respect, mechanically and financially, that in less than ten years San Francisco had seven cable lines and the system spread to a number of other cities. Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati took up the new device. At an important meeting of the American Street Railway Association in Chicago in 1884, the reports made as to the working of the cable system were so favorable as to lead still other cities to get rid of the horses if they could, and in the following year, on August 25, 1885, the first cable-car in the city of New York made its trip on the line running along One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street and up Tenth Avenue. The Third Avenue Railway Company, the richest street railway corporation in the country, constructed the line as an experiment before introducing the system along its eight miles of track on Third Avenue from the Harlem River to the City Hall. From the first day the success of the system was apparent and the Third Avenue Company began to lay plans for putting a cable along its whole line. Meanwhile cable roads were making their way elsewhere with astonishing rapidity. A number of towns on the Pacific coast, such as Los Angeles and Seattle introduced them, and they made their appearance in Denver, Cleveland, and Providence.

In New York City there were other than mechanical difficulties in the way of laying cables for street railways. When application was made to the municipal powers that be for the necessary permits to do the work, it was found that labor, as represented by the thousands of car-drivers, hostlers, and stablemen employed by the street railways of the city, objected to the introduction of the cable. To the five hundred stablemen employed by the Third Avenue line, such a change would mean discharge, as ten furnace men and ten engineers would do their work. To the car-drivers it meant a more difficult task, involving more skill and judgment, for the famous grip is rather more difficult to manage than a pair of horses. Moreover, as the new cable-cars would carry one-half more passengers than the horse-cars, the change meant a reduction in the number of cars and consequently of drivers and conductors required to man the road. The protesting voice of labor was heard by the aldermen of New York, and for a long time it was found impossible to obtain the necessary permits for the work. The great public, however, had something to say in the matter, and when the Broadway road began laying its trench for a cable, the Third Avenue line was not long in following its example.

The advantages of the cable over horses are many, both to citizens and to the railway company. In the city the change means vastly cleaner and better streets. The two thousand horses used on the Third Avenue line not only spread tons of manure along the streets to poison the air and foul the crossings, but they battered the pavements out of shape. Cable-cars also run faster than horse-cars. They may prove to be more dangerous, even with better appliances for stopping, but this is perhaps the price we have to pay for greater speed.

It need scarcely be said that in the end the cable-car is more profitable to the railway company than the horse-car. Exactly how much more profitable, it is not easy to say, as corporations refuse to give exact figures. But from current talk among engineers familiar with the subject, it may be assumed that as compared to operating a road with horses, the cable effects a saving of thirty per cent.

From the reports made to the *Street Railway Journal* it was computed that the average operating expenses, taking the figures of a dozen cable roads, are 8.4 cents per car and per mile. The operating expense upon the average horse-car line is said to be 10.2 cents, which shows a saving of less than twenty per cent. In large cities, however, the results are more favorable to the cable than this. The average cost of construction and equipment of a cable line in a small city is put by experts at $175,000 a mile. For a city like New York such figures have to be doubled.

The first outlay for a cable plant is of course enormous as compared to a horse-car road, but the deterioration is

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The Difficulties of Making a Cable Trench.
(View of underground work at Broadway and Fourteenth Street, New York.)

insignificant. Steam engines and driving machinery last a lifetime, while the hard work required of a car-horse uses the animal up in less than five years. Another item of saving is in the wages of stablemen and hostlers. Wherever a machine can be made to do the work of a man there is a saving, and the force of men now required at the power houses of the Broadway road in New York City to run the machinery is only one-eighth of what it used to be when horses were used. Still another advantage is in the smaller quarters required. A building half the size of the old stables will contain the boilers and engines required for the cable. The enormous stables of the big horse-car lines have long been a menace to the city on account of the danger from fire, and a source of foul odors at all times. The carting through the streets of vast quantities of manure from the stables is also done away with.

There is also one advantage which the cable road has over horse-cars that few persons not familiar with the subject realize. Both cable roads and horse-car roads have to be prepared at all times to carry an exceptionally large number of passengers. During certain hours of the day the business requires four times as many cars as at other times; then upon occasions of public ceremony, parades, celebrations, etc., the whole force of cars may fall short. In order to be ready for such emergencies, both daily and occasional, the horse-car road has to keep in readiness a large number of horses, probably twice the number required for the average work of the road. And of course the car-horse costs as much to keep in idleness as when at work. With the cable roads a greater demand means simply more steam, more coal to be shovelled into the furnaces. Finally, the cable roads expect not only to save money in the ways I have indicated, but they expect to receive a larger income than from horse-cars because of the better service offered to

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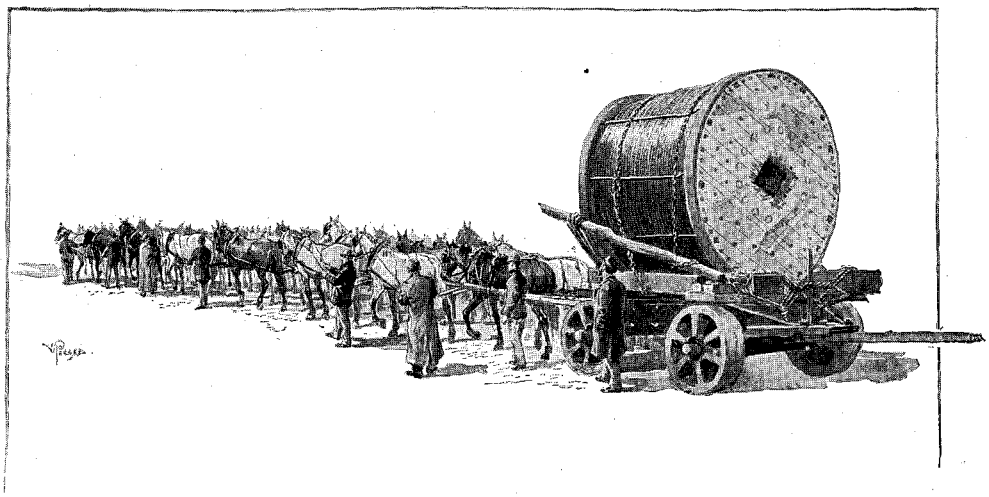
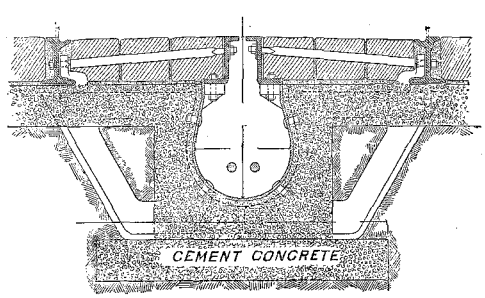


A Forty-two Ton Cable Spool on its Way to the Power-house.

the public. They expect to attract customers from the elevated roads and the horse-car lines, and they are probably justified in so doing.

The chief reason why New York, aside from the difficulties of obtaining the necessary permits from the city authorities, was so far behind other cities in replacing horse-car lines by cable roads, was that here the cost of laying the cable was much more than in smaller cities. The expense of cutting a path through the net-work of pipes of every description in the New York streets frightened capital away. The illustration [p. 373] showing the work of laying the cable-trench at Broadway and Fourteenth Street gives some idea of the difficulties which had to be overcome. Here were no less than thirty-two different pipes belonging to more than a dozen different companies—gas, water, sewer, steam, pneumatic, electric, etc. All these companies had rights which the cable company was under bonds to respect. The work of getting the pipes out of the way had to be done without interfering with the service of each of these corporations. Sometimes days were wasted in trying to find the owners of pipes that had been abandoned, perhaps for years. Gas companies and steam companies had gone out of business, but had left their pipes to make the confusion under the pavements worse confounded. The enormous cost of this work explains the high price asked by some of the contractors for certain parts of the lines in New York City. Some blocks along the lower part of the Bowery are said to have cost the contractors at the rate of $300,000 a mile.

The construction of the cable trench is simple enough, and may be plainly seen from the accompanying illustration. It consists virtually in a sectional iron tube, with a slot open at the surface of the street. In the tube are the wheels or sheaves upon which runs the cable. At intervals of thirty-one feet are openings by means of which the workmen may get at the sheaves for purposes of oiling and observation. The castings used in keeping the cable tube in place also support



Cross-section of the Road-bed of a Cable Railway.

the rails upon which the cars run. In a street not already filled up with pipes, this work would be easy. In crowded

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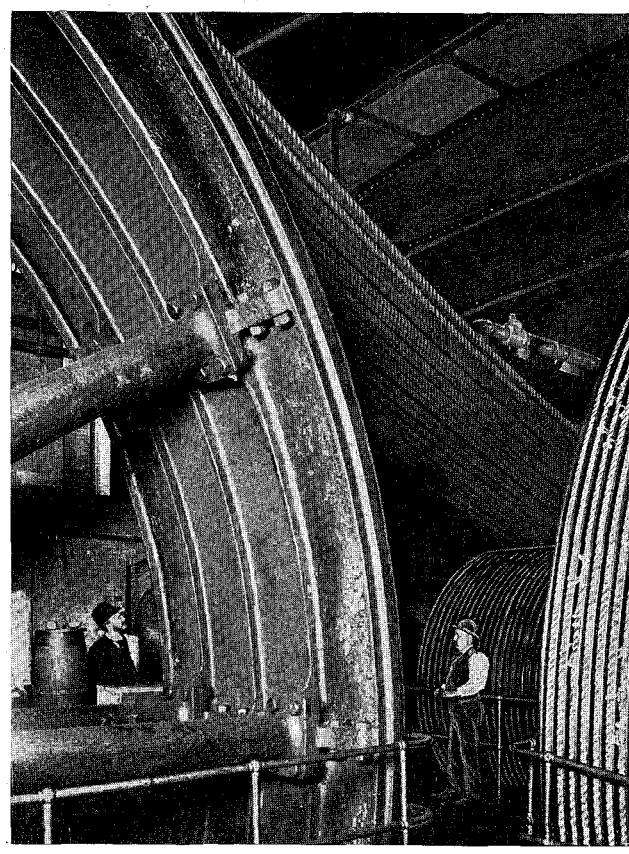
parts of New York it was disheartening, and one contractor threw up his contract in despair.

The most interesting part of the cable system to a layman is unquestionably the power-houses containing the machinery which moves the cable. In principle this machinery is simple enough, consisting of a steam engine which turns the drum or series of drums around which the cable passes. In practice the apparatus is more complex. Taking one of the most simple of the driving plants, that in the power-house of the Broadway road, at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, the piston of the 1,000 horse-power Corliss engine turns a big fly-wheel weighing 56 tons, measuring 24 feet in diameter and revolving at the rate of 66 revolutions a minute. Geared upon the same shaft with this fly-wheel is a drum 14 feet in diameter connected by cotton cables with another drum 32 feet in diameter. Geared on the same shaft with this big drum is a pair of 12-foot wheels, around which the street cable passes and from which it gets its power. The 2-inch cotton cables connecting the engine-shaft drum with the big driving-shaft drum are known as Lambeth cables, and were first made in England for some cable plants established in Australia, where more than a dozen cities are now supplied with such street railways. As yet we have to import these cables from England, and the four men in this country who understand how to splice such cables are in the employ of the English manufacturers and are kept busy travelling from city to city making the necessary splices. These are necessary when the cotton cables stretch too much. These big cotton cables, which when in use look very much like wire, are thought by most people who have seen illustrations of the cable machinery to be part of the cable which runs in the street. In reality, they simply take the place of the leather belts used in ordinary machinery to communicate power from one wheel to another. Upon some of the drums twelve or fifteen or even thirty cables are used. Upon the largest drums in this country, those in the power-house in the basement of the building at Broadway and Houston Street, the big drums are 32 feet in diameter, with a face 8 feet 4 inches wide, and carry 30 cables. Some idea of the enormous size of the largest of these drums may be obtained from the illustration showing the inside surface of one of these gigantic



Under Side of a Great Drum at Houston Street and Broadway.
Diameter, 32 feet; weight, 106 tons; face of wheel, 8 feet 4 inches, carrying 30 cotton cables.

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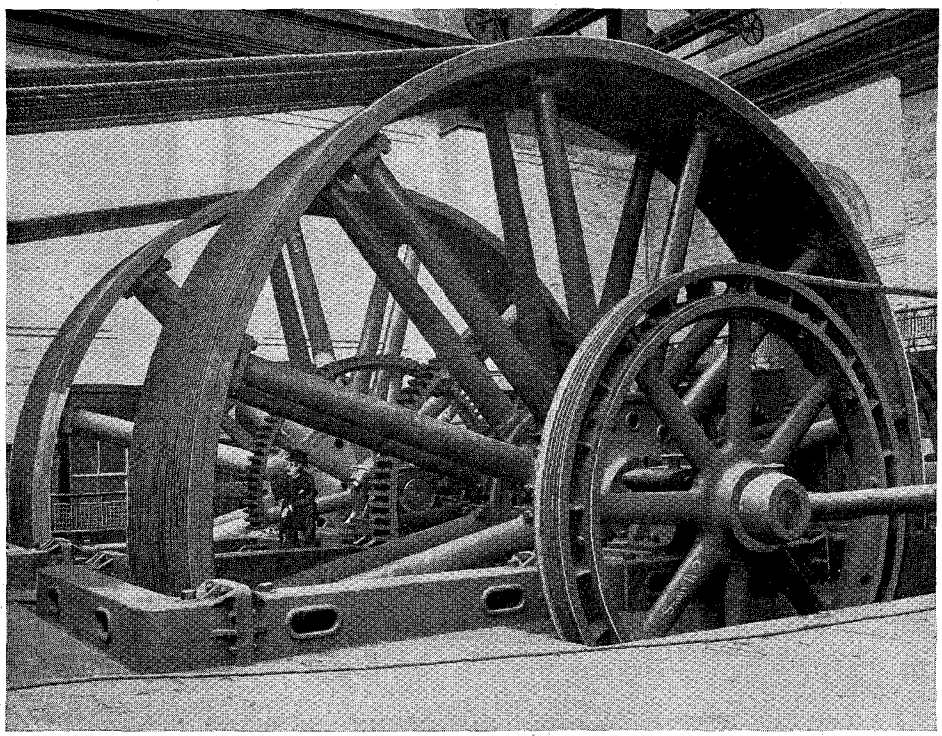

The Big Drums at Third Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street. Driving Wheel and Street Cable in foreground.

wheels, weighing 106 tons. After passing around the driving drums, the cable, before starting on its long journey through the streets, is straightened out automatically, in order to keep its tension about the same all the time, notwithstanding the pull to which it may be subjected by the cars. In the illustration on the opposite page will be seen the device by which this is accomplished in the power-house at Fiftieth Street. The cable, as it leaves the driving drum, passes over a big wheel mounted upon a movable carriage; this carriage is attached to a wire cable at the other end of which is fastened a huge weight of several tons, so arranged as to rise and fall according to the pull upon the street cable. When comparatively a few cars are running along the cable it is apt to be slack, and this movable carriage takes in this slack of the cable by pulling it toward the tower in which the weight, seen in the illustration, moves up and down according to the pull upon the main cable.

The Broadway and Third Avenue cable lines each have two power-houses. The engines at Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue run the Broadway cable from Fifty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue down to Thirty-fifth Street; those in the building at Houston Street run the other sections—from Thirty-fifth Street down to Houston Street, and from Houston Street down to the Battery. On the Third Avenue line the engines in the power-house at Sixty-fifth Street, the old horse-car stables, run the cable from Sixth Street to 130th Street. Those at Bayard Street, in the Bowery, continue the work to the City Hall terminus of the line. Thus the longest piece of cable in use in New York is that from Sixth Street up to 130th Street, a distance of about six and one-half miles, making 13 miles of cable. The weight of this wire rope is something like two hundred and sixty tons. It has been estimated that to move this cable slowly through the trench, without the weight of any cars, would require the combined strength of one thousand two hundred men. The cable

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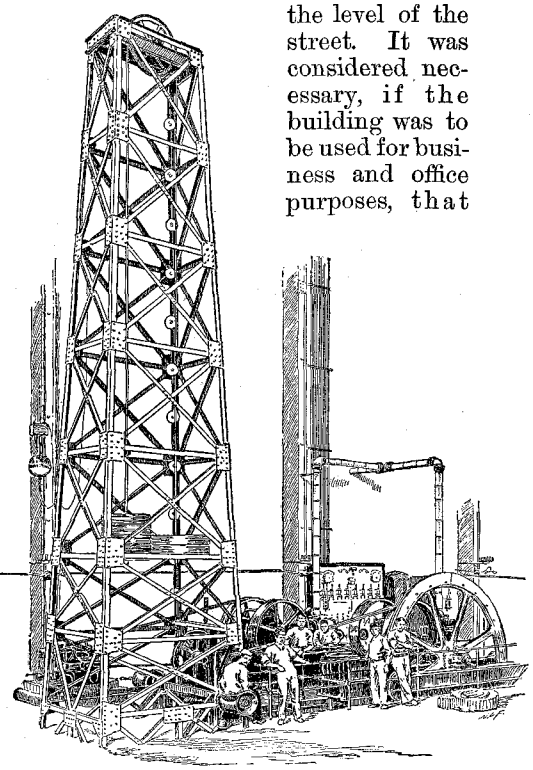
is sent to New York from the Trenton Works wound upon gigantic spools which hold from forty to sixty tons of wire. The illustration on p. 374 shows a spool, weighing 42 tons, in transit from the boat to the power-house. Thirty horses were used in this instance, and though the wheels of the truck are immensely wide, they are apt to leave their mark on the paved roadway.

The finest power-house in New York and the largest cable-plant in the country, is that of the Third Avenue line at Sixty-fifth Street. The engine-room measures 137 feet in width by 170 feet in depth; its glazed roof is 84 feet high. In handling the machinery, most of which is of extraordinary weight, a Sellers electric crane of 24 horse-power has been used; this crane consists of an immense double girder stretching across the engine-room and running upon tracks near the roof. Upon the girders themselves runs the lifting apparatus. Thus by this double movement, any object weighing less than thirty tons may be picked up, and carried to any part of the big room, as quickly and easily as a workman can carry a ten-pound casting. Both the motive power of the crane and its lifting power are electric. Four engines of the Providence-Corliss type, 40 inches diameter of cylinder and 72-inch stroke, one thousand horse-power, are used to propel the cable machinery. The fly-wheels are 23 feet in diameter and weigh 40 tons; the driving drums are 22 feet in diameter, connected with the 32-feet shaft-drums by 22 two-and-a-half-inch Lambeth cotton cables. The drums around which the street cable passes are 15 feet in diameter. The boiler-room of this fine plant faces on Second Avenue, and is one of the largest and best lighted in the country. It contains 32 horizontal tubular return boilers of 125 horse-power each. The coal used in each furnace is weighed automatically as it passes in, so that, at the end of the day, the engineer can tell by a glance at the dials what each boiler has consumed.

The power-house at Houston Street and Broadway offers no such picture of comfort and convenience as that at Third Avenue, for it is crowded with machinery, and so dark that electric lights have to be used everywhere, even at noon. In the construction of this power-house great ingenuity was displayed by Major G. W. McNulty, the engineer in charge of the line. The problem was to provide sufficient room for the gigantic machinery used, and yet get some income out of the property, which at this point is valuable for renting purposes. The excavations upon the plot, 100 feet wide on Broadway by 200 feet on Houston Street, were carried to a very unusual depth, 40 feet below the level of the street. It was considered necessary, if the building was to be used for business and office purposes, that the vibrations of the machinery should be felt as little as possible, and with this end in view the whole plant of the cable road stands upon its own foundations, while the iron pillars and stone piers which support the building above, are independent of the floors which contain the machinery. The plant at Houston Street varies but little from



Tower and Weight for Keeping the Cable Taut.
(Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue.)

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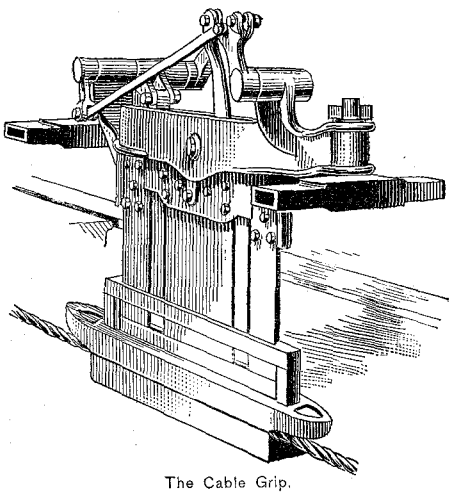
that in the other stations, and consists of four engines of the Corliss type, 1,000 horse-power, geared to a series of drums. The gearing is more

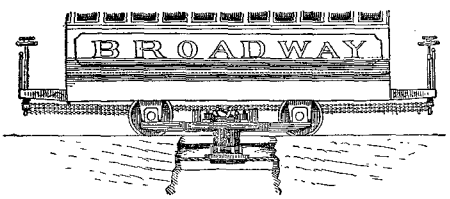


The Cable Grip.

complicated and expensive than at Fiftieth Street, or over at Third Avenue, owing to the cramped space. As compared to the other power-houses, the engineers employed here have rather a hard time of it, owing to the darkness and the heat. Last summer, before all the steam-pipes were properly jacketed with non-conducting material, the heat in the engine-room often rose to 120°.

The cable used in New York is similar to that employed all over the country. Upon its perfection and durability largely depends the successful working of the road. The grip by which the cars are made fast to the cable is the same upon both lines. This famous grip is the source of constant wonder to the public, and yet it is extremely simple, consisting virtually of a clamp two feet long through which the cable passes. The upper part of the clamp is raised or depressed by the brake under the driver's hand. When depressed, it grips the cable more or less firmly; if not very tight, it allows the cable to slip somewhat, thus carrying the car along at a slow speed. When tight enough to allow no slipping, the car of course moves along at the same speed as the cable, which in New York is about eight miles an hour in the upper parts of the city, and six miles down town. It might be thought that the friction and wear of this system would be destructive to the cables, and it unquestionably does shorten their lives. But the steel cable is of extraordinary strength and endures the constant clamping of these grips a thousand times every day without showing much wear. The first Broadway cable lasted six months, and it had to stand all the hard usage of inexperienced hands when the gripmen were new to the business. The accidents which at one time made New Yorkers rather nervous as to cable-cars on Broadway, were due to the unravelling of cable strands worn out by the friction of the grip. These strands twisted themselves around the grip, and it was found impossible to let the cable go. So upon one or two occasions the car went on at full speed, carrying everything before it and accumulating quite a collection of other cars and vehicles before a frantic telephone message to the power-house resulted in stopping the cable.

The cable-cars that run on the East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, carry more people than any other cable road in the world, the average traffic last year exceeding 105,000 passengers a day, or about forty millions a year. Upon this bridge line the driving machinery is very similar to that of our street railways. The grip in use, designed by the late Colonel W. H. Paine, is upon a different principle, and consists of a group of wheels,



Connection of Grip with Cable.

against the periphery of which the cable rubs. The brake which stops the grip-wheels also forces them against the cable. This grip is said to be less severe upon the cable than the clamp-grip, but it is not so direct, and consequently so rapid, in its action, and rapidity is needed for the constant stoppings and startings of street-railway traffic.

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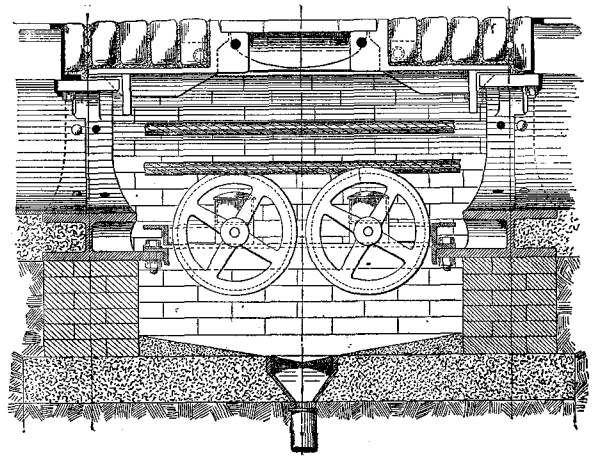
A broken strand is the bugbear of the cable engineer. It is a costly as well as a dangerous affair. The piece of damaged cable has to be cut out and the ends spliced—a delicate operation for which only a few skilled workmen in the employ of the cable manufacturers are competent. In order to guard so far as possible against this danger, the whole cable plant is virtually double—engines and cable. One plant runs for twenty-four hours, when the other plant takes its place and allows the engineers an opportunity to give the plant which is resting a thorough examination. Besides this, a man is always stationed at the spot where the cable leaves the power-house; he keeps his eye on the cable and gives the signal to stop when he detects signs of anything wrong.

As it may be a matter of life and death to be able to stop the cable instantly, the driving drums in all the power-houses are held in place upon their shafts by friction-brakes which may be loosened in two seconds, thus stopping the cable though the engine continue at work. Were it not for this friction-brake, it would be necessary to stop the engines before the cable could be brought to a standstill, and with a 50-ton fly-wheel going at the rate of 60 or 70 revolutions a minute, such an operation requires time. Meanwhile a runaway car may be spreading havoc along Broadway.

One of the engineers of the cable road, in speaking of the accidents in which the cable-car takes the bit in its mouth, so to speak, and runs away, said that the public seemed apt to become much more frightened when this occurred than there was any reason for. Some people have an idea that when anything goes wrong with the cable, the car may suddenly begin moving at some terrific rate of speed, carrying everything before it until it dashes itself and its unfortunate passengers to pieces. Any one who takes the trouble to think about the matter, will realize that under no circumstances can the car go faster than the cable itself, or eight miles an hour. The passengers who remain in a run-away cable-car are perfectly safe—except as they may be injured by flying glass and splinters when the car runs down other vehicles in its way. If, by any means, the car is brought to a standstill while the grip is still fast and the cable going, the whole grip apparatus would be torn from the bottom of the car; and this has been provided for.



Longitudinal Section, showing Conduit, Sheave Pit, and Grip Hatch.

A runaway cable-car is a far more dangerous affair to those who get in its way than to its own passengers. The most effective object-lesson in teaching one the tremendous power of the cable is to see the playful manner in which a heavy truck is thrown out of the way by the cable-car when the brakes fail to work quickly enough, or the driver of the truck fails to obey the cable-man's warning gong.

Within the last six months more than a score of devices designed to lessen the danger of running over people who may get in the way of a car have been offered to the cable companies. Not only is the speed more than that of horse-cars, but the force is a hundred-fold greater. That which appears to meet the approval of most experts is a species of guard or shield, almost touching the ground, or so near the pavement that it will push before it or out of the way any large object, thus acting as the cow-catcher of a locomotive. Several fatal accidents have made imperative the adoption of some adequate safety device.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XVI.

ARRIVALS AT ROSEMONT.

THE air was mild down on the main road which, because it led from Suez to Pulaski City, was known as the Susie and Pussie pike. The highway showed a mere dusting of snow, and out afield the sun had said good-morning so cavalierly to some corn-shocks that the powder was wholly kissed off one sallow cheek of each. The riders kept the pike northwesterly a short way and then took the left, saying less and less as they went on, till the college came into view, their hearts sinking as it rose.

The campus was destitute of human sounds, but birds gossiped so openly on every hand concerning the tardy intrusion that John was embarrassed, and hardly felt, much less saw, what rich confusion the red and yellow browns of clinging and falling leaves made among the purple-gray trunks and olive-dappled boughs, and on the fading green of the sod.

The jays were everywhere, foppish, flippant, the perfection of privileged rudeness. They would have John understand this was a bluejay's government.

Other birds showed milder manners. One prophesied, "sleet, sleet," another said cheerily, "We wish it! We wish it!" and a wren, delightedly mistaking John for someone else, cried—"Peterkin! Peterkin Peters!"—hushed a moment in doubt, began again—"Pete!"—saw his error, flew to a tree farther away, and pretending not to have discovered John at all, called into the opposite distance, "Peterkin! Peterkin Peters!"

It seemed a great way through the grove. At the foot of the steps John would have liked to make the acquaintance of some fat hens that were picking around in the weak sunshine and uttering now and then a pious, housewifely sigh.

There was an awful stillness as the two ascended the steps, carrying the broken carpet-bag between them. Glancing back down the campus avenue, John hoped the unknown woman just entering its far gate was not observing. So mild was the air here that the front door stood open. In the hall a tall student, with a sergeant's chevrons on his gray sleeve, came from a class-room and led them into a small parlor. Major Garnet was in Suez, but Mrs. Garnet would see them.

They waited. On the mantel an extremely Egyptian clock—green and gilt—whispered at its task in servile oblivion to visitors. John stared at a black-framed lithograph, and his father murmured,

"That's the poet Longfellow, son, who wrote that nice letteh to yo' dear motheh. This colo'ed picture's Napoleon crossing the Alps."

A footstep came down the hall, and John saw a pretty damsel of twelve or thirteen with much loose red-brown hair, stop near the door of the reception-room and gaze at someone else who must have been coming up the porch-steps. He could not hear this person's slow advance, but presently a voice in the porch said, tenderly, "Miss Barb?" and gave a low, nervous laugh.

Barbara shrank back a step. The soft footfall reached the threshold. The maiden retreated half a step more. Behind her sounded a faint patter of crinoline coming down the hall stairs. And then there came into view from the porch, bending forward with caressing arms, a slim, lithe negress of about nineteen years. Her flimsy dress was torn by thorns, and her hands were pitifully scratched. Her skirt was gone, the petticoat bemired, and her naked feet were bleeding.

"Miss Barb," said the tender voice again. From the inner stairs a lady appeared.

"What is it, son?" Judge March asked, and, rising, saw the lady draw near the

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girl with a look of pitying uncertainty. The tattered form stood trembling, with tears starting down her cheeks.

"Miss Rose—Oh, Miss Rose, it's me!"

"Why, Johanna, my poor child!" Two kind arms opened and the mass of rags and mud dashed into them. The girl showered her kisses upon the pure garments, and the lady silently, tenderly, held her fast. Then she took the black forehead between her hands.

"Child, what does this mean?"

"Oh, it mean nothin' but C'nelius, Miss Rose—same old C'nelius! I hadn't nowheres to run but to you, an' no chance to come but night."

"Can you go upstairs and wait a moment for me in my room? No, poor child, I don't think you can!" But Johanna went, half laughing, half crying, and beckoning to Barbara in the old-time wheedling way.

"Go, Barbara."

The child followed, while John and his father stood with captive hearts before her whom the youths of the college loved to call in valedictory addresses the Rose of Rosemont. She spent a few moments with them, holding John's more than willing hand, and then called in the principal's first assistant, Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew, a smallish man of forty, in piratical white duck trousers, kid slippers, nankeen sack, and ruffled shirt. Irritability confessed itself in this gentleman's face, which was of a clay color, with white spots; and yet it was a face that had the merit of reminding John of home, for the mouth was like his dear mother's, and the thin, yellow hair, combed straight back, looked as if it might rise in moments of anger as the feathers did on the very similar forehead of John's pet hen. Mr. Pettigrew presently declared himself a Virginian, adding, with the dignity of a fallen king, that he—or his father, at least—had lost over a hundred slaves by the war. It was their all. But the boy could not shut his ear to the sweet voice of Mrs. Garnet as, at one side, she talked to his father.

"Sir?" he responded to the first assistant, who was telling him he ought to spell March with a final e, it being always so spelled—in Virginia. The Judge turned for a lengthy good-by, and at its close John went with his preceptor to the school-room, trying, quite in vain, to conceive how Mr. Pettigrew had looked when he was a boy.

XVII.

A GROUP OF NEW INFLUENCES.

All Rosemonters were required to sit together at Sunday morning service, in a solid mass of cadet gray. After this there was ordinary freedom. Thus, when good weather and roads, and Mrs. March's strength permitted, John had the joy of seeing his father and mother come into church; for Rosemont was always ahead of time, and the Marches behind. Then followed the delight of going home with them in their antique and precarious buggy, and of a day-break ride back to Rosemont with his father—sweetest of all accessible company. Accessible, for his mother had forbidden him to visit Fannie Halliday, her father being a traitor. He could only pass by her gate—she was keeping house now—and sometimes have the ecstacy of lingeringly greeting her there.

On stormy Sundays he would gladly have spent an afternoon with Mrs. Garnet, when, silently supported by Barbara, she gave the students an hour which professed to be little more than social, but which one of them enthusiastically called "religion made easy." Mrs. March, however, said no, John must not make one of that group.

"Judge March, she owes that time to the private religious instruction of her daughter and servants. I cannot consent for my son to snatch advantage from such an oversight. It would not be blest, Powhatan; religion is not a grab game—if you'll forgive so coarse a word. Judge March, she's an unbeliever. Fifteen years ago I heard her say it was nothing to her whether the Deluge was fact or fiction. Powhatan, may I not even protect my child's soul?"

"Oh, my deah, who could question yo' right? But now, suppose that next Sunday——"

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"Please call it the sabbath, Powhatan."

"Yes, deah, the sabbath. If it should chance to rain——"

"Oh, Judge March, do you believe rain comes by chance?"

"Oh, no, Daphne, deah. But—if it should be raining hard——"

"It will still be the Lord's day. Your son can read and meditate."

"But if it should be fair, and something else should keep us fum church, and he couldn't come up here, and should feel his loneliness——"

"Can't he visit some of our Suez friends—Mary and Martha Salter, Doctor Coffin, or Parson Tombs, the Sextons, or Clay Mattox? I'm not puritanical, nor are they. He's sure of a welcome from either Cousin Hamlet Graves or his brother Lazarus. Heaven has spared us a few friends still."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Dead loads of them; if son would only take to them. And, Daphne, deah"—the husband brightened—"I hope, yet, he will."

But John didn't. In the afternoon of the first bright Sunday that his parents failed to meet him at church he passed General Halliday's gate three times in vain, and then called on Mr. Ravenel, now chief owner of the Suez *Courier*, and one of the strongest factors in the politics of the State.

Ravenel still lived in the widow's cottage. His room had an east and south window, and a sweet odor of good tobacco. John found him in a low hammock between the windows, surrounded by papers and reading a law book. Mr. Ravenel took one of the papers to brush off—but not till John had blushed for them—some crumbs of ginger-cake from the lad's gray jacket.

The visitor enjoyed himself. An unexpected facility of speech elated him. Mr. Ravenel needed only to make some trivial inquiry, and John's talk would gurgle forth in a way to make silence seem strange, when once in a while it came.

And Ravenel was entertained. He was half the time in a broad smile, and more than once dropped face and hands into the hammock and laughed till he shuffled his feet. John took slight care as to the drift of his chat, except to keep out of the bucolic vein, a precaution he had learned on the campus. Once only he dropped into it to tell of Brandy and Doctor, his father's two steers. One evening, when these horned dissemblers had been to Suez and were nearing home again with a quantity of new crockery, long needed and bought at last, they took fright at his mother in pure pretence, and ran away, strewing the road with broken plates, cups, and saucers for a hundred yards. That was the only time, he said, that he had ever seen his father angry.

John had not dreamed to find Mr. Ravenel so boyish. He could hardly understand why one should laugh till the tears came—just at two runaway oxen.

"You've got a mawnstus good daddy, John. Don't you reckon he's wondering what sort of chap Rosemont's going to make you?"

"I dunno, sir. He says all he asks me is to always be a perfect gentleman."

"D' you reckon you can do it?"

John smiled up at the ceiling. "I've got to try." Then, with a grave, far-away look, "I know one who does believe it."

"Does she?" softly drawled his friend; and the lad grew red. But after a dreadful pause Mr. Ravenel added, "It's a good thing to try."

"D' you know," asked John, "where I can get a 'Gentleman's Complete Book of Etiquette?'"

"Yes, I do."

"I hope it's easy."

"No, it's not easy." The speaker smiled. "But it's short; my mother made me learn it by heart when I was a little boy. It begins: 'And seeing the multitudes he went'—you may not like it; I don't often recommend it, but——"

John's smile was broad and knowing. As it faded he said, "All mother asks me is to go into good company or none."

"Is that good scripture?" inquired Ravenel, drowsily.

"I dunno. I reckon so, ain't it? It's mighty hard to do."

"That's a scandalous good sign. You're a long way from doing it now."

The boy looked sadly quizzed. But

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Ravenel simply drew forth a cigar, and watching his match's flame grow clear, said, "Tain't the company you seek that counts most; it's what you seek it for. Of course, when you seek company *for* company, always get the best." He lighted the cigar, John gazing in noble envy. "But all company's dangerous, and solitude isn't any safer. No company's infallible."

"No," responded John, "no more than the Pope is."

"Or the Bible," said Ravenel. He blew upward a fine thread of smoke.

John stared like a fledgling too silly to fly. But presently he replied, with an unconvinced jerk of the chin: "I can't see it!" And then, as if the connection was close and vital, he asked:

"Don't you think our side was right in the war?"

Jeff-Jack smiled merrily and let his face sink into his hands, saying, "Right! It was better than right."

"I—I don't quite understand."

"Don't you? Why, it was our side."

John mused. A clock struck and he rose to go. Ravenel followed to the gate and seemed willing to prolong the visit. "You must come again," he said, "you talk like a thinker."

John gave him the quick, sham-despising glance of a healthy boy; but Ravenel—"Yes! We'll not talk so much religion next time. Good-by."

The young visitor went some way before he was willing to steal a last glance back. Ravenel stood in the mottled shadows of the garden walk, gazing after him.

School terms came and went. Mrs. March attributed her son's failure to inherit literary talent to his too long association with his father. He stood neither first, second, nor last in anything. In spiritual conditions he was not always sure that he stood at all. At times he was shaken even in the belief that the love of fun is the root of all virtue, and although he called many a droll doing a prank which the law's dark lexicon terms a misdemeanor, for weeks afterward there would be a sound in his father's gentle speech as of that voice from which Adam once, in the cool of the day, hid himself.

Mr. Ravenel's talks only kept him stimulated, never really fed him, for bad or good. In church the sermons he sat under dwelt mainly on the technical difficulties involved in a sinner's salvation, and neither helped nor harmed him; he never heard them. One clear voice in the midst of the singing was all that engaged his ear, and when it carolled, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass," the notes themselves were to him the cooling shower.

Mothers of Montrose girls saw magnanimous valor in his expanding—or rather his alarmingly lengthening—figure, and called him promising. Spinsters saw danger in his eye.

"He's destined by nature faw the ahmy!" said Captain Champion.

"Or the gallows," replied Miss Martha Salter.

One Sabbath afternoon, after a specially indigestible sermon which Sister Usher said enthusiastically to Major Garnet, ought to be followed by a great awakening—as, in fact, it had been—Barbara, slim, straight, and fifteen, softly asked her mother to linger behind the parting congregation for Fannie. As Miss Halliday joined them, John, from the other aisle, bowed so pathetically to his Sunday-school teacher, that when she turned again to smile on Barbara and her mother, she laughed, quite against her will. The mother and daughter remained grave.

"Fannie," said Mrs. Garnet, her hand stealing into the girl's, "I'm troubled about that boy." Barbara walked ahead pretending not to hear, but listening hard.

"Law! Cousin Rose, so'm I! I wish he'd get religion or something. Don't look so at me, Cousin Rose, you *make* me smile. I'm really trying to help him, but the more I try the worse I fail. If I should meet him on the straight road to ruin I shouldn't know what to say to him; I'm a pagan myself."

XVIII.

THE ROSEMONT ATMOSPHERE.

About this time Barbara came into new surroundings. She had been wondering for a month what matter of dis-

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agreement her father and mother were trying to be very secret about, when one morning at breakfast her father said, while her mother looked out the window:

"Barb, we've decided to send you to Montrose to stay." And while she was still gazing at him speechlessly, a gulping sob came from behind her mother's chair and Johanna ran from the room.

Barbara never forgot that day; how her mother sat down with her alone, took both her hands, and with never a hint that this change was all her father's doing, told her such new, strange things about life's temptations and responsibilities, and told them so sweetly, that when—without stopping the words—two tears fell unhindered down those cheeks which these many months had been growing paler and paler, she sank to her knees, dragged the dear neck down, and could speak no reply save in kisses.

Nor did her memory ever lose the picture of her father, as he came alone to see her the next day after her entrance into the academy, standing before the Misses Kinsington—who were as good as they were thin, and as sweet as they were aristocratic—winning their impetuous approval with the confession that the atmosphere of a male college—even though it was Rosemont—was not good for a young girl. Still another lasting memory was that, while neither of the Misses Kinsington gave a hand to him either for welcome or farewell, when Mademoiselle Eglantine—who taught drawing, history, and French—happened in upon father and daughter a second time, after they had been left to say good-by alone, the hand of Mademoiselle lingered so long in his that Barbara concluded he had forgotten it was there.

"She's quite European in her way, isn't she, Barb?"

The daughter was mute, for she had from time to time noticed several women shake hands with her large-hearted father thus.

Twice a week Barbara spent an afternoon and night at Rosemont. Whether her father really thought its atmosphere desirable for her or not, she desired it, without ceasing and most hungrily. On Sunday nights, when the house had grown still, there would come upon her door the wariest of knocks, and Johanna would enter, choose a humble seat, and stay and stay, to tell every smallest happening of the week. The maid would have been sufficiently interesting if only for her ability to make full and correct reports of matters unwitnessed by herself.

Not infrequently these recitals contained points in the history not only of Rosemont but of John March. Once her narrative caused her visible tears of indignation while she spoke. Suez was not a "dry" town, and its dampness sometimes had a distempering effect upon Rosemont fellows. Two of these, on a certain holiday, had, contrary to every tradition of the college, quarrelled on the open turnpike, and one had whipped out a weapon and fired at the other.

Old Uncle Leviticus rarely visited his daughter Johanna, but on that day he had been to see her—"an' Miss Rose!"—and was returning home by way of the pike, when the student fired at his opponent. The ball whizzed by its intended victim, and, far beyond, struck and killed the mule under Uncle Leviticus. The aged rider left carcass, saddle, and bridle, and "skedaddled for the woods like a rabbit for the briers," said the fellows who saw it; at any rate, so Johanna reported them to Barbara. Or, as she further quoted them,

"He thought the Ku-Klux had got him this time, shore!" The dark maid dashed away her tears. Barbara's silence was full of sympathy; so full that Johanna smiled up to her fondly. Whereupon Barbara said,

"Uncle Leviticus must be paid for his loss, Johanna. Doesn't pop-a say so?"

"Law, Miss Barb, how yo' paw gwine eveh fine it out, when don't nobody but Rosemont boys know Rosemont boys done it?"

"Why, if it comes to that, I'll tell mom-a!"

Johanna lighted up. "Miss Barb, d' ain't no needs to tell him. Mule done paid fuh!"

Her enthusiasm grew.

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"Miss Barb, I tell you. Hit all come o' that ve'y se'fsame tall young ma-an what seem like you neveh wants to b'lieve no good about him, an' I ain't yet meck out why, less'n it's caze he's so bony an' freckle' up."

"Why, what nonsense! Who do you mean?"

Johanna tittered. "You knows who I means. Hit commence with a G, an' hit en' with a Mahch. He uz jis a-browzin' round the campus sawt o' like a hobble hawss, fum de spraim he got de night he drap de poppin' crackers into Mr. Pettigrew' windeh, an' so, pooty soon, he git win' o' dis wile shootin'. Bymeby he meet up wid de one what do it, and he say,

"'O' co'se you 'llow to pay fo' de mule, don't you?"

"An' d' yuther ans' up an' say, s'e, 'Why, hit on'y a acci*dent*.'"

"An' den Mr. Mahch he sawt o' laugh an' say, s'e,

"'All right, seh; 'f you don't, I'll jis take a susscription papeh to ev'y felleh in dis-yeh college, an' we'll pay yo' debt faw you, seh. De disgra-ace o' such a debt shayn't res' on Rosemont!'"

Barbara started up with delight. "Johanna, he didn't!"

"Yass'm, he did. An' whass mo', dat ain't all. He not on'y *said* it but he done it. Leas'wise he staht in to do it, but when he teck it to one o' de senio's, de senio' tell 'im how hit gwine to cos' 'im ev'y las' frien' he got."

"Why, how could he say that?"

"O, he say hit make a split in Rosemont, an' de Susie high school reap de benefits of it, he say. But Mr. John, he ain't say nothin', but he tear up de pa-apeh into fine bits an' snow it ove' de grass—I see dat myseff—an' up an' plank down de whole cos' out'n his own pocket—so dey say."

Barbara stared. "Out of Mr. Ravenel's pocket, they'd better say," she murmured to herself: "He oughtn't to have done it, Johanna. Did no one offer to help him?"

"Yass'm, dey did. But you know how boys is, Miss Barb. Dey want de one what shoot de mule to head de list, an' he say, all right, ef John Mahch simply 'pologize to him faw his brash way o' speakin'——"

"Which he declined to do," prompted Barbara.

"Yass'm. He sen' him words he couldn't 'zac'ly 'pologize, but he kin give him any otheh sawt o' satisfaction he incline to desiah. Well, den dey *wuz* a to-do—but quiet as a bee-gum—dough Mr. Mahch neveh 'pologize an' t' otheh neveh he'p pay fo' de mule. But faw 'bout two da-ays it jes all de bes' heads in de senio' cla-ass kin do to keep dat mule f'm costin' de life o' one o' dem boys, an' de Lawd on'y know which'n."

"If John March was the first to speak rudely," said Barbara, "he should have apologized. A Rosemont student won't offer an unprovoked insult any more than he will submit to one."

"Yass'm," replied the maid, "an' Rosemont do see pow'ful few qua'ls. But when dey does qua'l like de common trash, why can't dey qua'l on de tit-fo'-tat rule *like* de common trash?"

"No!" responded Barbara.

"Well, den, Miss Barb, when one do git impose on, why cayn't he tell yo' paw aw Mr. Pettigrew?"

"No!"

In Rosemont no student ever appealed, in any matter of strife, to any semblance of law or authority either in Rosemont or beyond.

Mr. Pettigrew was so fond of saying this that even Barbara and Johanna knew it by rote.

"You, young gentlemen, are bound not only to honor the law, but to become its protectors."

To which John March, with daring pretense of delighted surprise, would respond,

"You mean in the same way a man honors and protects his mother."

"Precisely! For personal protection or satisfaction a true gentleman will no more go to law than a grown man will run to his mother."

And thereupon the class would laugh approvingly.

Only Mr. Pettigrew did not smile. Smiling is not so easy for one who—or whose father, at least—had lost all his slaves in the war.

The tournament was all the rage in Dixie in those days. Horsemen—accoutred with lances, but without pot-

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metal—tilted at rings hung in air; and what knight bore off the goodliest number of rings, he was let name the Queen of Love and Beauty.

Then it was that Barbara saw in even the average Rosemont student a type of Dixie's knighthood. One blazing day she beheld every ring carried off on the lance of Sir John March. She rejoiced—for the honor of Rosemont; and also, let us hope, for the love of her distant and pretty cousin—when, amid shouts and clappings—with some titter and even open laughter, the victor laid his prizes at the feet of Fannie Halliday.

"That's all right, Champion," said Sir Tom Shotwell, "they're jest where we'd a-put 'em."

In the hum of conversation that followed it pleased Barbara profoundly to hear Miss Kinsington praising the Rosemonters right and left; their masterful grace, whether mounted or afoot. "You'd know any one of them at a ball as easily without his uniform as with it," said Miss Kinsington.

"By the graceful abandon of his dancing," suggested Mr. Ravenel.

"Ye-es. They show such an admirable appreciation of family and descent," observed Miss Kinsington.

Barbara saw no irrelevancy even in Mr. Pettigrew's three times telling the ladies of this group that "every Rosemonter was taught to regard himself as the law's grown-up son, instead of its child or servant, in a country where not to be a gentleman is to be a varlet."

"But understand!" cried Garnet, "we don't teach politics."

And this was true. The variegated boys and girls of the Suez high school, studied a United States history so political, that Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew once kicked a copy of it into the fire, as if it had been a tarantula. In Rosemont studies political, "so calculated to engender strife—just at this juncture—could only do harm." Instead, Garnet guaranteed every parent verbally that his son should receive the full equipment, mental and moral, of a Southern gentleman—even if it took five years to do it. As, indeed, for some cause or other, it was taking John March, who, near the close of that interval, fell into new embarrassments.

XIX.

MATRIMONIAL.

Rosemont gave one of its unexpected holidays. John March and another senior got horses and galloped joyously away to Pulaski City, where John's companion lived. The seat of government was there. There, too, was the Honorable Mr. Leggett, his party being still uppermost in Blackland. He was still custodian, moreover, of the public school funds for the three counties.

Very late that night, as the two Rosemonters were about to walk past an open oyster saloon hard by the Capitol, John caught his fellow's arm. They stopped in a shadow. Two men coming from an opposite direction went into the place together.

"Who's that white man?" whispered John. The other named a noted lobbyist, and asked,

"Who's the nigger?"

"Cornelius Leggett." John's hand crept, trembling, to his hip-pocket.

His companion grasped it. "Pshaw, March, are you crazy?"

"No, are you? I'm not going to shoot; I was only thinking how easy I could do it."

He stepped nearer the entrance. The lone keeper had followed the two men into a curtained stall. His back was just in sight.

"Let's slip in and hear what they say," murmured John, visibly disturbed. But when his companion assented he drew back. His fellow scanned him with a smile of light contempt. There were beads of moisture on his brow. Just then the keeper went briskly toward his kitchen, and the two youths glided into the stall next to the one occupied.

"Yass, seh," Cornelius was tipsily remarking, "the journals o' the day reputes me to have absawb some paucity o' the school funds. Well, supposen I has; I say, jess *supposen* it, you know. I antagonize you this question: did Napoleom Bonapawt never absawb any paucity o' otheh folks' things? An' yit he was the greates' o' the great. He's my patte'n, seh. He neveh stole jiss to be a-stealin'! An' yit wheneveh he found it assential of his *destiny* to steal anything, he stole it!

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"O' co'se he incurred and contracted enemies; I has mine; it's useless to translate it. My own motheh's husban'—you riccolec' ole Unc' 'Viticus, don't you?—Rev'en' Leviticus Wisdom—on'y niggeh that eveh refused a office"—he giggled—"well, he ensued to tu'n me out'n the church. Yass, seh, faw nothin' but fallin' in love with his daughteh—my step-sisteh—an' sayin' I run her out'n the county!"

"But he couldn't p'ocure a sufficient concawdence o' my fellow-citizens; much less o' they wives—naw evm o' mine! No, seh! They brought in they verdic' that jess at this junction it'd be cal'lated to ungendeh strife an' could on'y do hahm." He giggled.

"My politics save me, seh! They always will. An' they ought to; faw they as pyo as the crystial fountain."

The keeper brought a stew of canned oysters. The lobbyist served it, and Mr. Leggett talked on.

"Thass the diffunce 'twix me and Gyarnit. That man's afraid o' me—jess as 'fraid as a chicken-hawk is of a gun, seh!—An' which nobody knows why essep' him an' me. But thass jess the diff'ence. Nobody reputes him to steal, an' I don't say he do. I ain't ready to say it yit, you un'stan'; but his politics—his politics, seh; they does the stealin'! An' which it's the lowdowndest kind o' stealin', for it's stealin fum niggers. But thass the diff'ence; niggers steals with they claws, white men with they laws. The claws steals by the pound; the laws steals by the boatload!"

The lobbyist agreed.

"Jess so!" cried Mr. Leggett. "Ef Gyarnit'd vote faw the things o' one common welfare an' gen'l progress an' program, folks—an' niggers too—could affode faw him to vote faw somepm fat oncet in a while an' to evm take sugar on his vote—an' would sen' him to the ligislatur' 'stid o' me. Thass not sayin' I eveh did aw does take sugar on my vote. Ef I wins a bet oncet in a while on whether a certain bill 'll pass, why, that, along o' my official emoluments an' p'erequisites evince me a sufficient plenty.

"Wife?—Estravagant?—No!—Oh! you thinkin' o' my secon' wife. Yes, seh, she was too all-fired estravagant! I don't disadmire estravagant people. I'm dreadful estravagant myseff. But Sophronia jess tuck the rag off'n the bush faw estravagance. Silk dresses, wine, jewelry—it's true she mos'ly spent her own greenbacks, but thass jess it, you see; she was entirely too p'omiscuous, seh, in a social way. I jess had to paht with her, seh! You can asphyxiate that yo' seff, seh.

"Now this wife I got now—eh? No, I ain't never exac'ly hear the news that the other one dead, but I suspicioned her, befo' she lef', o' bein' consumpted, an'—O anyhow she's dead to me, seh! Now, the nex' time I marries—eh?—O yes, but the present Miss Leggett can't las' much longeh, seh. I mistakened myseff when I aspoused her. I'm a man o' rich an' abundant natu'e an' ought to a-got a spouse consistent with my joys an' destinies. I may have to make a sawt o' Emp'ess Josephine o' her—ef she lives.

"Y'ought to see the nex' one!—Seh?—Engaged?—No, not yit; she as shy as a crow an'—ezac'ly the same color!—I'm done with light-complected women, seh.—But y'ought to see this-yeh one!—Shy as a pa'tridge! But I'm hot on her trail. She put*tend* to be tarrible shocked—well, o' co'se thass right!—Hid away in the hills—at Rosemont. But I kin git her on a day's notice. All I got to espress myseff is—Majo' Gyarnit, Seh!—Ef you continues faw twenty-fo' hours mo' to harbor the girl Johanna, otherwise Miss Wisdom, the black Diana an' sim'lar names, I shall imbibe it my jewty to the gen'l welfare an' public progress to renovate yo' rememb'ance of a vas'ly diff'ent an' mo' financial matteh, as per my letteh to you of sich a date about seven year' ago an' not an's'ed yit, *an' tell what I know about you.* Thass all I'll say. Thass all I haf to say! An' mebbe I won't haf to say that. Faw I'm tryin' love-letters on her; wrote the fus' one this evenin'; on'y got two mo' to write. My third inevasively fetches 'em down the tree, seh!"

The lobbyist revived the subject of politics, the publican went after hot water for a punch, and the eaves-droppers slipped away.

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XX.

HIC SUNT LEONES.

THE next day was Saturday. John March stood in the Suez post-office.

"What name did you say?" asked the postmaster, narrowly.

"Miss Johanna Wisdom." The youth clutched the letter so dubiouly held out and made off with a companion. The postmaster shook his head.

"That boy's father wouldn't suspicion that of him."

"Wouldn't suspicion what?" asked a lounger.

"O, I don't know what, but it's something, shore. He's into some new devil*ment*."

Early the following week, Mr. Leggett reclined in his seat in the House of Representatives. His boots were on his desk and he tapped them with his sword-cane, while he waited to back up with his vote a certain bet of the Friday night before. A speaker of his own party was alluding to him as the father of free schools in Blackland and Clearwater; but he was used to this and only closed his eyes. A page brought his mail. It was small. One letter was perfumed. He opened it and sat transfixed with surprise, and a-tremble between vanity and doubt, desire and trepidation. He bent his beaded eyes close over the sweet thing and read its first page again and again. It might—it might be an imposture; but it had come in a Rosemont envelope, and it was signed Johanna Wisdom——

"Deer Cunnelius: When I got yo letter saddy i wuz ez happy ez a big sunflower. O hunny ize always luvd you even when i runned .um you, an now i runs no mo, i gives up the fight! ize yoze!! ize had to puttend to not like you aw tha woodent Lemme sta with Miss Roze an you aint never ax me to live no Whuz elts. but Ize yoze you the appolionaris o my destiniz but o dont right me no mo lettuz its so dangius ole garnit hate us both that bad heel kill ether uv us jist to spight the yuther seein is bettun rightin! Meet me"——

For sheer ecstasy he could read no farther. He closed his eyes again to live a moment in rapturous separation from everything but his triumph in the final conquest of a black Diana, and even more in the discomfiture of all who had ever lifted hand or voice for her protection. Only in the prospective defeat of one opponent did he find no exultation—the Rose of Rosemont.

The House began to vote. He answered to his name, the bill passed, his bet was won. Adjournment followed. He hurried out and away, and down in a suburban lane entered his snug, though humble, "bo'd'n' house," locked his door, and read again.

Two or three well-known alumni of Rosemont and two or three Northern capitalists—railroad prospectors—were, on the following Friday, at the Swanee Hotel, to be the guests of the Duke of Suez, as Ravenel was fondly called by the Rosemont boys. To show Suez at its best by night as well as by day, there was to be a Rosemont-Montrose ball in the hotel dining-room. Major Garnet opposed its being *called* a ball, and it was announced as a musical reception and promenade. Mr. Leggett knew quite as well as Garnet and Ravenel that the coming visitors were behind the bill he had just voted for.

Johanna, the letter said, would be at the ball as an attendant in the ladies' cloak-room. It bade him meet her that night at eleven on the old bridge that spanned a ravine behind the hotel, where a back street ended at the edge of a neglected grove. As Mr. Leggett finished reading his heart thumped hurriedly, stopped entirely, thumped three times more and stopped again. He laid his hand upon it for a moment with a frown of pain and alarm. Then he drew a black bottle from under his bed, opened it, hesitated, began to lean it over a tumbler on the mantel-piece, and suddenly set it down without pouring.

"They'll ketch me," he murmured. He looked again at the letter. "O you sweet-scented little treasure! *Is* you a treasu'e aw is you a trap?" He shook his head ruefully. "This ain't no joke o' some fool frien'. 'Tain't no niggeh play naw yit no boy's play; hit's too well done. Ef it's a trick at all it's a trick to kill me; to kill me faw votin' in the accawdeon o' my conscience!

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"Lawd, Lawd! little letteh, little letteh! is you de back windeh o' heavm, aw is you de front gate o' hell? Th' ain't no way to tell but by tryin'! Oh, how *kin* I resk it? An' yit, how kin I he'p but resk it?

"Sheh! ain't I resk my life time an' time ag'in jess faw my *abstrac' rights* to be a Republican niggeh?

"Ef they'd on'y shoot me! But they won't. They won't evm hang me; they'll jess tie me to a tree and bu'n me—wet me th'oo with coal-oil, tetch a match—O Lawd!" He poured a tremendous dram, looked at it long, then stepped to the window and with a quaking hand emptied both glass and bottle on the ground, as if he knew life depended on a silent tongue in a sober head.

And then he glanced once more at the letter, folded it, and let it slowly into his pocket.

"Happy as a big sunfloweh! Is you? I ain't. I ain't no happier'n a pig on the ice. O it's mawnstus p'ecipitous! But it's gran'! It's mo'n gran'; it's muccurial! its puffic'ly nocturnial!" With an exalted solemnity of face, half ardor, half anguish, he stiffened heroically and gulped out,

"I'll be thah!"

Friday came. John March was chairman of a committee whose business it was to furnish "greens" for garlanding the walls and door-ways. He and a half-dozen other Rosemonters hurried about betraying an expectancy and perturbation, now gay, now grave, that seemed quite excessive as the mere precursors of an evening dance. They gathered their greenery from the grove down beyond the old bridge and ravine, where the ground was an unbroken web of honey-suckle vines. About sunset one of the committee, on a ladder in the hotel dining-room, said to another who came with cedar sprays,

"Has March seen that everything is hid in its right place?"

"Yes, but don't talk so confounded loud." The inquirer smiled, but his fellow beckoned him to the foot of the ladder.

"See here, I don't like the looks of this thing. It's bad enough as a practical joke, but——"

"But what?"

"Why, I'm afraid March isn't in this thing for a joke at all."

"Shucks! Johnnie March ain't ever going to do anything wonderful."

"If he doesn't do something mighty awkward I'll feel better than I do now."

The young man's suspicions were wrong only in part. John, rather too grimly, it is true—yet withal honestly—had gone into this puerile conspiracy as a harmless practical joke; but he had miscalculated his power to play, and only play, with all its advantages and appliances for the revenge of a shameful, a deadly wrong. The day of fierce retaliation, the day for which he had pined for years, had sprung out upon him at a single leap, as one might be surprised by some awful beast he has been stalking. Again and again he pledged himself not to seize his opportunity; yet all the promises of moderation and forbearance with which he tried to hold his passions in leash, had the bewildering instability of dreams. His opportunity had seized him.

XXI.

THE PANGS OF COQUETRY.

NIGHT fell. The hotel shone. The veranda was gay with Chinese lanterns. The muffled girls were arriving. The musicians tuned up. There were three little fiddles, one big one, a flageolet, and a bassoon.

> "Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
> Laughing on you and me"

—sang the flageolet and little fiddles, while the double-bass and the bassoon grunted out their corroborative testimony with melodious unction. Presently the instruments changed their mood, the flageolet pretended to be a mocking-bird, all trills, the fiddles passionately declared they were dreaming now-ow of Hallie—tr-r-r-ee!—dear Hallie—tr-r-r-ee!—sweet Hallie—tr-r-r-r-ee! and the bassoon and double bass responded from the depths of their emotions, "Hmmh! hmmh! hm-hm-hmmh!"

Ravenel and his guests appeared on

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the floor; Major Garnet, too. He had been with them, here, yonder, all day. Barbara remained at home, although her gowns were the full length now, and she coiled her hair. General Halliday and Fannie arrived. Her dress, they said, was the prettiest in the room. Jeff-Jack introduced everybody to the Northerners. The women all asked them if Suez wasn't a beautiful city, and the guests praised the town, its site, its gardens, "its possibilities," its ladies—!—and its classic river. The music reminded Columbia that her banners make tyranny tremble when borne by the red, white, and blue, and every third or fifth male resident, as he shook hands with the prospectors, said, "You see we play the national airs," and called attention to the peace and harmony with which the whole land was soaked.

Try to look busy or dignified as he might, all these things only harried John March. He kept apart from Fannie. Indeed, what man of any self-regard—he asked his mangled spirit—could penetrate the crowd that hovered about her, ducking, fawning, giggling, attitudinizing—listening over one another's shoulders, guffawing down each other's throats? It hurt him to see her show such indiscriminating amiability; but he felt sure he knew her best, and hoped she was saying to herself, "Oh, that these sycophants were gone, and only John and I and the twinkling stars remained to laugh together. Why does he stay away?"

He could afford to wait, he thought. His name was on her card for the second dance. Ravenel had the first, but she did not like Mr. Ravenel; she had told him so in confidence.

"O my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken you away," wept the fiddles, and "Who? who? who-who-who?" inquired the basses in deep solicitude.

Well, the first dance would soon come, now; the second would shortly follow, and then he and Fannie could go out on the veranda and settle all doubts. With certainty established in that quarter, whether it should bring rapture or despair, he hoped to command the magnanimity to hold over a terrified victim the lash of retribution, and then to pronounce upon him, untouched at last, the sentence of exile. He spoke aloud, and looking up quickly to see if anyone had heard, beheld his image in a mirror. He knew it instantly, both by its frown and by the trick of clapping one hand on the front of the thigh with the arm twisted, so as to show a large seal-ring, bought by himself with money that should have purchased underclothes for his father. He jerked it away with a growl of self-scorn and went to mingle with older men, to whom, he fancied, the world meant more than young women and old scores.

He stopped in a part of the room where two Northerners were laughing at a keen skirmish of words between Garnet and Halliday. These two had gotten upon politics, and others were drawing near, full of eager but unplayful smiles.

"Never mind," said Garnet, in retort, "we've restored public credit and cut the rottenness out of our government."

The Northerners nodded approvingly and the crowd packed close.

"Garnet," replied the General, with that superior smile which Garnet so hated, "States, like apples—and like men—have two sorts of rottenness. One begins at the surface and shows from the start; the other starts from the core and doesn't show till the whole thing is rotten."

For some secret reason, Garnet reddened fiercely for an instant, and then, with a forced laugh, addressed his words to one of the guests.

Another of the strangers was interested in the severe attention a strong-eyed Rosemont boy seemed to give to Halliday's speech. But it was only John March, who was saying, in his heart:

"She's got a perfect right to take me or throw me, but she's no right to do both!"

Only the Northerners enjoyed Halliday. The Suez men turned away in disdain.

The music struck a quadrille, sweetly whining and hooting twice over before starting into doubtful history.

"In eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-one—to the war! to the war!"

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The dance springs out! Gray jackets and white trousers; tarletan, flowers, and fans; here and there a touch of powder or rouge; some black broadcloth and much-wrinkled doeskin. Jeff-Jack and Fannie move hand in hand, and despite the bassoon's contemptuous "pooh! pooh! poo-poo-pooh!" the fiddles declare, with petulant vehemence that—

"In eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-one, the Yankees, *they* the war *begun*. But we'll all! get! blind! drunk! when Johnnie comes marching home."

"You see we play the national—oh! no, I believe that's not one—but we do play them!" said a native.

John didn't march home, although when someone wanted a window open which had been decorated to stay shut, neither he nor his committee could be found. He came in, warm and anxious, just in time to claim Fannie for their schottische. At ten they walked out on the veranda and took seats at its dark end. She was radiant and without a sign of the mild dismay that was in her bosom. When she said, "Now, tell me, John, why you're so sad," there was no way for him to see that she was secretly charging herself not to lie and not to cry.

"Miss Fannie," he replied, "you're breaking my heart."

"Aw, now, John, are you going to spoil our friendship this way?"

"Friendship!—Oh, Fannie!"

"Miss Fannie, if you please, Mister John."

"Ah! has it come to that? And do you hide that face?"—For Fannie had omitted to charge herself not to smile at the wrong time—"Have you forgotten the day we parted here five years ago?"

"Why, no. I don't remember what day of the week it was, but I—I remember it. Was it Friday? What day was it?"

"Fannie, you mock me! Ah! you thought me but a boy then, but I loved you with a love beyond my years; and now as a man, I——"

"Oh! a man! Mr. March, there's an end to this bench. No! John, I don't mock you; I honor you; I've always been proud of you—Now—now, John, let go my hand! John, if you don't let go my hand I'll leave you; you naughty boy!—No, I won't answer a thing till you let me go! John March, let go my hand this instant!—Now, I shall sit here. You'll keep the bench, please.—Yes, I do remember it all, and regret it!" She turned away in real dejection, saying, in her heart, "But I shall do no better till I die—or—or marry!"

She faced John again. "Oh, if I'd thought you'd remember it forty days it shouldn't have occurred! I saw in you just a brave, pure-hearted, sensible boy. I thought it would be pleasant, and even elevating—to you—while it lasted, and that you'd soon see how—how ineligible—indeed I did!" Both were still.

"Fannie Halliday," said John at last, standing before her as slim and rank as a sapling, but in the dignity of injured trust, "when year after year you saw I loved you, why did you still play me false?"

"Now, Mr. March, you're cruel."

"Miss Fannie Halliday, have you been kind?"

"I meant to be! I never meant to cheat you! I kept hoping you'd understand! Sometimes I tried to make you understand, didn't I? I'm very sorry, John. I know I've done wrong. But I—I meant well. I really did!"

The youth waved an arm. "You've wrecked my life. Oh, Fannie, I'm no mere sentimentalist. I can say in perfect command of these wild emotions, Enchantress, fare thee well!"

"Oh, fare thee fiddlesticks!" Fannie rose abruptly. "No, no, I didn't mean that, John, but—aw! now, I didn't *mean* to smile! Oh, let's forget the past—oh! now, yes, you can! Let's just be simple, true friends! And one of these days you'll love some sweet, true girl, and she'll love you and I'll love her, and—" she took his arm. He looked down on her.

"I love again!—I—? Ah! how little you women understand men! Oh, Fannie! to love twice is never to have loved. You are my first—my last!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Fannie, blithely and aloud, as they entered the room. Then softly, behind her fan, "I've a better one in store for you, now!"

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"Two!" groaned the bass viol and bassoon. "Two! two! two-to-to-two!" and with a propitiative smile on John's open anguish, Fannie, gayer in speech and readier in laughter, but not light in heart, let a partner waltz her away. As John turned, one of his committee seized his arm and showed a watch.

XXII.

OLD SCORES.

Across the street, behind Swanee Hotel, two wooden storehouses stood with a space between them not much wider than a pair of shoulders. In the darkness of this spot Mr. Leggett was flattening himself against the side of one of the warehouses, watching the scene of revel. He had reconnoitred the bridge and encountered nothing.

All at once he flattened more. Out of a shadow under the hotel came a feminine figure darkly muffled above but lightly draped below, passed, glanced about, and then moved toward the bridge. Cornelius followed. The night was only half clear. Soft, dusky clouds left alleys of starry blue through which a slender moon hurried like Cinderella in one slipper. Near the ravine the figure looked back, beckoned, and vanished.

The lover whistled low, a tender sigh gave answer, and presently the object of his pursuit reappeared on the bridge.

Cornelius, unseen and shivering in the blackness of the bodark hedge, stood captive before those limpid draperies palpitating in the mild breeze about a voluptuously rounded form, and filling the air with ravishing perfume; full three minutes passed before he issued from the hedge's eclipse, and even then he would have gone straight by the enchanting apparition which leaned against the wall with face averted. He could not, dared not, believe such midnight radiance shone for him.

But the voice began to hum a song in a low girlish quaver, that thrilled him beyond endurance. An African quality in its tone, moreover, reassured him. He halted.

"Johanna?—Why, I declare—escuse my impression—is that you?"

The vision replied in faltering accents, "Is dat you, Cunnelius, honey?"

The lover's legs grew valorous and carried him forward. "Yass, Johanna, my joyful, it's me. Don't you reco'nize the sweet voice you ain't listen to faw five years? Thass ezacly whom it ah, angel dearess, come accawdeon to comp'omise!"

The temptress shrank against the rail and motioned him back. "Don't come so close, love. O Cunnelius, I'm so frighten'!"

"What, you frighten'! An' notinstanin' yo' long-beloved Cawnelius in sich eminent proclivity? What scare you?" He took another step, but she gave such a start that he fell back.

"Oh, dearess," she gasped, "de managehs! de five ball managehs! Ef dey——"

"Good Lawd! you ain't responsive to the f-five ball managehs, is you, Johanna?"

"Yass, an' Majo' Gyarnit, too! Oh, dearess! dearess! Ef dey'd miss me fum de ball an' meet up wid us here it'd be instant death!"

Cornelius moved into the tree's deepest shade. "Air you especkin' of 'em?"

"No, but oh, love——"

"Well, then, my sweet ceda' o' Ledanum, thass pow'ful good tidin's faw them! Why, Johanna—why, Johanna! ef they wus ev'y one here now, an' one of 'em so much as raise his han' to us—ef he jess opm his jaw—this here fis' 'd on'y hit him once—jess one crushtacean blow!"

"Oh, my rackless loveh!" tremorously murmured the girl. She took an attitude of terror—"Dah deh is now!" Cornelius vanished behind her robes. "Oh," she panted, "I ax yo' pahdon, honey, it's on'y de shadder of a tree!"

Mr. Leggett stepped forth. "I'm sawry! Oh, I'm mawnstus sawry! I uz jess a-crouchin' faw the spring! Thass the way I customa'y has to do; faw ef my enemies jess ketch my eye they gone! They sich prehensile an aconite cowa'ds in sight o' me, that I has to rambush 'em! O Johanna, my own devoted ahmadilla, you don't know what a hero you a-goin' to marry!" He opened his arms. She shrank.

"Marry me? O honey, does you

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mean to marry po' pusillanimous black Johanna?"

"The blackeh the betteh! An' yit I'd marry you ef you wuz pyo white!"

"What!"—she started violently, and then—

"O Lawd! You wouldn' be afeared evm to cross de color line?"

"Fear? What is fear? I'll cross fifty colo' lines when I feels like it! Thass the ezacly espression o' this grea-at beat'n' hawt, my benevolita!"

"But, Cunnelius, honey, ain't you already done got one aw two wives?"

"Johanna, what ef I has? I don't *say* I has, but what *ef* I has? I doesn't love 'em; I neveh did! I's always love thee. You the on'y one whose pyo affection eveh win this proud, pre-adamite bosom. They shan't eveh pester you, Johanna. Befo' anybody alive, much less any played-out wife, shell pester you, I'll esculpate 'em in cole blood! Oh, lemme raise that dark, preventive veil, my fairess hummin' bird! Yo' sweet voice is so changed dat I jess hones to see yo' face."

Two timorous hands laid tenderly on his lifted wrists stayed him.

"Oh, don't doubt me, dearess, I ain't a-doubt'n' you. But, oh, honey, how it gwine be wid dem-ah wives what ain't alive—which dey blood is already cole? Ef dey ghosts should rise befo' us—There's one nah-oo-ow!"

As the shriek echoed through the grove the grasp tightened on the victim's wrists with masculine strength, a jerk brought him to his knees, and the glare of a reflector lamp fell upon two apparitions in white shrouds and clanking chains, rising through holes in the bridge.

"I—am—Trudie."

"I—am—Sophronia."

"We've come — for — you — Cornelius!"

The mulatto fell upon his face moaning. He partly rose again, but the illusion was only enhanced by Johanna rolling and writhing in an agony of silent laughter. His knees failed and he knelt, crying, hysterically, "O Lawdy-Lawdy! O Lawdy-Lawdy, the sperits, the sperits!" They were on both sides of him, shrieking with demoniac glee. "Keep 'em off! Save me, Johanna! Keep 'em off! You got me into this thing, you naysty little witch! I neveh 'llowed to marry you! I uz jess esperimentin'! It was pyo jokin'! O Lawdy-Lawdy!"

"Hold him!" cried a voice from the darkness. "Hold him, you fools, don't you see he's getting away?"

The mulatto sprang with wild leaps, off the bridge, townward. But from the hedge a tall form fell upon him, and as he rolled upon his back with two strangling thumbs on his throat, his outstarting eyes looked up into the cursing, snarling face of John March. A gurgle of new horror heaved from him, his tongue lolled out, his muscles relaxed, and as Johanna and the rest came up, John stood staring down on the motionless form, saying, stupidly, "He's dead—he had heart disease—he's dead."

"Why, March," said the youth in petticoats, "what the devil did you do that for? But it's just what I expected. You've got us into a sweet fix now." He knelt and tore off the mulatto's cravat and collar. "Bring water!—from the ravine!" The others scattered about.

John remained staring down. The counterfeit girl laid a hand on the mulatto's heart and murmured his disappointment. John threw his hands to his face, turned a step aside, and sank upon the sod. His companion ran to him.

"What's the matter, March, has he knifed you?"

John shook his head and stood up again. A slight sound drew the other's attention back to the spot they had left.

"Look!" he cried, seizing John wildly and pointing up the dark way to a dim shape that vanished before he could add, "He was possuming!"

And when, a moment later, their frightened companions joined them, "Johanna" was gayly stepping out of her flounces, and John, laughing through tears of joy, was proclaiming, in reckless metaphor, that the "possum" had flown.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

When the writers of our own day interest and entertain *us*—as some of them certainly do—it is possibly a waste of time to wonder how they will affect posterity. This kind of speculation cannot always be banished at will, however; and there is something uncommonly provocative of it in the looking over of recent book-lists.

If you ask admirers of the younger contemporary literature whether they think it will be long-lived, you will find that the most optimistic of them rather blench at the question. And if you yourself recall the most conspicuous and successful books of the last decade, not to speak of single tales or poems, is it easy to think of two of which you can say seriously that you believe they will be well known at the end of twenty years? There has been no lack of instances of great temporary vogue, quite as remarkable as similar ones in the past—and not of the lower sensational order either, but among the more thoughtful readers who make, or ought to make, the beginnings of enduring reputation. Yet I think everyone who stops to think of it feels in all that is "going" just now (the word is ominous) this peculiar lack of the permanent element—a lack which is really something more than the common fancy of the worshipper of the past or the unappeasable critic of new things. Just what is responsible for it is an interesting question, though one of those to which, just after we have settled them neatly, some suddenly arriving man of genius commonly gives the great solution that upsets all others.

Certainly it seems clear, for one thing, that its overwhelming devotion to extreme contemporaneousness, to local color, and to minuteness of characterization, is heavily against the chances of long life of even our cleverest fiction; not so much its realism as its tendency to the microscope and its use of the "instantaneous shutter"—to take a figure from the camera. The excess to which this latter has been carried is the result of a curious misconception of the laws of effectiveness, which seems to be growing in all modern art. A moment or a situation is not made interesting only by describing its trivialities with faithful minuteness, but by using that faithful minuteness to enhance the vividness of something more important—something which alone can carry interest in the trivialities over to another hour or another observer. They will be remembered only as they bear their true relation to action, fact, or thought of a really vital kind; and then they may become factors in a masterpiece—as in "Esmond," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," or (far less successfully) in "Romola." The mere careful—or even vivid—setting of a moment or a period on a page or a canvas, unless it is successfully made to fasten to the larger human relations, will interest and be remembered just so long as men supply from outside the associations that it needs, and no longer. In our days they are generally tired of supplying them in a period varying from six months to three years—which limits mark about the minimum and maximum of life of Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry's books and pictures, to their sorrowful surprise.

"Now a man of letters, in an age of battle and transition like our own," says Mr. John Morley, in a fine passage, "fades into

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an ever-deepening distance, unless he has while he writes that touching and impressive quality—the presentiment of the eve; a feeling of the difficulties and interests that will engage and distract mankind on the morrow. Nor can it be enough for enduring fame in any age merely to throw a golden halo round the secularity of the hour, or to make glorious the narrowest limitations of the passing day."

This is perhaps rather solemn doctrine to be citing here *à propos* of clever work of current popularity for which no one has claimed endurance; but someone must vary this order some day with a book of a different type, and he will be one for whom Mr. Morley's words will be none too serious. Such little wanton boys as are now swimming on bladders in the sea of literature will do well to heed the passage, ere the evil days come when they shall go mourning over a lost vogue; this and another passage in the same paper, which is like unto it in that it points out another of the dangers to the width and depth of their popularity: "Man cannot live by analysis alone, or nourish himself on the secret delights of irony."

You may balance the opinions of the wise against each other all day long, if it amuses you, and the chances are that you will come out fairly even at the last, as gamblers are said to do if they only play long enough.

Thus there was an often-quoted French philosopher who wrote, "I have had of late to give up two friends—one because he was never willing to talk with me about *my*self, the other because he was never willing to talk with me about *him*self." On the other hand a man to whose opinion I attach an uncommon value said to me the other day, of an intimate whom I thought he liked: "I have never really enjoyed him, because he always talked to me either of himself or myself—neither an agreeable topic." The saying of the one man passed through my mind as the other was speaking, and at the moment it struck me only as a fine case of this balance of authority, that leaves those of us who are not wise quite at liberty to form our own conclusions on most of the great questions of life. Afterward I began to think of the matter itself.

All the fine conventions of our modern altruism — for it has its conventions — all Mr. Arnold's strong and consistent if somewhat too rarefied teaching of non-dependence upon human sympathy, seem to be on the side of the later speaker; but I do not feel altogether abandoned in going a long way with the Frenchman. A man can twaddle of himself, of course—he can twaddle of anything,—or he can talk the results of morbid introspection, or entertain his acquaintance with the insanity of self-importance known to the faculty as paranoia; but there remains the fact that to a normal and healthy man of sound sense himself and his friend must be two of the most interesting subjects in the universe, if only because they belong to the few as to which any close knowledge seems possible and any investigation lastingly fruitful. A man's real motive for seeking to know most things is, when all cant is stripped away, his desire to bring into its true relations with them just this Self that he is reproached for discussing; and this is true in the highest, even in the most religious sense if you choose, as well as in the most practical. For you may say that one believes in the most complete altruism only because he finds it the noblest adjustment of himself to his surroundings, and it will be true; and you may tangle yourself up in similar apparent paradoxes to the end of time, and they will all have the same foundation. To admit this interest squarely and frankly—and sorrowfully, perhaps, but candidly to conform his definition of friendship to it—seems to me an attitude on my Frenchman's part which commends itself to lovers of the truth.

Not only does the first essential of a friend consist in his being the one with whom talk of one's self is lastingly possible, but I think it will be found, if you reflect, that the talk of yourself or of himself that you have with your friend is commonly the least really selfish in its motives of all your talk. You have generally nothing more sordid than knowledge or moral or mental help to gain by it. You neither want nor, in the best sense, dare, to bring into it a lot of the traits that may sometimes get into your talk with mere acquaintances—pretentiousness, intolerance, the love of conversational triumphs and display, the desire to compass

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personal advantages. The chances are that the most of your talk will be genuinely humble, because he knows you; healthy, because morbidness *à deux* is uncommonly difficult and brings to light its own absurdities; and in the least selfish sense helpful to the best sides of you both.

The man of whom my recent interlocutor was talking was not a real friend, and the selves of whom he talked were not real selves, but only outward manifestations—which was the reason neither was an agreeable topic. He and the Frenchman, after all, were not speaking of the same thing; and I am afraid I must confess I have been making his remark only a stalking-horse to get a shot at a kind of moral and mental asceticism the preaching of which always irritates me. To restrain one's Self is not to take no thought of it; to develop it in the right way and mutually is the good office of friendship; and a man who doesn't acknowledge it and let it come out in friendship is likely to find himself sooner or later without any Self—that is, any strong personality—to restrain.

My cousin Anthony has had the felicity to compose a book which has so stirred the benevolence of his friends that he complains to me of the embarrassment their praises have caused him. Anthony declares that if the book were really very much of a book he wouldn't mind its being praised, but being merely such a book as he knows it is, and containing only such things as he managed to get into it, the assurances that he gets of its merits make him feel like a receiver of stolen goods, and seem to him a design of the Arch Enemy to bring him low. If he didn't like it, he says, he would be less disturbed; but there is evidence that his receivership is all too agreeable to him.

I have tried to console him as far as I could, pointing out to him that in every enterprise one is bound to take the evil with the good, and that if the book is good enough to praise it may be good enough to sell. Furthermore, I have suggested to him that his excessive aspiration after humility is itself a symptom of spiritual pride, and that it may really be wiser to let his poor head swell and cure itself by natural processes than to worry unduly over it, and try to keep it down by artificial means. A good many people, I tell him, have time on their hands in these days, and some one will find leisure presently to read his poor book through, and find out how little, after all, there is in it. The cure in such cases often comes that way. Besides, I have pointed out to him, what he should have known himself, that it is a great mistake to suppose that there is nothing in a book except what the writer puts there. There is something at Rome, but the more important part is what you take there; and what the reader is able to get out of any book depends very considerably, of course, upon what he brings to it. If one is long of steel it is great luck to run across a bed of flints, but there is no occasion for the steel to assume all the responsibility for the resulting sparks.

I think I will read cousin Anthony's book myself, presently, and see if there is really any good in it. There may be. The fact that his friends praise it is not proof that there is, but neither is it proof to the contrary. But, as I told him, even if it is good it is nothing to be so swollen over. If a boy can fly a kite, it is a good sport. Let him practice it and take pleasure in it. But it is the wind that does the work, not he; moreover it is the kite that flies and not the boy, so that for him to imagine himself afloat, and impart wing-movements to his members, is an absurdity of self-deception. Let the kite be puffed up, but not the boy. "So let your book," I said, "my cousin, be borne on by any lucky gale of approbation that may come its way; without disparagement of which, be you content to hold the string and run with it when necessary. That is the business of an author, not to fly himself, but to send up good kites, and make the wind carry them. If any one have the faculty to recognize a certain measure of truth and so to work it up that it will go, and that others may know it when they see it, let him do so, for it is a good thing. But as for being personally inflated about it, that is folly, for it is not the writer who is glorious, but the truth, and truth was there before he found it."

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FRANK BRAMLEY'S

OLD MEMORIES.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 423.]

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